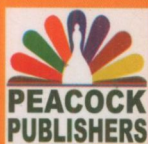
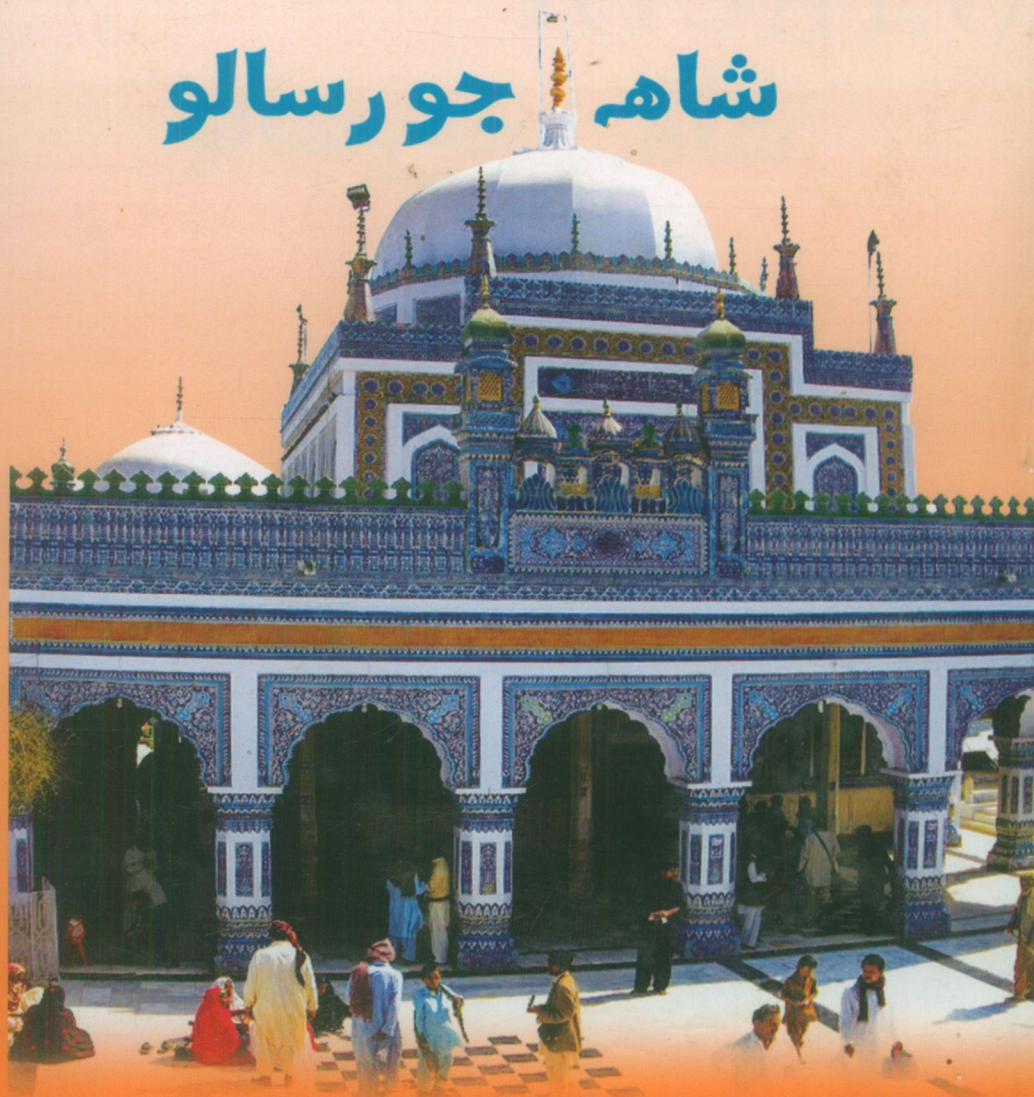


Shah *jo* RISALO

شاہ جو رسالو



Translation & Compilation
DR. ALI AKBAR DHAKAN

شاه جو رسالو SHAH JO RISALO

Translation & Compilation
DR. ALI AKBAR DHAKAN

ترجمو ۽ ترتيب
ڊاڪٽر علي اڪبريڪڻ



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ارپنا

شاهه جي رسالي جي ترجمي کي منهنجي
امڙ مرحوم محترم عزيز خاتون

۽

والد مرحوم محترم محمد رمضان ڏکڻ جي ڪيان ٿو نانءُ.
الله بخشڻهار کي دعا ڪريان ٿو سندن مغفرت ۽ جنت جي لاءِ.

DEDICATION

I dedicate my whole work of translation
in English from Sindhi of Shah Abdul Latif
Bhitai's Risalo to my respected Mother late
Muhtarma Aziz Khatoon and my humble and
hardworking Father late **Muhtarm Muhammad
Ramzan Dhakan**.

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پيش لفظ

دوست مٺا دلدار عالم سڀ آباد ڪرين

برطانيا جي دانشور ۽ شاھ عبد الطيف ڀٽائي جي مها ڄاڻو ۽ عاشق ايج ٿي. سورلي، ڀٽائي جي شاعري کي داد ڏيندي سندس لکيل ڪتاب ”شاھ لطيف آف ڀٽ“ ۾ سندس مهانتا جو هيٺين لفظن ۾ اظهار ڪيو آهي.

”شاھ عبد الطيف ڀٽائي، سنڌي ٻوليءَ جي لهجن ۽ ان جي استعارن جو وڏو ۽ وڏو ڄاڻو هيو، ڪو ٻيو شخص ڪڏهن به اهڙي شاعري نه ڪري سگهندو. اهڙا احساس، اهڙا جذبا، ۽ اهڙن جذبن جو عام ٻوليءَ ۾ اظهار، هر ڪنهن جي وس جي ڳالهه ناهي.“

ساڳئي ڪتاب جي هڪ ٻئي چيپٽر ۾ ايج. ٽي. سورلي لکي ٿو ”اسان کي مڃڻو ٿي ڀوندو هڪ مهان شاعر وٽ ڪي به حدون ناهن. قدرتي طور تي ۽ فطري طور تي هن وٽ مشاهدو هيو، مشاهدي کي پنهنجن لفظن ۾ پيش ڪرڻ جو هنر هيو، سندس دليلن ۾ سچائي هئي، جو هن عام ماڻهن جي زبان ۾، جن سان سندس رهڻي ڪهڻي هئي شاعري جي زبان ۾ مخاطب ٿيو. اهڙي شاعري جنهن تي ڪڏهن به زوال اچڻو ناهي.“

شاھ لطيف جي شاعري، پڙهندڙن کي متاثر ڪري ٿي دل جي دروازن کان ٿيندي روح تائين روان دوان رهي ٿي. ماڻهو سندس شاعريءَ جا ديوانا آهن. پالڻهار پاران، شاھ لطيف کي شاعري جو اهڙو تحفو مليو جهڙو تحفو هن ڪائنات ۾ ڪن ٿورن کي مليو هوندو.

رمزيت جي ڳجهن تان پردو هٽائڻ ۽ صوفي فلسفي کي پڌرو ڪرڻ ۽ اصل حقيقت ۽ اصل حاڪم سان ڳالهائڻ سان گڏوگڏ شاھ لطيف دينوي ڏرنگين کان به واقف هو، دنياداري جي دوڪن کي به سمجهندو هو، سندس ڌرتي تي رهندڙ غريبن جي غربت ۽ مفلسيءَ کان به واقف هو. اُهي مفلسن جي مفلسي جا درد پريا داستان هجن، پورهيت ۽ هاريءَ جي هار هجي، بي سهارا عورتن جو رنج هجي، مهاڻن ۽

مهاڻين جي سڄي پيار ۽ عشق جا قصا هجن، يا کڻي سڄي انسان ذات جا عذاب هجن، شاھ پٽائيءَ جو دردمندن جو داستان هنن هيٺين ستن منجهان محسوس ڪري سگهجي ٿو.

ڪامان، پڇان، پڇران، لڇان ۽ لوڇان،
تن ۾ تونسن پرين جي، پيان، نه ڍپان.
جي سمنڊ منهن ڪريان، توءَ سُڪيائي نه ٿئي.
(سُر سهڻي 6-6)

مونکي يقين آهي ۽ اميد آهي ته ڊاڪٽر علي اڪبر ڊڪٽ پاران شاھ جي رسالي جو نشري ترجمو جيڪو هن پيار ۽ پاڻوھ منجهان، دل جي سچائي ۽ عقيدت سان سنڌي ٻوليءَ منجهان انگريزي ٻوليءَ منجهه ڪيو آهي تنهن کي ادبي حلقن منجهان توڙي عام پڙهندڙ وٽان، وڏي ۽ سُني موٽ ملندي. اها موٽ کيس نه فقط سنڌ منجهان پر سڄي دنيا مان شاھ جي پڙهندڙن ۽ عاشقن وٽان ملندي.

عنایت بلوچ

اعزازي ڊائريڪٽر

ڊاڪٽر نبي بخش بلوچ چيئر

يونورسٽي آف سنڌ ڄامشورو

2018 05 02

(سنڌي ترجمو سندس پاءُ هدايت بلوچ ڪيو)

FOREWORD

The poetry of towering poet of the world, Shah Abdul Latif Bhitai has been translated in different languages from his original language Sindhi quite often in poetic form, but a lover of Shah Latif and a prominent writer in his own right, Dr. Ali Akbar Dhakan has ventured to translate the Risalo (Message) of Shah Latif compiled by Mr. Kalyan Advani from Sindhi to English in prosaic form. This indeed would be a great service to the people of average understanding or mediocrities who, sometimes, do not succeed to properly follow poetry to poetry translation.

What a blissful day it was about 330 years ago when a greatest genius was born in the year 1689 AD. That illuminant star of the galaxy of world poets was none other than Shah Abdul Latif. His superb poetry, his immaculate imagery and his height of imagination not only attracted the attention of intelligentsia of farthest lands around the globe and left them in bewildering amazement about ingeniousness of lofty thoughts of the peerless poet. Blessed therefore is the land of Sindh that gave birth to Shah Latif- the poet acknowledged to be one of the greatest in the world.

The very fact that he discovered invaluable gems and jewels that lay hidden beneath an unfathomable ocean of art and creativity, speaks volumes for his poetic greatness. His matchless art of expression, beauty of language, flight of his thought attained heights beyond the reach of mere mortals. His poetry is ever fresh, frequent and fragrant like flowing water and is valid for all times and all ages. It has therefore an everlasting impact and whenever anyone pursues it, he or she finds in it the surprising relevance to their genuine feelings and aspirations.

His Risalo is such an abundant fountain of tasteful waters that the thirst of craving instead of being quenched, increases with every sip and the yearning is never satiated. The more one drinks

from it the more thirsty he feels. Latif who has done artistic justice on every topic has beautifully portrayed the theme of endless longing in his couplet as follows:

*"I yearn, I burn, I writhe, I wriggle,
Drinking does not quench my thirst,
Were I to gulp down the entire sea,
It would hardly be a sip for me."*

(SUR SUHNI 6 - 6)

Some of our writers have regarded Shah Abdul Latif Bhitai as the mystic poet alone. No doubt, he was a great mystic and a true Sufi, but at the same time, while remaining intellectually aloft, he did not detach himself from the land he dwelt there in. The mass acceptance and unique distinction enjoyed by him in Sindh would not have been possible had he not addressed the people in the language that they spoke and understood, identified himself with the culture they adopted, the traditions they followed and the rites and rituals they observed.

As the saying goes that charity begins at home, likewise Shah Latif's brimming love for his own people and the land was a prelude to his feelings of universal love, beauty, peace, oneness and lofty ideals of humanism. His famous couplet depicting his love for Sindh combined with universal love has, by now, become internationalized.

Dr. H.T Sorley, a British scholar and a great admirer of the poetry of Shah Latif, acknowledges the poetic greatness of Bhitai in his book *Shah Latif of Bhit* in the following words:

"Shah Abdul Latif Bhitai was the first great exponent of the imaginative use of the Sindhi language. No one will ever produce this particular kind of poetry amidst the same local environment and in the same halo-context of thought, belief and feeling."

H.T Sorley yet in another chapter of the same book says: "We are thus reduced to the simple fact that genius knows no limits. Shah Latif must by nature have possessed the qualities of observation, expression and sincerity of thought; which enabled him to put his own words and ideas of the common people

amongst whom he lived, into verses that can without exaggeration be said to have a claim to immortality.”

The poetry of Latif instantly inspires readers, pierces through the heart and touches the tender chords of the soul of the lovers of his verses. These rare gifts awarded by the Giver (God) go to the fortunate few and Shah Latif ranks among the most deserving of the recipients.

Apart from unveiling secrets of mysticism and Sufi philosophy to seek communion with the ‘ultimate truth’, Shah Latif is not oblivious of the worldly concerns and miseries of his fellow human beings who belong to his land. Be it the deplorable plight of the poor, the peasant, the downtrodden, the helpless or hapless women, the fishermen, weavers or the mankind as a whole, Shah Latif’s sensitive heart aches with the sight of anguish and agony of the suffering. He portrays the painful plight as follows:

*‘Bukheea Khila na Ujhe, Dukheea Damar Nanhin
Ugharee winhanu wayo veecharia visri.’*

(The smile or laughter on the lips of the hungry woman is robbed as she knows not the happiness, The naked and the tattered one has forsaken her participation in wedding rites.)

I earnestly hope that the prosaic translation of Shah jo Risalo done with the labour of love and dedication by Dr. Ali Akbar Dhakan from Sindhi to English would promise fond readership in literary circles as well as the general public of Sindh, Pakistan and lovers of Shah Latif living across the continents of the world.

Inayat Baloch

Hon. Director,

Dr. N. A Baloch Chair

University of Sindh, Jamshoro

02-05-2018

مهاڳ

پنهنجي اندر جي پهرئين آدمي ۽ آواز سان چوڻ ٿو چاهيان ته بچين ۾ ڀڙي مئٽرڪ ڊي ايل بي هاءِ اسڪول نصيرآباد ضلعي لاڙڪاڻي مان 1958ع ۾ پاس ڪري شاھ عبداللطيف ڀٽائي جي رسالي جو مطالعو ڪيم ۽ وقت جي لحاظ ۽ سمجھ مطابق لکڻ شروع ڪيم ۽ مختلف سنڌي رسالن ۾ ڇپرايم. ان جي شاهدي محترم مرحوم ڊاڪٽر ڏرڻهار سيد اسان جي سنڌ جي ليڊر سائين غلام مرتضيٰ سيد (G.M Syed) شهر سن ضلعي دادو ڄامشوري واري جي نياڻي هئي. پنهنجي هڪ تفصيلي شاھ لطيف ڀٽائيءَ تي لکندڙن ۽ تحقيق ڪندڙن تي ڪتاب جي صفحي 274 تي منهنجو نالو به درج ڪيو آهي. جنهن مان منهنجي شاھ لطيف ڀٽائي جي رسالي پڙهڻ، سمجھڻ، تحقيق ڪرڻ جو ذوق ۽ شوق نروار ٿئي ٿو. اڄ مون پنهنجي گهر جي پهرئين فلور تي جنهن تاج محل لائبريري لاءِ روم ٺهرايم، جنهن ۾ پنهنجي لاءِ آفيس ڪوليم ۽ آفيس ۾ ٻه ڪلاڪ 6 کان 8 بجي رات تائين ويهي ڪتابن جي سينگ پئي ڪيم ته شاھ لطيف جي ڪلياڻ آڏواڻي واري رسالي تي نظر پئي، ۽ پوءِ سنڌي ۾ لکيل رسالي جي ٽيهن سُرَن جو انگلش ۾ ترجمو ڪرڻ شروع ڪيم. آڏواڻي صاحب جو لکيل رسالو انڪري ڪنيم جو هن صاحب رسالي جي هر هڪ سُر ۽ داستان جي بيتن جي سولي سنڌي زبان ۾ سمجهاڻي به ڏني آهي ۽ معنيٰ ۽ تعارف به ڪرايو آهي. ان کانپوءِ هر نئين سنڌي لفظ جي معنيٰ به ڏني آهي. مطلب ته هن صاحب سولي سنڌي ۽ سمجھڻ ۾ جلد ايندڙ زبان استعمال ڪئي آهي. جيڪا شاھ جي رسالي تي گهڻن محققن ۽ مصنفن نه ڪئي هئي. بسم الله جي نالي سان 2016-09-24 خميس ڏينهن کان انگلش ۾ ترجمو ڪرڻ شروع ڪيم. هن ترجمي ۾ ڪلياڻ آڏواڻي جي خيال، شاھ لطيف جي زندگيءَ جو احوال ۽ سندس زندگيءَ تي سندس شاعريءَ جو اثر هر هڪ داستان جو تعارف وغيره شامل آهن. هر هڪ نئين لفظ جي ڊڪشنري يعني سنڌي مان انگلش ۾ معنيٰ به آهي، هر هڪ سُر جي آخر ۾ سُر جو تعارف ۽ مصنف جي راءِ (پنهنجي) ڏني اٿم ته جيئن پڙهندڙن کي سهولت ٿي وڃي. هاڻي هي هڪ الڳ ڪتاب بعنوان ”شاھ جي رسالي جا 30 سُر“ سنڌي، اردو ۽ انگريزي ٻولين ۾ ڇپرائي پڙهندڙن جي وڌيڪ

جاڻ لاءِ مارڪيٽ ۾ موجود آهي. بين القوامي طور شاھ جي رسالي جي تعريف لاءِ پهريائين سمورو رسالو انگلش ۾ ڇپرايم، جيڪو 656 صفن تي انڊونيشيا جي کاغذ تي ڇپيل آهي، ۽ ان جي لانچنگ 11 آڪٽوبر 2018ع تي شام جو سنڌ جي وزير سعيد غنيءَ جي زير صدارت ۾ ٿي، جنهنجو احوال مون پنهنجي ٻئي ”شاھ جي رسالي جا سر“ جيڪو ڇپجي ويو آهي، ان ۾ ڪيو آهي. هاڻي ان انگلش واري ضخيم رسالي ۾ آڏواڻي صاحب جي اصلي سنڌي هر سُر ۽ داستان، بيت ۽ وائي تعريف تي تحريرون شامل ڪري هي رسالو ٻيهر ڇپرايو ويو آهي. هن ڪتاب ۾ ڪجهه صفحا وڌيا آهن ۽ رسالو وڌيڪ ضخيم ٿي ويو آهي. هن کان پوءِ نون لفظن جي معنيٰ، يعني شاھ جي رسالي جي سنڌي انگلش ڊڪشنري ڇاپي ويندي. اهو به اطلاع ڏيڻ ضروري آهي ته شاھ جي رسالي جا سُر ڪتاب کانسواءِ ”شاھ جو رسالو سر ڪيڏارو“ ۾ ڪربلا ۽ حضرت حسين (ع س) جي شهادت تي تفصيلي ڪتاب به شايع ٿي ويو آهي. مان شاھ جي رسالي جي محققن، مصنفن ۽ عالمن جن ساري عمر تحقيق ڪندي گذاري، انهن سڀني جي محنت ۽ علم جي ڄاڻ کان تمام گهڻو متاثر ٿيو آهيان. انهن سمورن احبابن، ڪي واقفڪار، ڪي دوست ۽ ڪي معزز مرحومن ۽ زنده پيارن جو هٿ ڏڪر ۽ تعريف ڪرڻ ضروري سمجهان ٿو. سي هي آهن: 1- ڊاڪٽر نبي بخش خان بلوچ 2- ڊاڪٽر غلام علي الانا 3- ڊاڪٽر عزيز رحمان ڀڳپيو (مرحوم) 4- مسٽر عبدالحميد آخوند 5- ڊاڪٽر فهميده حسين 6- مهتاب اڪبر راشدي 7- ڊاڪٽر عبدالغفار سومرو، 8- استاد لغاري 9- ڊاڪٽر آفتاب اڀڙو 10- آغا يعقوب مرحوم 11- ڊاڪٽر شاهنواز سوڍر مرحوم 12- ڊاڪٽر غلام نبي سڌايو 13- سائين مشتاق شاھ 14- مرحوم اميند خيمسائي 15- مرحوم شيخ اياز 16- آغا سليم مرحوم 17- عنايت بلوچ 18- علام آءِ آءِ قاضي مرحوم 19- ڊاڪٽر الھداد ٻوهيو مرحوم 20- ڊاڪٽر بشير احمد شاد 21- ڊاڪٽر در محمد پٺاڻ 22- فيض احمد کوسو 23- رکيل مورائي 24- ڊاڪٽر اياز قادري مرحوم 25- عاشق حسين ميمڻ مرحوم 26- ڊاڪٽر موتيال جوتواڻي 27- منور ارباب هالو 28- شمشير حيدري مرحوم 29- تاجل بيوس مرحوم 30- سيلم ميمڻ 31- جامي چانڊيو 32- ڊاڪٽر سليمان شيخ 33- ڊاڪٽر نواز علي شوق 34- ڊاڪٽر ڪمال ڄامڙو 35- ڊاڪٽر عابد مظهر 36- طارق محمود 37- ليلا رام وطن مل لالواڻي 38- انور پيرزادو مرحوم 39- منظور احمد قنصرو 40- ايلسا قاضي مرحوم 41- محمد بچل تنيو 42- ڊي ايڇ بوتائي 43- ڊاڪٽر عبدالجبار جوڻيجو مرحوم 44-

عبدالاحسين سانگي مرحوم 45- عبدالرسول قادري بلوچ 46- يوسف شاهين سنڌ جو سچو محقق نوبل پرائيز جو حقدار ۽ ٻيا سنڌي ٻولي ۽ سنڌ جا خادم ۽ دانشور وغيره.

مسٽر عبدالحميد آخوند چيو ته شاھ لطيف سنڌ آهي، مسٽر آخوند فخر محسوس ٿو ڪري ته سنڌ جي ماڻهن کي شاھ لطيف جي شخصيت روحاني سڪون مهيا ڪيو آهي. شاھ لطيف لاءِ منهنجي سڪ ۽ محبت هن مثال مان ظاهر ٿئي ٿي ته جڏهن مان 1961ع جولاءِ ۾ سڪرنڊ زرعي تربيت مرڪز ڏانهن ٽنڊي ڄام مان سرڪار موڪليو ته انهن ڏينهن ۾ شاھ لطيف جو ساليانو ميلو پٽ شريف تي شروع هو. وچين يا ٻئي ڏينهن ميلي جي سڪرنڊ مان پٽ شاھ ريل تي اڪيلو ميلو گهمڻ ويس. ميلو گهمي ماڻهن جو شاھ لطيف لاءِ پيار ۽ احترام پسيم ۽ شاھ جون تحريرون ۽ راڳ روپ ٻڌي وري ستين بجي شام ساڳي ريل گاڏي ۾ سڪرنڊ موٽي آيم. مطلب ته اها شاھ صاحب جي لاءِ سڪ هئي جنهن مجبور ڪيو ته موقعي جي لحاظ سان پٽ ڏئيءَ جو سلام به ڪريان ۽ شاھ سان عوامي پيار ۽ احترام به ڏسي اچان. اتي شاھ صاحب جي ايوان ۾ چوڌاري وڏن عالمن ۽ شخصيتن جون قبرون ۽ مزارون به آهن، خاص ڪري علامه عمر بن دائود پوٽي جي مزار تي بيهي سڀني کي جنت نصيب ٿيڻ جون دعائون به گهريم. شاھ صاحب جي ڀرسان اترئين پاسي کان ڏهن قدم تي شاھ جي والد حبيب شاھ جو روضو آهي، اتي به دعائون گهريم. عجب تڏهن لڳو جڏهن منهنجي نظر شاھ لطيف جي روزي جي دروازي جيڪو حبيب شاھ جي مزار طرف آهي، تنهن تي شاھ جي عظيم دعا چانديءَ ۾ اڪريل ڏنر ته:

جيڏو تنهنجو ناءُ، ٻاجهه به اوڏيائي مڱان،

ري ٽنڀين ري ٽوٽين، تون چپر تون چانو،

ڪڇاڙو ڪُهان، توکي معلوم سڀڪا.

منهنجي تمنا آهي ته هڪ اهڙو ڪتاب لکي چپرايان جنهن ۾ شاھ صاحب جي سڀني بيتن ۾ سمائل هدايتون ۽ نصيحتون هجن. ان ڪتاب لاءِ به اڌ ڪم ٿي ويو آهي، انشاءِ الله جلد اهو به تيار ٿي ويندو ۽ هن ڪتاب جيان چڄي جلد توهان جي هٿن ۾ مطالعي لاءِ ايندو. مان انهن سڀني دوستن، احبابن جو ٿورائتو آهيان. جن منهنجي هن ڪاوش ۾ مدد ڪئي خاص ڪري پنهنجي وڏي پٽ ارباب علي ڍڪڻ، ٻئي پٽ محمد علي ڍڪڻ ۽ ننڍي ۽ آخري رياض علي جو به تعاون لاءِ

دعاگو ۽ شڪر گذار آهيان. پنهنجين نياڻين افروز، فردوس، نوروز، اختر ۽ غزاله ياسمين (جيڪا آمريڪا ۾ پنهنجي خاوند سيد شاهد ظفر ۽ ٽن ننڍڙن پکن جن کي مان نانا چونڊو آهيان) شڪر گذار آهيان. ان کانسواءِ اهو به ضرور ٿو سمجھان ته انگلش جي ڪمپوزيشن جو ٽيون حصو منهنجي پوئين فرحين ۽ قرت العين ڪيو باقي مون پاڻ ڪيو ۽ پروف ريڊنگ به پاڻ ڪيم سو ڪجهه معمولي غلطيون يا چڪون ٿيون آهن، تن لاءِ معافي طلب آهي. غلطنامو تيار ڪيو اٿم ڪوشش ڪئي اٿم ته هن ڇاپي ۾ غلطيون نه ٿين. اهو به ضروري سمجھان ٿو ته انگلش ۾ بيتن جو ترجمو رسالي جي تعارفي حصي ۾ سائين مشتاق شاھ ۽ اميند خميساڻي جي ترجمن مان ڪجهه بيت حوالو ڏئي ڪنڀان اٿم. مشتاق شاھ لاءِ (M.Sh.) ۽ اميند خميساڻي لاءِ (A.Kh.) جا مخفف استعمال ڪيا اٿم. ڪٿي ڪجهه بيتن جو ان ڪري ترجمو نه ڪيو اٿم جو انهن جو مطلب يا معنيٰ اڳ وارن بيتن ۾ اچي چڪو آهي. مون سائين آغا سليم مرحوم جي خواهش تي سندس شاھ جي رسالي جي ترجمي ڪيل ڪتاب (Mystic Poetry of Shah Abdul Latif Bhittai) جو تجزيو ڪيو ۽ شاھ جي رسالي ۾ هيٺين نصيحتن جو اظهار ڪيم.

1. تتي ٿڌي ۾ محنت جاري رک، 2. ڪنهن کي به گهٽ وڌ نه ڳالهايو، 3. پاڻ تي پاڙيو، محنت ۽ ايمانداريءَ سان، 4. خدا کان مدد گهرو، تڪليفون هو ئي ڏئي ٿو ۽ ٿاري ٿو، 5. مصيبت ۾ صبر ڪريو، 6. خدا جي ڏنل نعمتن جو شڪر ادا ڪريو، 7. سڀ سان همدردي ۽ مهرباني ڪيو، 8. فرضن جي ادائگي پائبنديءَ سان ڪيو، 9. جيڪو گهرجي رب کان گهرو، 10. پنهنجين شين جي پاڻ سنڀال ڪريو، 11. بُڪايل کي ڪارايو، ضرور تمند جي مدد ڪريو، 12. توازن قائم ڪريو پاڙيسرين ۽ رشتيدارن سان 13. وڏن ۽ والدين جو ادب ۽ احترام ڪريو، 14. پنهنجن گهر وارن ۽ ٻچن کي جيئڻ جا حق ڏيو، 15. الله جي عبادت ڪريو ۽ سندس رحم لاءِ دعا گهرو، 16. سُل ماڻهوءَ کي سُلطاني يا بادشاهي ڪونه ملندي وغيره. هن ڪتاب ۾ 30 سُرَن جو احوال آهي ۽ اختصار ڏنل آهي.

ڊاڪٽر علي اڪبر ڍڪڻ

02134980110 - 03003664472

drdhakansindheconomist@hotmail.com

PREFACE

It is the first word of my heart or prefatory that I started reading and writing on Shah Abdul Latif Bhitai in Sindhi language from very early life after passing my Matriculation Examination in March 1958 from the D. L. B. High School Nasirabad District Larkana about three kms away from my original village Panhwar on Nasiabad Warah Road.

Muhtarma Dr. Dure Shahwar Syed (late), the respected and learned daughter of our Sindhi leader (late) Mr. G. M. Syed of San village the then Dadu District and now Jamshoro compiled a comprehensive book on the source material on Shah Latif's life and poetry namely Bibliography on Shah Latif on page 274 indicated my name in the list of writers on Shah latif which proves to be my literary inclination, astuteness and fondness for literature particularly the scholarly contribution of Shah Latif in the poetry and culture of Sindh. After establishing a Taj Mahal Library on the first floor of my house and also sitting place like an office decorated it with the requisite furniture I thought that I should start doing some literary work and I firmly made up my mind to translate Shah Jo Risalo from Sindhi to English so I considered Mr. Kalyan Advani's Risalo written in Sindh very easy and suitably explained and exegeted Sur and Dastaan-wise in a very lucid and understandable Sindhi language with the meaning of new words vocabulary expressed by Shah Latif (R.A). With the big name Of my Allah (God), I devoted two hours daily from 6pm to 8pm with effect from 29-09-1916 Thursday and finished the translation of the whole Risalo on 20-09-1917 Wednesday in about one continuous Year(these dates are given daily with my signature or initial on the book of Shah jo Risalo written by Mr. Kalyan Advani and published by Maktab e Ishaqia Joona Market Karachi in 1976. I have translated all about Mr. Kalyan Advani's views, Shah Latif's Life, reflection of his poetry, Introduction of each Sur 30 in all,

Introduction of each Dastaan and each poem and Vae (Flatulence), Dictionary of each new and difficult words in each poem into English. I have added two new items after each Sur, one as Derivatives of each Sur and two, the Author's contemplation of each Sur in gist for the understanding of general and all readers. In order to make it easily portable and readable internationally, I have considered to get its first volume in English printed with my own funds and then if God wills its Second volume along with the Original Sindhi Version will be printed and published collectively with its English translation. Its Sindhi English Dictionary will be got printed with the financial help of our funds providing organisations Insha Allah Taala (God wills).

Before this I was instantly impressed by their contributions in the shape of their Research works and writing books on Shah Latif which helped me a lot in understanding the Philosophical work of Shah Latif Bhitai. They are my favorites in the field of Literary and cultural activities:

1.Dr. N.A. Khan Baloch 2.Dr. G.A Allana 3.Dr. Aziz Rahman Bughio 4.Mr. Abdul Hameed Akhund 5.Dr. Fahmeeda Hussain my Adi 6.Mahtab Akbar Rashdi my Adi 7.Dr. Abdul Ghaffar Soomro 8.Ustad Lighari 9.Dr. Aftab Abro 10.Mr. Agha Yaqoob (late) 11.Dr. Shah Nawaz Sodhar (late) 12.Dr. Ghulam Nabi Sadhayo my dear Colleague 13.Sain Mushtaq Shah my great appreciation 14.Muhtarma Amena Khamisani the great scholar of English (late) 15.Agha Saleem my favourite friend (late) 16.Mr. Shaikh Ayaz our great literary personality (late) 17.Mr. Inayat Baloch my ideal 18.Mr. Allama I.I. Kazi (late) 19.Dr. Allahdad Bohio my Teacher (late) 20.Dr. Bashir Ahmed Shad 21.Dr. Dur Muhammad Pathan my great friend 22.Faiz Muhammad Khoso 23.Sain Rakhial Morai 24.Sain Ayaz Qadri (late) 25.Ashiq Hussain Memon (late) 26.Dr Motilal Jotwani unknown 27.Munawar Arbab my darling friend 28 Sain Shamsheer Haidri (late) 29.Sain Tajal Bewas (late) 30 Sain Saleem Memon 31.Jami Chandio 32 Sain Suleman Shaikh 33.Sain Dr. Nawaz Ali Shouq 34.Dr. Kamal Jamro 35.Dr. Abid Mazahar 36.Tariq Mahmood 37.Lila Ram Watanmal Lalwani 38.Anwar Peerzado (my buddy friend) (late) 39.Manzoor

Ahmed Kanasro 40. Muhtarma Elsa Kazi 41. Muhammad Bachal Tunio 42. D.H. Butani 43. Dr Abdul Jabbar Junejo 44. Mir Abdul Hussain Sangi 45. Abdul Rasool Qadri Baloch 46. Yusuf Shaheen (My dear friend deserving a noble prize and many authors etc. of Shah Latif who are authorities on Shah Latif's literary and socio-cultural contribution in Sindhi language).

However, I must quote the historical remarks of Mr. Hameed Akhund that "Shah Latif is synonymous with Sindh. He is the very fountainhead of fresh as that of any present day poet. Mr. Akhund feels pride and always appreciates to say that the people of Sindh find solace and comfort in Shah's Kalam (poetry) in adversity as well as in joy and happiness. This is the socio-cultural truth of Sindh in absolute". My personal observations in the honour and regards of Shah Latif are delineated below in my Article entitled "Mystic poetry of Shah Abdul Latif Bhitai." I was also so much interested to learn about the teachings of Shah Latif that when I went for some training in Agricultural Research Centre in Sakrand in July 1961, the annual Urs (Death Anniversary 209 or 210) was started in the Bhit Shah. I alone visited the ceremony by train from Sakrand to Bhit Shah (those days the train line was functioning but now closed) in morning and returned to Sakrand in the evening by the same train line. This was the first time and prefatory to visit Shah Latif's mausoleum at Bhit Shah and attend the literary, cultural and social gatherings and conferences on the literary contributions of Shah Latif (A.R).

In the end I must express my desire that I shall try to write another book on Shah Latif containing a list of Shah Latif's instructions and guidelines so that our Posterity may get lessons from them with easy terms and in very short time in order to increase awareness of such gems of ideas and guidelines for future improvement in our lives in very peaceable manners and self respects for every one living in Sindh and in all global parts of the world or who frequently visit and stay in Sindh.

I am thankful to my all dears and nears, supporters and encouragers particularly my elder son Mr. Arbab Ali Dhakan and my other two sons Muhammad Ali Dhakan and Riaz Ali Dhakan

my dear daughters Afroz, Firdous, Nouroz, Akhtar and Ghazala Yasmeen who lives in U.S.A. with her husband Mr. Shahid Zafar and her sweet sons (I call them as my Nanas) and grand daughters and my dear colleague particularly Sarwar Ferzana who helped me financially and literally suggesting me new and modern scientific and technological ideas and lucrative suggestions in the field of printing of this Book in English on Shah Abdul Latif Bhitai. My grand daughter Farheen (Faro) and Grand daughter Quratul Aieen (Annie) typed the two third of this work of my book on Shah Abdul Latif Bhitai in English. Jazak Allah Fidaren (May God favour and bless us all, Ameen). It may be noted that I have quoted some poems in English translated by Muhtarma Amena Khamisani (Late) indicated in abbreviation as A.Kh, and some of Mushtaq Shah abbreviated as M.S. in the Introductory chapters written in Sindhi by Kalyan Advani and translated by me into English. Secondly I have left some poems in some Surs (Tunes) for not translating them due to their similarity in meaning with the previous poems.

Mystic Poetry of Shah Abdul Latif Bhitai

Shah Abdul Latif Bhitai was born at Hala Haveli (Family House) in Taluka Hala of Hyderabad District now Matiari District. His ancestors came from Hirat and settled in Sindh. His great grand father, Shah Abdul Karim of Bulri was also a renowned poet and a saint. His father Syed Habib Shah was a pious man and was in Hala Haveli when Shah Latif was born in the year 1689 and passed away in 1752 at the age of 63 years. Since his very childhood he was very humble and obedient son with high and pious feelings and thinking. He was devoted and dedicated human being with the ideology of kindness and faithfulness with all poor or rich, youngsters or elders, local or outsiders, Muslims or Hindus. From the poetry of Shah Latif Bhitai, it is clear that man is mortal and he has come in this world as a guest of some days so he has to live as helping hand and loyal with others. Shah has given many teachings and admonitions to all human beings for their better lives to be passed in this world and earned their

reward for them in the coming or next world. His main teachings are:

- Make efforts even in the severe cold or heat.
- Do not say to any body in response to his bad words.
- Rely only on your own efforts, hardworking and honesty.
- Seek help from God in your hardships and natural calamities.
- Have patience in difficulties and mishaps.
- Thank God for His bounties bestowed upon you.
- Be kind and sympathetic to all.
- Be punctual in your duties, prayers and welfare activities.
- What ever you need, demand from your Almighty Allah (God).
- Take care of your all belongings.
- Feed the hungry and help the needy.
- Be balanced with your neighbors and relatives.
- Respect your parents and pray for their good health and well being.
- Give their legal rights to your wife or wives.
- Pray to God for His mercy and salvation.
- A sleeping man can not create Kingdom.
- Numerous People visit and pay tributes to those who awakened and passed lives in prayers of God even after their death.

Now, melody-wise elaboration of Shah Latif's poetry is given in the following 23 Surs or Melodies which have been taken from a book of Agha Saleem namely The poetry and Mystic Thought of Shah Abdul Latif Bhittai:

Sur Kalyan (Melody of Peace)

Kalyan is a Sanskrat language word meaning inner peace or well being. The first poem in this melody is about the Creation and Oneness of Almighty Allah as follows:

Allah, the very first, the Omniscient, the Supreme, the Lord of universe, the Omnipotent is there since infinity by His omnipotence, the uncreated, the Lord, the One, the Unique, the Provider, the Master, the Merciful, Praise the true Master by singing hymn of wisdom, the Generous One Himself sustains the universe. About our Prophet (PBUH) Shah Latif says, "Whosoever

believed that God is one, and heartily affirmed that Muhammad (PBUH) is the cause and source of creation, none of such believer's boat ever touched unfavorable landing. "Our Poet elucidates the mystic perception of God, the *Pireen* meaning Beloved, "Your manifestations are in billions, Your essence is in every being, but appearances are variant to one another, O! my Beloved, how can I enumerate attributes?" "He is this, He is that, He is death, He is the Beloved, He is the breath, He is the enemy, He is the guide."

Sur Yaman (Melody of Harmony)

It is a continuum of the above poem Sur Kalyan containing lover's all afflictions "You are the beloved, the healer, the potion for pain, O beloved! I suffer from varied maladies, cure the patients of their afflictions O Lord! You are the beloved, the physician, and the remedy of pain, curative are your sweet words for my aching heart, I crave for you as other physicians' medicines don't work. You are the beloved, the physician, and the medicine for those who are down with affliction, You cause the sickness, You cure it and You are the Guide and the Lord benevolent, strange that You make the worldly physicians ineffective."

Sur Srirag (Melody of Voyage)

It is containing situations about the sea and seashore swarming with ships, vessels, galleys and boats. The Poet says, "Current is swift, tide is ever rising, and anchors can not stay, even big ships sail against the current with full force, the seafarers use ballast to steady their boats on the sea, I have heard Pilots telling hair-raising tales."

Sur Samoondri (Melody of Seafarers)

Showing grief feelings of wives when their husbands are leaving them to start voyage in the sea for fishing purpose. The Poet says, "Those were the days of blooming youth when the beloved embarked on voyage, even my tearful imploring could not make them stay, O mates what should I do? he set the sail leaving me on spikes."

Sur Suhni (Melody of unflinching love)

Telling a story of love of a girl of a village. She used to meet her beloved swimming in the nearby river by the help of a baked water pitcher. But one day her mother in law changed it and put an unbaked pitcher so it broke and she drowned in the river. On her cries her beloved Sahar or Mehar also jumped into the river to protect her but he also drowned. The Poet Shah Latif says, "Break the unbaked pitcher, go into the deep waters with love, O Sohni, longing leads the real lovers to their destinations. Love is boundless, so is the grief of love, there is no limit to yearning, nor to grief, Love knows no numerations; it alone can find its own depth."

Sur Sassui (Melody of Odyssey of Being)

Sassui was very beautiful so her father named her Sassui meaning Moon. As told by a Soothsayer for her as unlucky girl, her father a Hindu Brahman threw her in the sea and was taken by a washer man of Bhanbhore near Karachi. She was married with a Baloch of Makran namely Punhun. His brothers one day came to his house and gave them some drug in the night and abducted both in asleep but they threw Sassui in the big mountains near Gadap and took away Punhun to Makran but he returned from there and met Sassui in her Grave in the mountains where she had been left by the brothers of Punhun. Shah Latif says, "Sassui crossed that mountains, which had defeated men, how much lofty the mountain be, it is plain for those who are in love."

Sur Leela (Melody of Repentance)

This is a story about the exchange of her husband Chanessar with Kounroo for her Diamond necklace for a night only but Kounroo told Chanessar that his wife Leela exchanged him for her necklace so Chanessar annoyed with his wife Leela and did not go to his wife Leela so she repented with great grief. Shah Latif says, "Leela, if you have learnt lesson, give up all scheming, roll your headscarf round your neck as a sign of complete submission, If you beseech him for forgiveness he will never ask you to leave. If

your entreaties can bring your consort back, placate him with sobs, continue your entreaties, this is a place where only entreaties count. If he is not moved by your entreaties, persist in your entreaties, do not give up hope, the beloved is immensely merciful."

Sur Moomal Rano (Melody of Self Redemption)

Raja Nando, a Gujjar Rajput King once ruled over upper Sindh from his capital at Mirpur Mathelo. He had nine daughters two of whom were Moomal and Soomal. Rano liked Moomal and used to visit her in the night on his camel. When Rano could not reach Moomal for many days and one night when Rano came and saw another man sleeping with Moomal in the night ,he left Moomal and never visited her but actually that another man was no body but she was Soomal in the dress of Rano as advised her by Moomal. In the morning when Moomal saw the stick of Rano on her bed she understood that Rano had come but seeing Soomal sleeping in the dress of a man near Moomal he left her and he did not visit Moomal again. Moomal realised her mistake and repented and tried to meet Rano but all efforts went in vain. Shah Latif says," Wherever may I ride my camel, it is radiance all around, within me is crimson Kaak (Moomal's Palace) within me is brilliant Ludaano, all is Raano, there is nothing but Raano."

Sur Umer-Marui (Melody of Chastity)

This is story of a village virgin beautiful girl of Malhir Thar. She was taken by a King of Umerkot Thar namely Umer to his palace and tried very much to marry her but she could not be cheated but she protected her chastity. Umer atlast returned Marui with esteem and respect to her parents in Malhir. Shah Latif says, "Pining for my homeland if I die, take my dead body to my homeland, let me be buried beside my herdsmen in Thar, I will be alive in death if my dead body were sent to Malhir."

Sur Kaamoad (Melody of Humidity)

This is story of Jam Tamachi the King of Thatta near Keenjhar Great Lake. The King selected Noori as his wife from

amongst other many beautiful and rich family girls or ladies. Shah Latif says, "You are the Samma King, I am a Gandri fisher maid, the embodiment of all imperfections, perceiving the beautiful faces of your queens, see that you do not turn away from me."

Sur Ghatoo (Melody of Killers)

This is story about Karachi when it was a small placid village being called as Kolachi after the name of an old woman who was the head of the village. A fisherman namely Obhayo had seven sons, the youngest one was Morio. His six brothers were killed by a Killer whale (Mangar Machh). The younger brother Morio took revenge of their brothers by killing the whale with his great trick and bravery. Shah Latif says, "Now that I have borrowed fish, bring my fish catchers back, O God, O Lord, do not let me down before the fish merchants, it is now in their absence that my pride has come to appreciate their worth."

Sur Sourath (Melody of Enthralment)

This is story about a Rajpoot King Rae Dyach who ruled over Kathiawar with capital at Girnar. He married Sourath but Beejal got his head by music of Surando (a music instrument) as he was great fond of music. Shah Latif says, "Beejal asked the king, "are you giving me word of honor O king?, yes, I give you word of honor, king replied, you ask for any boon and I will give it to you, then give me your head O king."

Sur Kedaro (Melody of Martyrdom)

In Islamic history a great tragic event has occurred. The family of the Prophet Muhammad (PBUH) was martyred in the desert of Karbala near Koofa Najaf in Iraq by Yazeed in the Muslim month of Muharram in 61 A.H.(681. A. D.) Shah Latif Bhitai says, "The hardship of martyrdom was a rain of mercy, Yazeed knew not, it was a sign of love, the Imams have an eternal covenant to die. Shah further says, "The hardship of martyrdom was divine grace, only perfect devotees can comprehend the mystery of Karbala's occurrence."

Sur Sarang (Melody of Clouds)

Sarang is a Hindi word, having manifold meaning like deer, cuckoo, pearl, lotus flower, cloud, etc. In Sindhi language Sarang means cloud connoting rainy season. Shah Latif says, "Rainy season has set in, I will dye my dress crimson, my friend cloud again means to rain. O my beloved, without your shelter, I shiver in cold, right from evening, O you perfect one, without you I shiver even under the quilt, I live in a hope that God will bring you back."

Sur Aasa (Melody of Transcendence)

It means philosophic thought of oneness of being or in the words of Ibn Arabi "Absolute Unification." Shah Latif says, "I search in limitlessness, and find not limit of the Guide, Beloved's beauty has no shape, on our part yearning is limitless and on His part is the indifference."

Sur Rip (Melody of coming out of Oneself)

Love is a creative force, an instinct that man has been giving expression to since ancient times in varied ways like poetry, cave carvings, music rituals and mythology. Shah Latif says, "You are my Lord beloved, I am merely a servant, clasping my hands I do obeisance to you, I will not leave your door even for a moment my friend, never ever deprive me of your grace my love."

Sur Khahori (Melody of Seekers)

It means snake charmers who earn their livelihood by charming and catching snakes. Shah Latif says, "I saw seekers, who rest not even for a while, they explore mountains for wild fruit in extreme heat, having obtained it, they happily hum in forest."

Sur Ramkali (Melody of Discovering Lord in Nothingness)

It is about ascetic Yogis who forsake world, abandon all worldly comforts and are wandering in wilderness in search of Brahma, the Absolute. Shah Latif says, "When all desires, which cling the heart, fall away then the mortal becomes immortal, and

in this life finds Brahman."

Sur Poorab (Melody of the East)

It means the East telling story about spinning girl's feelings and ascetics who blowing their conch Shells are proceeding to eastward for pilgrimage. Shah Latif says, "Never make crow your messenger as it feeds on carrion, will he think of his stomach or go to friend's door?, one who can only caw conveying message is not for him. O my beloved's crow, come, say something pleasant, you smell of spring's fragrance, and have a maund of musk, on your way to me cross beloved's courtyard, so that seeing you my body may be relieved of all anguish."

Sur Karayal (Melody of Peacock, Swan and Cobra)

Those days Poetry was considered to have something in it of the divine that enabled poets to say things, which no ordinary person could say and was beyond rational powers. Shah Latif says, "Why don't you delve into the deep where there are pearls? What have you to do here on the bank?"

Sur Pirbhati (Melody of Dawn)

It is story about Jam Sappar or Pahar Khan was a generous and fond of music. So early in the morning lyricists or bards called as Charans demand alms or charity at the doors of his Palace by using their musical instruments. It is an oral tradition that once he gave hundred horses in charity to a bard. Shah Latif says, "Forget all skill, be ignorant naive, seek alms then, last night Sappar had high breed horses kept for you, the Lord of Lasbella blessed those, who do not know singing. O minstrel, remember Sappar in every breath, never forget him, replace strings of your fiddle with those of silver, present yourself before him, imploring and entreating."

Sur Dahar (Melody of the Days bygone)

Lakho Phulani was the son of Jam Phul, the ruler of Kach Bhuj. He had married five wives from different strong Rajpoot clans. His one wife was from Rebari clan and Lakho Phulani was

born of her. He was young and handsome and very dear to his father. Rajas and other tribal heads were sucking poor peoples blood and became bandit. Lakho mounted his black mare namely Lakhi attacked the enemy with his two friends, Jaso and Jasraj on his left and right. Shah Latif says, "There were lakhs of Lakhos but Phulani is of singular kind, the Oads (Mud workers) were freed of all fears after coming under his protection."

Sur Bilawal (Melody of Valor)

It is story about bravery and munificence which were considered as high human values. Dodo and Chanessar were brothers. Chanessar being elder was entitled to ascend the throne but all the chieftains voted for Dodo and ascended the throne. Chanessar went to the King Allauddin of Khilji tribe to Delhi for help. He defeated Dodo and killed him. Shah Latif Bhitai says, "O Samma, you wear the crown otherwise there are many turbaned men, people crowd at your door, everyone gets alms according to the capacity of his bowl."

Other Surs are given in the text of the book Shah Jo Risalo translated into English.

Dr. Ali Akbar Dhakan

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هن رسالي بابت

”جي توبيت پانيان، سي آيتون آهين“

آگسٽ 1958ع ۾، هندستان ڪتاب گهر وارن صاحبن جي سرپرستيءَ هيٺ، منهنجو تيار ڪيل شاھ جي رسالي جو نسخو، نهايت زيب ۽ زينت سان ڇپجي، ظاهر ٿيو. جن صاحبن، منهنجي خسيس محنت جو قدر ڪري، منهنجي همت ۽ عزت افزائي ڪئي، تن جو مان دل و جان سان شڪرگذار آهيان. حقيقت ۾، هي رسالو سندن بنده نوازي ۽ ذره پروريءَ جي ڪري ئي وجود ۾ آيو آهي.

خوشقسمتيءَ سان، زندگيءَ جي دوران ۾، ڪن اهڙن اعليٰ انسانن ۽ صاحبِ بزرگن جي ڪيميا جهڙي صحبت نصيب ٿي اٿم، جن منهنجي جان کي، هر خزان ۾ بهار ۽ منهنجي قلب کي، هر تاريخيءَ ۾ روشن پئي رکيو آهي. انهن صاحبن جي املهه خيالن ۽ بي بها هدايتن جي برڪت سان ئي، هي رسالو، نازڪ طبيعت هوندي به، تيار ڪري سگهيو آهيان. خاص طرح، دادا منگهارام ڪيمچند مهٿاڻيءَ جي صوفياني مزاج ۽ فقيرائي طبيعت جو، منهنجي دل تي گهرو اثر ٿيو آهي، هو صاحب، پلاري پٽ ڌڻيءَ جي سونهاري ساٿيه ۾، خير ۽ خوبيءَ سان پنهنجن پکن ۾ رهيو پيو آهي، ۽ سرود ۽ سماع جون مجلسون جاري رکنديو پيو اچي. هن سڀين پارين سهڻي صاحب سان، منهنجو نيازمنديءَ جو رستو آهي، ۽ جڏهن به سندس ديدار حاصل ٿيندو اٿم، تڏهن منهنجي سلام جي ورائيءَ ۾، شاھ صاحب جا هيٺيان سخن فرمائي، منهنجي دلنوازي ڪندو آهي:

متان تئين ملور، ڪين آگاهون آهيان.

انجي جواب ۾، سندس خدمت ۾، منهنجي طرفان، شاھ صاحب جو صرف هي قول پيش آهي:

ڪي ويجهائي ڏور، ڪي ڏور به اوڏا سپرين.

هن رسالي ۾، جا ترتيب اختيار ڪئي وئي آهي، سا هيءَ آهي: ڪلام، هاڻوڪي تلفظ ۾ پيش ڪيو ويو آهي، جئن انجي پڙهڻ ۾، ڪنهن به صاحب کي

ڪا دقت پيش نه ٿئي. مڙني سرن مان، داستان به داستان، صرف اُهي وايون ۽ بيت آندا ويا آهن، جن ۾ ٻوليءَ توڙي خيال جي لحاظ کان، شاھ جي رسالي جو سمورو جوهر يا مغز سمايو پيو آهي، ۽ ساڳئي وقت، جنجي سمجھائيءَ جي، شاھ جي ڪيترن ئي مشتاقن کي عين درڪار آهي. هونئن ته شاھ جو هر هڪ بيت، هڪ بيها دُر آهي، پر هتي سليس بيت ان ڪري نه ڏنا ويا آهن، جو انهن جو مفهوم يا مطلب، گوهر شناس سنڌي، ساعت ۾ پروڙيو وٺن. منهنجي خيال موجب، هنن صاحبن کي، ههڙي هڪ ٻئي دفتر جي حاجت، هرگز ناهي.

هر هڪ سر اڳيان انجو مهاڳ آهي، جنهن ۾ يا انسان سان تعلق رکندڙ قصو، تمثيل سميت، پيش ڪيل آهي، يا انجا مکيه خيال، ظاهري توڙي باطني، درج ٿيل آهن. هر هڪ داستان جي مهڙ ۾، انجو سار ڏنو ويو آهي، جئن پڙهندڙ کي پريندي ئي انجي پرک پئجي وڃي. هر هڪ بيت جي سامهون، انجي سمجھائي، سليس عبارت ۾ ڏني وئي آهي. ڏکين لفظن جي معنائن ۽ اعرابن ۾ ڪا به ڪفايت نه ڪئي وئي آهي. پلنامي ۾ اُهر درستيون ڄاڻايون ويون آهن. رسالي جي مهاڳ ۾، شاھ صاحب جي زندگي ۽ شعر تي مختصر روشني وڌي وئي آهي. هر حالت ۾، اجائي اپٽار کان ڪنارو ڪيو ويو آهي، ڇو ته سنڌي سڳورا اڪثر، صوفيانه رازن ۽ رمزن جي بحر ۾، اڳيئي سراپا ٻڌا پيا آهن. جي رب چاهيو ته ٻين روحاني شاعرن جو ڪلام به، ساڳي طرز تي، درجي به درجي، پيش ڪندو رهندس.

مون کي اميد آهي ته شاھ جا مڙئي شائق هن رسالي جي بخوبي آڃيان ڪندا، ۽ پڻ اسان جا ادبي صراف، وينجهار، جوهرِي ۽ غواص، ان مان نوان معنيٰ جا موتي لهي، ناچيز کي نوازيندا.

ويجن م وينجهار، پاڻيٺ جي، پرڪڻا،
ڪنير پاڻي اڪڻين، لهن سيڪنهن سار،
موتِيءَ جي مزاج جو، قدر منجهه ڪنار،
صرافئون ڌار، ماڻڪ ملاحظو ٿئي.

— ڪلياڻ آڏواڻي

ABOUT THIS RISALO

“What you think as ordinary poems, they are verses.”

In August, 1958, in the supervision of the owners of India Book House, my compiled script of Shah Jo Risalo, was published with zest and zeal. The great people appreciating my simple, trifling and trivial labour, encouraged me for which I am thankful to their spirit of incentive. In fact, this Risalo got existence on account of their sincerity, sympathy, underserving respect, patron, honour and cherishment. Fortunately, during my life period I achieved the wise association and attachment of such great and sacred people who in my declining physical condition provided me the solace and source of strength and spring to my head and heart and drew me from the darkest position to the shining and lightening atmosphere. Owing to their invaluable and full of wisdom ideas and directions, this Risalo though in very feeble healthy plight, I have been successful to get it published and delivered to the national and international readers particularly the kindhearted Dada Mangha Ram Khemchand Mahtani has so much attracted and reflected me that I am unable to forget it even after my death. This gentleman has still been residing in his ancestors' huts and straw house happily and safely in the sacred country of Shah Latif Bhitai and continuously attending and arranging the spiritual musical singing gatherings at the Bhit Shah mausoleum. I still have good relations with this gentleman of good multifarious qualities and when I visit and pay my regards to him, he reciprocatingly makes me happy to recite the following verse of Shah Latif:

“You should not be sad; I am not away from you.”

In reply to this verse of Shah Latif Bhitai, I also expressed the verse of Shah Latif as follows:

“Some nears are away, some far away are very near”

In this Risalo, the system of composition is like as under:

The poems have been written in the present day dialect and language so that the reader may not feel any difficulty in understanding. In all Surs and episodes from (Dastaan to Dastaan, only those verses and poems have been mentioned in which in consonance with the language and particular ideas, all objectives and themes of the whole Risalo of Shah have been contained and expressed. In addition to this, the understanding of Shah Latif's Poems has remained the need of all devotees of Shah Latif while every poem of Shah Latif is considered as the invaluable pearl, but here simple poems have not been recited because their meaning and understanding is very easy to learn by the common man of Sindh. In my views there is no need to work on by another institution such left out easy and simple meaning poems. In every Sur, an introduction of all the poems contained in each Sur has been given where in all aspects of human being, statement, similitudes and similarities, comparisons and examples have been delineated and all thoughts and ideas spiritual or worldly conveyed in the Sur.

In the beginning of each Sur, its summary and music tone has been given so that the reader can understand well the theme of the poem in each Episode (Dastaan).

The meaning of each poem has been given in very lucid manner of expression. The list of difficult (new) words and also didactical points or vowel points have also been indicated. All corrections have been listed. In the Foreword or Preface of the Risalo, the account of life of Shah Latif and subjective meaning of some poems is given in detail. Unnecessary and meaningless expressions have been avoided because of the fact that Sindhi people are already generally drowned in the sea of spiritual secrets and hidden statements. If God wills, the poetry of other spiritual poets will also gradually be taken up and got explained in detail.

I hope! The followers of Shah Latif will feel happy and welcome this idea of mine and our literary consumers, readers, travellers, gem keepers, divers etc., will find new pearls and favour this writer with their gracious opinion. Shah Latif in Sur

Srirag (Episode 4 poem 10) has recited as follows:

"May those engravers (Lapidaries) not migrate who make holes in the jewels or pearls carefully or know their worth, they check to know the value or standard of jewels putting their glasses or spectacles on their eyes. The value of the quality of pearls is known at the soft sides. Without gold smiths, the value of jewels or pearls has loss due to their valuelessness". (The value of true or sacred man is known by the spiritual or sacred people).

Kalyan Advani

ڪلياڻ آڏواڻي بابت

هي حيدرآباد سنڌ شهر ۾ 10 ڊسمبر 1911ع تي ڄائو هو. هن ايم اي انگلش لٽريچر ۾ ڪئي. کيس انگلش مضمون جو ليڪچرر مقرر ڪيو ويو. کيس پروفيسر طور سنڌي مضمون ۾ ترقي ملي، ڇو ته هو انگلش جي بدران سنڌي مضمون پڙهائيندو هو، يا فارسي ۽ انگلش ٻولين تي دسترس هوندي به هو سنڌي زبان ۾ لکندو هو ۽ ڪتاب ڇپرائيندو هو. ڇو ته سنڌي زبان سندس مدر تنگ (ماءُ جي زبان) هئي. هن شاھ جو رسالو سنڌي ۾ 1958ع ۾ لکيو. جنهن ۾ شاھ صاحب جي سموري زندگيءَ جو احوال ۽ سندس شاعريءَ جو سندس زندگيءَ جي هر موڙ تي اثر لکيو اٿس. هن جي تحرير شاھ. سچل ۽ ساميءَ سنڌ جي عظيم شاعرن جي گهڻي تفصيل ۽ دلچسپي سان لکيل آهي. هن سنڌيءَ ۾ ماها ڪوي ڪاليداس ”شڪنتلا“ تي لکيو. جيڪو سندس عظيم ڪارنامو ليکيو وڃي ٿو. تقسيم هنڌ کانپوءِ هي هندستان جي باندرا ممبئي شهر ڏانهن لڏي ويو. سندس موت اتي 27 مئي 1994ع ۾ 83 سالن جي ڄمار ۾ ٿيو. هن کي تمام گهڻي آجيان ملي. هي هندوستان جي منصفن جي جماعت جو ميمبر هو، ۽ کيس فرانس ملڪ ڏانهن وڌيڪ مطالعي لاءِ 1970ع ۾ هندوستان سرڪار موڪليو. شاھ جو رسالو لکڻ تي کيس سنڌي ساهتيه اڪيڊمي 1966ع ۾ انعام (Award) ڏنو. جڏهن ته هن اڪيڊمي شاھ جو رسالو لکڻ تي کيس گولڊ ميڊل 1958ع ۾ ڏنو هو.

سندس انعام يافتہ تصنيفون هي آهن. 1- رازو نياز 1960ع، 2- شاھ جو رسالو 1958ع، 3- سچل 1954ع، 4- سامي 1953ع، 5- لطيف 1951ع، 6- ساهتيه اڪيڊمي سندس 1970ع ۾ شاھ لطيف ۽ سچل 1971ع ۾ ڪتاب ڇپرايا. ساڳي اڪيڊميءَ سندس شڪنتلا ڪتاب به ڇپرايو.

ABOUT KALYAN ADVANI

He was born at Hyderabad Sindh on 10th December 1911. He got M.A. in English Literature, a post graduate degree. He served as a Lecturer in English and got promotion as a Professor in Sindhi literature. Even having dominating command over English and Persian languages, he preferred to write in his mother tongue Sindhi. He published his work on legendary Sindhi saint poet Shah Abdul Latif Bhittai entitled "Shah jo Risalo" in 1958. Though there are considerable less published books but the greatest gift to Sindhi literature given by Kalyan Advani is his critical work on famous trio of Sindhi literature Shah-Sachal-Sami. He translated Maha Kavi Kalidass "Shakuntala" in Sindhi which is yet his another towering success.

After the partition, he migrated to India at city Bandra-Mumbai. He died there on 27th May 1994 at the age of 83 years. At several occasions, he was felicitated and his work for Sindhi literature had been appreciated. He was part of Indian Authors delegation sent to France by Government of India in 1970. Beside the Academy Award given by Sindhi Sahitya Academy for 'Shah jo Risalo' in the year 1966, he was awarded a Gold Medal for the same book by Sindhi Sahitya Mandol in 1958.

His Award Winning Publications were:

1. Shah Latif (1970) and Sachal Sarmast (1971) both published by Sahitya Academy.
2. Raz-o-Niaz (1960).
3. Shah jo Risalo (1958)
4. Sachal (1954) Critical View
5. Sami (1953) Critical View
6. Latif (1951) critical View
7. He has credit of publishing "Shkuntala" by Sahitya Academy.

ڊاڪٽر علي اڪبر ڊڪڻ بابت

ڊاڪٽر علي اڪبر محمد رمضان ڊڪڻ اسٽيٽ بئنڪ ۾ ڊپٽي گورنر جي عهدي تائين پهچي 2000ع ۾ رٽائرڊ ڪيو. هن پنهنجي سوانح حيات انگلش ۾ 2004ع ۾ لکي. چئن اسڪالرن سندس سوانح جي ڪتاب لاءِ پيش لفظ لکيا. انهن ۾ 1- ڊاڪٽر نبي بخش خان بلوچ، 2- ڊاڪٽر عشتريت حسين گورنر اسٽيٽ بئنڪ، 3- ڊاڪٽر محمد سليمان شيخ، 4- سنڌ جو عظيم ليکڪ سائين مرحوم عبدالستار ڀٽي. ليکڪ هڪ نئين رٿا سان هن ڪتاب جي نسبت انهن سڀني شخصن کي سونپي آهي، جن جا نالا هن ڪتاب ۾ آيا آهن. سي اٽڪل چار هزار نالا ٿي ويندا. هن ڪتاب جي ٽائٽل به ليکڪ معجزاتي ڀاڱ (Miraculous Fortunes) ان ڪري چونڊيو آهي. جو ليکڪ کي زندگي جي هر پهلو ۽ هر قدم تي وڏي جاکوڙ ڪرڻي پئي هئي. مصنف جي ڄم جي تاريخ ۽ پاڪستان ملڪ ٺاهڻ واري لاهور جي ٺهراءُ مارچ 1940ع جي تاريخ اتفاق سان ملي ٿي. ڊاڪٽر نبي بخش بلوچ پنهنجي پيش لفظ ۾ لکي ٿو: ”هي هڪ معجزو آهي ته هڪ شخص جنهنجي والدين وٽ ايترا مالي ذريعا حاصل ڪو نه هئا سو ڪلرڪي ۽ استاد واري عهدي کان شروعات ڪري اسٽيٽ بئنڪ جي ڊپٽي گورنر جي عهدي تائين پهتو“. 1972ع ۾ هي سنڌ جي پراونشل سول سروس جو (PCS) امتحان پاس ڪيو. پر کيس ان ڪري نه کنيو ويو جو ان وقت سنڌ يونيورسٽيءَ ۾ اقتصاديات ۾ پي ايڇ ڊي ڪري رهيا هيا. سندس رٽائرمينٽ ڪرڻ کانپوءِ ڊاڪٽر ڊڪڻ هڪ سماجي خدمت ڪرڻ وارو NGO سنڌ ڊولپمينٽ فائونڊيشن رجسٽر ڪرايو ۽ پاڻ ان جو چيئرمين بڻجي ڪم شروع ڪيو. پهريون مقصد هو سنڌ بئنڪ کولڻ ته جيئن سنڌي ماڻهن جي خوشحالي لاءِ ننڍا قرض فراهم ڪري ننڍن روزگار جي منصوبن قائم ڪرڻ سان سندن روزگار ڪمائڻ جي موقعن سان روزگار ڪمائڻ جي همت افزائي ٿئي. جڏهن پاڻ ڏٺائون ته سنڌ بئنڪ کولڻ جاذباً هٿ ڪرڻ مشڪل آهن ته پوءِ وڏي جفاڪشي ڪري سنڌ گورنمينٽ کان سنڌ اسيمبليءَ مان 1995ع ۾ سنڌ بئنڪ کولڻ جو ائڪٽ پاس ڪرايائون ۽ پوءِ سنڌ حڪومت بئنڪ کولي مگر سياسي

مداخلت سبب ان جو خاطر خواه فائدو غريب سنڌين جي بدران وقت جا چرندا پُرندا ڪڍي ويا آهن. ان کانپوءِ هن انگلش ۾ هڪ رسالو سنڌ اڪنامسٽ جي نالي سان چيف ايڊيٽر جي حيثيت ۾ خود لکيو، ۽ ماهوار ڇپرايو. ان ۾ سنڌ ۽ سنڌين جي روزگار جا ذريعا بيان ڪيا مگر صرف ڇهه رسالا نڪتا ۽ ڪو خاطر خواه جواب نه ملڻ ڪري مالي ذريعا ختم ٿي ويا ۽ رسالو به بند ٿي ويو.

ڊاڪٽر نبي بخش بلوچ صاحب وڌيڪ لکيو ته ”ڊاڪٽر ڍڪڻ هڪ باشعور پاڪستان جو شهري آهي، جنهن جي زندگيءَ جو مَول ۽ متو ملڪ جي غريب طبقي جي خوشحالي کي فروغ ۽ واڌارو ڏيڻو آهي، سندس سوانح حيات پڙهڻ سان پڙهندڙن کي ڄاڻ ۽ شعور حاصل ٿيڻ سان گڏوگڏ سندن حوصلي کي چار چنڊن ملن ٿا. ته محنت ۽ اوورچائي سان ۽ ايمانداري ۽ شفقت سان هن عارضي زندگيءَ کي جنت بڻائي سگهجي ٿو.“ سندس سوانح حيات پڙهڻ سان سندس اعليٰ ڪردار معلوم ٿئي ٿو ۽ سندس خدمتون اقتصاديات، صحافت، تحقيق، سياحت، تعليم ۽ سماجيات، جهڙن خاص شعبن ۾ نمايان نظر اچن ٿيون.

ڊاڪٽر عشرت حسين گورنر اسٽيٽ بئنڪ پنهنجي پيش لفظ ۾ لکيو آهي ته ”ڊاڪٽر ڍڪڻ هڪ اعليٰ تعليم يافته ۽ اديب آفيسر آهي. جنهن جو بئنڪ جي خدمت ۾ نمايان واسطو آهي. هن جو مختلف موضوعن تي مسلسل لکڻ هڪ هابي آهي ۽ علم ۽ ادب جي ترقيءَ ۾ سندس نالو هميشه زنده جاويد رهندو.“

ڊاڪٽر سليمان شيخ جيڪو پاڻ به وڏو عالم ۽ ڪاهوڙي آهي تنهن ڊاڪٽر لاءِ پنهنجي عمدي فور ورڊ ۾ لکيو آهي ته ”ذات ذات تي نه پر محنت ۽ شفقت ايمانداري ۽ بي لوٽ خدمت واري جذبي تي دارومدار رکي ٿي. ڊاڪٽر ڍڪڻ پاڪستان جو اقتصادي ماهر آهي.“

مرحوم عبدالستار ڀٽي جنهن لاڙڪاڻي جي اعليٰ شخصيتن تي تمام گهڻو لکيو آهي ۽ هڪ وڏو داناءُ ماڻهو هو. ان ڊاڪٽر ڍڪڻ جي سوانح حيات لاءِ پنهنجي فورورڊ ۾ لکيو آهي ته ”ڊاڪٽر ڍڪڻ هن سنڌ ڌرتيءَ جو سچو سپوت آهي ۽ لاڙڪاڻي ضلعي جو ڄاڻو آهي. سندس سوانح حيات پڙهڻ سان زندگي گذارڻ جون هدايتون ۽ نصيحتون معلوم ٿينديون ۽ اهو سبق ملندو ته هن ڌرتي تي خوشبوءِ دار ٻوٽو ٻارجي ۽ ديس پرديس وارن کي ڪستوري جهڙي واءِ سان واسجي ته جيئن انسان جي تلخي جو مقصد حاصل ٿئي.“

سندس سوانح حيات وارو ڪتاب 700 صفحن تي مشتمل آهي ۽ ان ۾ 28 ڇپيٽر يا (نصيب) بيان ڪيل آهن. ان ۾ سندس خانداني تعارف ۽ ابتدائي زندگي، پرائمري ۽ سيڪنڊري تعليم، نوڪري مختيار ڪار آفيس ۾ ڪلارڪي، ڳوٺ سڌار تربيت ٽنڊو ڄام زرعي ڪاليج سڪرنڊ، هاءِ اسڪول ٽيچر بدين، ميهڙ، لعلو رٿونڪ، ڏوڪري، ڳڙي خير، مبارڪ پور، وارھ، پريالو، ڪارائي، واسو ڪلهوڙو، لاڙڪاڻو، ڄامشورو، لطيف آباد حيدرآباد، سنڌ يونيورسٽي ڄامشورو، پي-ايڇ-ڊي لاءِ، ليڪچرر عبدالله هارون ڪاليج ڪراچي، ڪامرس ڪاليج لاڙڪاڻو، سنڌ پلاننگ ڊولپمينٽ حڪومت سنڌ، اسٽيٽ بئنڪ آف پاڪستان ڪراچي، ايم ڊي سمال بزنيس فنانس ڪارپوريشن اسلام آباد ۽ رٽائرمينٽ 3 فيبروري 2000ع ۾ ٿي. سندس سوانح حيات ۾ اسٽيٽ بئنڪ ۾ بي انصافي خلاف اپيلون، سنڌ ٽربيونل، سپريم ڪورٽ ۾ 3 دفعا اپيلون، يونيورسل اپيل، سنڌ اڪنامسٽ، فئملي ميمبر، استاد، مٺ مائٽ، دوست، يادگيريون، ناصحانہ نقطا، انگلش ۾ خاص مضمون تي شاعري وغيره لکيل آهن. هن ڪتاب مصنف لاءِ احترام، ادب ۽ عزت پريا ڪلم، سندس خلوص، محنت سچائي، وفائي ۽ حق پرستي بيان ڪيل آهي. 2004ع ۾ سندس ٻيا ٽي ڪتاب انگلش ۾ لکيل جهڙوڪ 1- پي ايڇ ڊي ٿيسز اقتصاديات ۾، 2- ترقيءَ لاءِ اقتصادي گُر ۽ راز، 3- اسٽيٽ بئنڪ، وزارت خزانہ ۽ ڪورٽن ۾ بي انصافيءَ جو تفصيلي ذڪر ۽ فڪر بيان ٿيل آهي، تازو ”شاھ جو رسالو“ انگلش ۾ ترجمو ۽ ٻه ٻيا ڪتاب ”شاھ جي رسالي جا سُر“ سنڌي، اردو، انگلش ۽ ”شاھ جو رسالو سرڪيڏارو“ ڇپجي ويا آهن. شاھ جي رسالي تي اڃان چار ڪتاب به شاھ جو رسالو سنڌي، انگلش، ڊڪشنري ڇاپي هيٺ آهن. ڊاڪٽر علي اڪبر ڊڪڻ ڪراچي ۽ مڙهائش پذير آهي.

پروفيسر ڊاڪٽر غلام نبي سڌايو

جيڪب آباد

ڇنڇر 21 سيپٽمبر 2019ع

ABOUT DR. ALI AKBAR DHAKAN

Dr. Ali Akbar M. Dhakan who reached up to the post of the Deputy Governor State Bank of Pakistan wrote a book of his Autobiography in 2004. The four scholars and renowned personalities of Pakistan viz Dr. N.A. Baloch, Dr. Ishrat Hussain, Dr. Suleman Shaikh and Mr. Abdul Sattar Bhatti had written their forewords for this book which has been dedicated to all persons whose names have been mentioned therein. The author selected the title of his autobiography as Miraculous Fortunes because of being belonged to a poor farming labor family having neither civic amenity at his birth place during the period of, pre-partition. The author's birth date and year luckily coincides with the date and the year of Pakistan Resolution at Lahore on 23rd March 1940. Dr. N.A. Baloch in his foreword writes "It is but a miracle that a man whose parents had neither financial resources nor environmental amenities rose from the post of clerk and teacher to the position of Deputy Governor State Bank of Pakistan. After his retirement from Banking service, Dr. Dhakan has got registered the NGO namely Sindh Development Foundation and is steering it as its Chairman. He intends to establish Sindh Development Bank for providing micro-financial assistance to the poor, unemployed and jobless educated youth of small villages. Towards that end Dr. Dhakan has been publishing a prestigious monthly English magazine Sindh Economist of which he is the Chief Editor. Dr. Dhakan is an enlightened citizen of Pakistan who is ready to do his honest hard work for his country. The reading of his life story from this book will be a source of inspiration to the readers to participate in Dr. Dhakan's project. An autobiography transcends a biography in revealing the personality and the inspiring ideals. This book besides, revealing the qualities of Dr. Dhakan's character, highlights his career and contributions in the fields of economics, journalism and research in political, educational and

sociological aspects of development." Dr. Ishrat Husain Governor State Bank of Pakistan writes, "Dr. Dhakan enjoys the benefit of having led a life that has seen him gain prominence as a professional and also regard as a man of letters. He served the State Bank of Pakistan with distinction for a long period of time and has also been an active writer on various topics." Dr. Suleman Shaikh writes, "Dr. Ali Akbar Dhakan is a well known Economist of Pakistan. The able writer has recorded the interesting events of his early life, the memories about the people, his teachers, relatives, colleagues his friends etc. His autobiography has become a piece of a person who was born in poor family and made his way to State Bank of Pakistan through his struggles and merit. This confirms the saying of Hazrat Shah Abdul Latif Bhitai, "The talent is not related to the caste of a person, but is related to the struggle." Mr. Abdul Sattar Bhatti, a well known social worker and leader of Larkana writes, "Dr. Dhakan is a son of the soil of Larkano Sindh Pakistan and Larkana has proved to be the provider of services and qualified helps for which it is being and will also be remembered for ever. His autobiography will provide not only the information about his achievements but the same will be a guidance book for the youngsters and all other knowledge seekers who will make sure during their life periods that this book of experiences will remain as a beacon of light for their fortunes which are obtained through incessant struggles and not through idleness and impotence, indigence and indolence". This book has been written on about 700 pages and contains 28 chapters Serial wise, Forewords, Preface, Family Background, Early Life, Primary and Secondary Education, Revenue Department, Village Aid Training, Agriculture Training Sakrand, High School Teacher at Badin, Mehar, Dokri, Lalu Raunk, Ghari Khairo, Mubarak Pur, Warah, Piryaloi, Karani, Wasu Kathoro, Larkana, Jamshoro, Latifabad, Hyderabad, S.V. Training, Sindh University for Ph.D., Lecturer at Karachi and Larkana Colleges, P&D Government of Sindh, State Bank, Managing Director, Superannuation, Appeal to Humanity, How easy is to get justice, Sindh Development Foundation, Sindh Economist, Economic Studies, Some Memoirs,

Family Members, Teachers, Relatives, Friends, Pages from Diary, Meaningful Words, Poetry about some subjects.

In the end, it can be concluded with high spirits of appreciation that the author has delineated all facts about his life pattern and style without any hideout or shyness which shows that how the author is truthful, loyal, trustworthy and honest in his ideas and expressions of actual and factual account of his life struggles and endeavors. IN 2004, he got published three other books in English like 1. His Ph.D. in Economics thesis 2. Historical Injustice in State Bank of Pakistan 3. Secrets of Economic Prosperity wherein he has suggested for one currency system in Islamic countries as in European countries.

Recently, he has translated Shah jo Risalo of Kalyan Advani from Sindhi to English. The book is in your hands.

Prof. Dr. Ghulam Nabi Sadhayo
Jacobabad

شاه صاحب جي زندگي جو احوال

شاه عبداللطيف ڀٽائي سنه 1689ع ۾ حيدرآباد جي ضلعي هالا تعلقي ۾، هالا حويليءَ جي ڳوٺ ۾ ڄائو. شاه عبداللطيف، سيد حبيب الله شاه جو پٽ، سيد عبدالقدوس شاه جو پوٽو ۽ سيد جمال شاه جو پڙ پوٽو هو. سيد جمال شاه، شاه عبدالڪريم بلڙيءَ واري جو ٽيون پٽ هو. شاه تاجيءَ پيٽي سيد هو. سندس والده به مخدوم ديانِي جي خاندان مان هئي. مخدوم ديانِي جو مقبرو، پراڻن هالن جي اُڀرندي طرف آهي. شاه جي جَمَن کان ٿورو ئي پوءِ، شاه حبيب، هالا حويليءَ مان لڏي، وڃي ڪوٽڙيءَ ۾ رهيو. هالا حويلي، پٽ کان نَو ڪوهه پري آهي ۽ ڪوٽڙي به ڪوهه. ٻئي ڳوٺ هاڻ ويران پيا آهن.

چون ٿا ته شاه صاحب، پنهنجي پٽ کي، وائي ڳوٺ جي مشهور عالم آخوند نور محمد پٽيءَ وٽ علم پرائڻ لاءِ موڪليو. وائيءَ ڳوٺ پٽ کان چھ ۽ اُڏيرو لعل کان ٻه ڪوهه پري آهي. چون ٿا ته شاه ”الف“ اُچاري، ”ب“ چوڻ کان نابري آهي. شاه صاحب اُمي (اڻ پڙهيل) هو يا نه، تنهن بابت جدا جدا عالمن، جدا جدا رايا ڏنا آهن. ڪن صاحبن جو رايو آهي ته هو هڪ يگانو عالم هو، ۽ ڪن صاحبن جو رايو آهي ته مٿس ”علم لدني“ نازل ٿيل هو، جو ڌڻيءَ طرفان ڪامل وارين کي عطا ٿيندو آهي.

شاه صاحب سان اڪثر ٽي ڪتاب ساڻ هوندا هئا: قرآن شريف، مولانا جلال الدين روميءَ جي مثنوي ۽ شاه عبدالڪريم بلڙيءَ واري جو رسالو. انهن ڪتابن تي ڪنهن به هنڌ ڪجهه لکيل ناهي، جنهنڪري شاه جو دستخط چئجي. مير علي قانع ٺٽوي، جو شاه جو معتقد هو، ۽ سندس ئي زماني ۾ رهندو هو، سو پنهنجي ڪتاب ”تحفہ الڪرام“ ۾ لکي ٿو: اگرچہ حضرت شاه عبداللطيف اڻ پڙهيل هو، ته به ساري عالم جو علم، سندس دل جي لڪل تختيءَ تي لکيل هو. ”تحفہ الڪرام“ شاه صاحب جي وفات کان صرف سورنهن سال پوءِ، يعني 1768ع ۾، لکيل آهي. انهيءَ ڪري ڪي عالم، اُن کي هڪ اُهم سند ٿا سمجهن. حقيقت ۾ عارفن ۽ اوليائن جو ذڪر ڪندي، مير علي شير وڃي ڪرامتن ۽ معجزن جي عشق ۾ گرفتار ٿيو آهي. سندس دفتر مان ڪو خاص تواريخي يا شخصي احوال خير ٿو ملي.

روايت آهي ته شاھ ويھن ورهين جو هو ته کيس مجازي محبت جو کان لڳو. چون ٿا ته ڪوٽڙيءَ جي مرزا مغل بيگ جو شاھ حبيب ۾ ڪامل ويساھ هو ۽ کيس دعا ڦيڻي لاءِ اڪثر پنهنجي گهر ۾ وٺي ويندو هو. هو ارغون هو ۽ سندس گهر ۾ سخت پردو هوندو هو. سندس گهر ۾ ڪو اگهو ٿي پوندو هو ته مرشد کي عرض ڪري دعا لاءِ وٺي ايندو هو. قضا سان، هڪ دفعي سندس نياڻي ناچاڪ ٿي پيئي. اتفاق سان، ساڳئي وقت شاھ حبيب جي طبيعت به ناساز هئي. انهيءَ ڪري مرزا بيگ جي عرض تي، پنهنجي پٽ عبداللطيف کي ساڻس وڃڻ جي هدايت ڪيائون. شاھ، مغل جي دختر جو حسن ڏسندي بيخود ٿي ويو، ۽ سندس اگر پنهنجي هٿ ۾ جهليندي، چيائين: ”جنهنجي اگر سيد هٿ ۾، تنهنکي لهر نه ڪو لوڏو.“ اهي سخن سڻي، مرزا ۽ سندس عزيز غصي ۾ لال ٿي ويا، پر ٻاهران صبر اختيار ڪيائون. ان کان پوءِ اندران ئي اندران، سيدن کي اهڙو ته تپائي ڪنيائون، جو هو لاچار ٿي، ڪوٽڙي ڇڏي، اُتر طرف ڪجهه مفاصلو پري، وڃي ڌار حويلي اڏي ويٺا. عشق جي کان لڳڻ کانپوءِ، شاھ هرڻ ۽ هما وانگر، صحراحن ۽ بيانن ۾. سرگردان ۽ حيران ٿي پيو ڦرندو هو. هڪ دفعي ته ٽي ڏينهن ساندھ، هڪ هنڌ غش ئي غش پيو هو. سندس جسم تي واريءَ جا ته چڙهي ويا ۽ رڳو سندس هڪ ڪپڙي جو پلاند ٻاهر پئي ڏٺو. قضا سان، هڪ پنوهاار جي وڃي مٿس نظر پيئي، جنهن سارو احوال وڃي شاھ حبيب کي سڻايو. شاھ حبيب اڏامندو اچي انهيءَ هنڌ پهتو ۽ ڏاڍي سوز مان چيائين:

”لڳي لڳي واءِ، ويا انگڙا لڻجي“

شاھ بيخوديءَ جي حالت مان چرڪ پري اُٿيو ۽ ٺھ پھ جواب ۾ چيائين:

”پيئي ڪٿي پساھ، پسڻ ڪارڻ پرينءَ جي.“

ڪي صاحب انهيءَ خيال جا آهن ته هن شعوري زماني ۾، اهڙي روايت کي ”ڏند ڪٿا“ ڪري شمار ڪرڻ جڳائي ۽ انهيءَ کان گريز يا ڪنارو ڪرڻ واجب آهي. هڪ ڏينهن، شاھ، اوچتو ئي اوچتو، بنا ڪنهن کي ٻڌائڻ ڇڏائڻ جي، جوڳين جي سنگ ۾، هنگلاج ڏانهن هليو ويو. ڏسجي ٿو ته هو گنجي ٽڪر واري واٽ وٺي ويو هو، ۽ سندن صحبت ۾ ئي ورهيه سفر ۽ سياحت ۾ رهيو، جوڳين جي صحبت ۾، جيءَ کي انيڪ جفائون ڏنائين، جهاني تجربا پرايائين ۽ املهه آتمڪ

خرانا هٿ ڪيائين. هنگلاج ڏانهن ويندي جيڪي هنڌ ۽ مڪان ڏنائين، تن جو ذڪر سسئيءَ وارن سرن، سر ڪاهوڙي، سر رامڪلي وغيره ۾ ڪيو اٿس. هنگلاج کان موٽندي، شايد نٿي کان سنڌو نديءَ وارو پتڻ اڪري، مغليين، لکپت، هالار، دوراڪا، پُوربندر، جهوناڳڙهه، گرنار ۽ ڪنڀات گهميو آهي. چون ٿا ته نٿي ۾ مخدوم معين ۽ ٻين عالمن فاضلن سان به رهاڻيون ڪيائين. مخدوم معين کي ”مخدوم تارو“ به چوندا هئا. وطن ڏانهن ورندي جيسلمير ۽ ٿر به گهمي آيو ٿو ڏسجي. ”سر مارئي“ ۾ ٿر جي نظارن ۽ ٿرين جي زندگيءَ جو اڪين ڏٺو احوال ڏنو اٿس. ممڪن آهي ته جيسلمير کان پنج ڪوهه پري، لڊاڻو ٽڪري ۽ ان سان لڳل ڪاڪ ڪنڌي به ڏسي آيو هجي. ”سر مومل راڻو“ اهڙي شاهدي ڏئي ٿو.

ساري ڏج، سيد چئي، لڊاڻي تان لاهه.

ننگر نٿي ڏانهن ورندي، هڪ غار ۾ هڪ شخص کي ڏنائين، ته هيءُ مصرع، نهايت دردناڪ نوع ۾ پيو چوي:

هيڪلائي هيل، پورينديس پنهنوءَ ڏي.

اها پڇڻ تي معلوم ٿيس ته هو هڪ جت هو، ۽ هالن جي پرسان لڳهندي، فقيرن جي واتان اها مصرع ٻڌي هئائين. شاھ چيس ته ”جي چاهين ته بيت جون باقي به مصرائون به سڻايانءَ.“ انهيءَ تي، جت خوشي ڏيکاري. شاھ تنهن تي ٻي مصرع چئي ٻڌايس:

آڏا ڏونگر لڪيون، سوريون سڄن سيل:

ٻي مصرع ٻڌندي ئي جت وجد ۾ اچي ويو ۽ ٽي مصرع ٻڌڻ لاءِ بيتاب ٿيو، جنهن تي شاھ ٽي مصرع چئي ٻڌايس:

تہ ڪر ٻيلي آهن ٻيل، جي سور پريان ساڻ مون.

شاھ جو بيت ختم ڪرڻ ۽ جت جو فوت ٿيڻ. شاھ جي ارمان ۽ عجب جي حد نه رهي. پوءِ جت کي اتي دفن ڪيائين. انهيءَ جت جي قبر اڃان تائين وانهڙن کي ڏسڻ ۾ ايندي آهي. شاھ اڪثر چوندو هو ته ”انهيءَ جت جهڙو درد وارو انسان، مون ڪڏهن ڪو نه ڏٺو.“

شاھ حبيب، پٽ جي فراق ۾ بيحال ٿي پيو هو، ۽ رات ڏينهن، پيو ڏٺيءَ در

باڏائيندو هو، ته سندس پٽ کيس وري سلامت اچي ملي.

مخدوم نوح جي درگاه تي به هر روز اها ئي دعا پڻندو هو، هڪ ڏينهن اوچتو ئي اوچتو شاھ عبداللطيف اچي گهر سهڙيو. پيءُ جون اکيون نري پيئون؛ ورهين جو وچوڙو هڪ کن ۾ لهي ويو.

شاھ جي گهر موٽي اچڻ کان ستت ئي پوءِ، مٿس شاديءَ جو ٻنڌڻ پيو. جنهن جي ڪارڻ، گهڻو وقت بيتاب ٿي، جهنگ واديون ۽ رڻ ڦريو هو، تنهن سان ئي قدرت سندس ناتو جوڙيو، اها هئي مرزا مغل بيگ جي نياڻي، بيبي سيده بيگم، جنهن کي شاھ صاحب جا مريد، پوءِ ادب وچان، تاج المخدرات (ستين جو چٽ) سڏيندا هئا.

شاھ جي شادي ڪيئن ٿي، سا به هڪ حيرت جهڙي ڳالھ آهي. هڪ ڏينهن، اتفاق سان ائين ٿيو، جو ڪي دل ذات جا رهن، مردن غير حاضريءَ جو فائدو وٺي، مرزا مغل بيگ جي گهر ڪاهي آيا، سارو قيمتي مال بهاري رمندا رهيا. پوءِ مغل، هٿياربند ماڻهو ساڻ ڪري، ڌاڙيلن جي ڪڍ لڳا، ۽ اچي شاھ جي پاڙي مان لانگهائو ٿيا، اها روڻداد ڏسي، شاھ سڄي نيت سان، پنهنجون ۽ پنهنجن ماڻهن جون خدمتون آچين، پر مرزا، انکي حقارت سان ٽوڪاري ڇڏيو. شاھ کي انهيءَ تان ڏاڍو رنج رسيو. چون ٿا سندس زبان مان بي اختيار بد دعا نڪري ويئي. مرزا پنهنجن ماڻهن سميت شاهينگن هٿان مارجي ويو. اهو حادثو 1124 بمطابق سنه 1813ع ۾ ٿيو. مغلن جي زالن، سيدن جي رنج مٽائڻ لاءِ اچي کانئن معافي ورتي. پوءِ مرزا مغل بيگ جي نياڻيءَ جي شادي، شاھ سان ڪرايائون. بيبي صاحب هڪ نهايت پاڪدامن، پارسا ۽ نيڪ اطوار عورت هئي. شيخ سعدي جو فرمودو آهي؛

زن نيڪ و فرزانه و پارسا — کُندُ مرد درویش راپادشا

يعني نيڪ، سياڻي ۽ پارسا عورت، فقير مرد کي بادشاھ بڻائي ٿي ڇڏي. هنجي سڳوريءَ صحبت، جي شاھ کي هڪ روحاني سلطان بنائي ڇڏيو ته ڪهڙو عجب! هوءُ پاڻ سان پنهنجو ننڍو ڀاءُ گولو وٺي آئي هئي، جو جلد ئي گذاري ويو. شاھ کي ڪو اولاد ڪو نه ٿيو. چون ٿا ته بيبي صاحب کي هڪوار اميدواري ٿي هئي، پر پوءِ، ڪهڙيءَ ٿي پيس. انهيءَ جو ڪارڻ، هن ريت ڄاڻايل آهي؛ هڪ ڏينهن شاھ پنهنجي فقير کي، پري کان سهڪندو ايندو ڏٺو، پڇڻ تي معلوم ٿيس ته بيبي صاحب کي پلي تي دل ٿي هئي ۽ اهو فقير، ڊوڙي وڃي گهڻي پنڌ تان پلو

هت ڪري آيو هو، اهو حال ڏسي، شاھ چيو ته ”اهڙو اولاد ئي گهوريو، جو ڄمڻ کان اڳي ئي منهنجي فقيرن کي ٿو رلائي“ شاھ چونڌو هو ته ”هي فقير ئي منهنجو اولاد آهن، جنجون دليون عشق کان گهايل آهن“ تحقيق، درويش جا مريد سندن نوري پت آهن.

هاڻي شاھ جي زندگي هموار ۽ موزون نموني ۾ گذرڻ لڳي. وقت، رياضت، عبادت، شعر گوئي ۽ قدرت جي جمال پسڻ ۾ صرف ڪندو هو. قدرت جا من موهيندڙ نظارا، کيس وجد ۾ آڻي ڇڏيندا هئا. اڪثر اونهي ويچار ۾ گذاريندو هو ۽ ”انسان ڇا آهي؟ عالم ڇا آهي؟ حق ڇا آهي؟“ جي باريڪ مسئلن تي غور ڪندو هو. ويدانت ۾ به انهن ئي باريڪ نڪتن تي ويچار آيل آهن؛ ”جيءُ، جڳت ۽ ايشور ڇا آهن؟“

شاھ جي باجهاري طبيعت، نيڪ اطوارن ۽ پاڪدامنيءَ، ڪيترن ئي انسانن کي متس مفتون ڪري ڇڏيو. هڪ هو اڳيئي سيد، پيو سپاءُ جو هو سباجهو، سو ته باقي به ماڻهن کي موهي وڌائين. شاھ پاڻ پوڄائڻ کان پري هو، ۽ پيري شيخي، دل کي نه وڻندي هيس؛

پوڄا ڪرم پاڻ کي، جوڳي! رکج جوڳ،
خلق خادم جئن ڪرين، اي راؤل! وڏو روڳ.

پر خلق خود ڏانهنس چڪجي ٿي آئي. ماڻهن وٽ شاھ جي ايڏي عزت، آسپاس جي ميرن ۽ پيرن کي سٺي نٿي ويئي. مطلب ته سمورو حسد، پيريءَ مخدوميءَ تان هو؛ شاھ ذاتي طور به انجي خلاف هو، پر جن جي اکين ۾ موري سر، سي ڪئن سچ ڏسن! سڀني پنهنجي ۾ ۽ کيس تنگ ۽ پريشان ڪرڻ کان گهٽايو ڪين؛ بلڪ، ميان نور محمد ته کيس صفحہ هستيءَ تان اڏائڻ جي به ڪوشش ڪئي. پر شاھ جا مڙئي دشمن، کيس ڌرو به ضرر رسائي نه سگهيا.

شاھ کي اچي خيال ٿيو ته شاھ عبداللڪريم جو مقبرو جوڙيان، سو ڪاشيءَ جي سرن اٿن ڪاڻ، ملتان ڪهي ويو، موٽندي جڏهن خدا آباد ۾ پهتو، تڏهين ڪئين ماڻهو سندس قدمبوسيءَ لاءِ آيا. ميان نور محمد ڪلهوڙي، هڪ معجون جي دٻلي نذراني طور ڏياري موڪليس، شاھ، دٻلي وٺندي ئي، درياه ۾ اچلي ڇڏي ۽ چيائين ته ”پل ته سارو عميق، هن معجون جو فيض وٺي“ معجون ۾

زهر قاتل ملايل هو. چون ٿا پاڻيءَ مٿان اوڏي مهل ٿي، مٿل مڇيون ترندي نظر آيون، ٻئي دفعي وري دعوت ڏيئي هڪ سرڪش گهوڙي، سونن سنجن سان سينگاريل، تحفہ طور ڏنائينس. شاھ لغام کي پري اڇلي، گهوڙي کي اڙي هڻي، اتان طوفان جيان نڪري ويو، ۽ ٿوري وقت کانپوءِ صحيح ۽ سلامت ساڳي منزل تي موٽي آيو، ميان نور محمد ڪلهوڙو پنهنجي ڪٿي تي ڏاڍو پشيمان ٿيو ۽ دشمن مان ڦري، سندس معتقد ٿي پيو، چون ٿا ته ميان نور محمد کي، ميان غلام شاھ ڪلهوڙو، شاھ جي دعا سان ڄاڻو.

شاھ کي هاڻ خلوت جي عشق، ڪوٽڙيءَ ۾ آرام نه ڏنو، پنهنجي سير جي دوران ۾، نون هالن کان ٻن ڪوهن جي مفاصلي تي، ڪراڙ ڍنڍ نزديڪ، هڪ ڊهن ۽ ڊهن جي وچ ۾ بيل، ۽ ڪرڙن ۽ ڪنڊن ۾ ويڙهيل، واريءَ جو ڌڙو چٽائي ڇڏيو هئائين، سندس نظر ۾، اهيو سجهرو، عبادت لاءِ هڪ آدرشي آستان هو، نهايت ڪشالي ۽ محنت سان، انکي پنهنجي محبوب ”پٽ“ جي صورت ڏنائين. فقيرن سان گڏ، انهيءَ واري جي ڌڙي مٿان چيڪي مٽي وڌائين، ۽ پوءِ پنهنجي لاءِ هڪ جهوپڙو اڏيائين، هڪ ننڍڙي مسجد ۽ پنهنجي ابي ۽ امڙ لاءِ هڪ جويلي به اڏيائين، ۽ فقيرن کي به رهڻ لاءِ حدون مقرر ڪري ڏنائين. مينهن جي موسوم ۾، پٽ، هڪ رونقدار ويس پهريندي هئي. شاھ، ”سر سارنگ“ ۾ ان رونق ڏانهن ڪي اشارا فرمايا آهن.

چون ٿا شاھ عبدالڪريم، هڪ لڱا انهيءَ هنڌان لنگهندي، اُتي نماز پڙهي هئي ۽ پڻ فرمايو هئائين ته ”اسانجي اولاد مان هڪ ولي ۽ وڏو شاعر، هن هنڌ پنهنجو آستانو جوڙيندو“ ان وقت شاھ عبدالڪريم، هالن واري مخدوم نوح سان ملڻ لاءِ وڃي رهيو هو ڇو ته مخدوم صاحب ۽ شاھ عبدالڪريم پاڻ ۾ گهرا دوست هوندا هئا. شاھ اڃان پٽ کي تيار ڪرڻ جي ڪم ۾ ئي لڳل هو ته پنهنجي والد سڳوري جي سخت بيماري جي خبر مليس. شاھ حبيب، قاصد هٿان پٽ ڏانهن هي نياپو ڏياري موڪليو:

ڪنهن جنهن نينهن ننڌاه،
جي مون وانجهائيندي نه ورو،
جيڪي مٽي ڪنداه، سو جانب ڪريو جيئري.

شاھ پنهنجي والد کي آخرين طرح گڏجڻ لاءِ بيحد بيتاب ٿيو ۽ قاصد کي جواب ۾ هي بيت ڏنائين :

متان ٿئين ملور، کين اڳاهون آهيان،
ڏسڻ ۾ ڪر ڏور، حد ٻنهي جي هيڪڙي.

شاھ حبيب کي پٽ جو نياپو مليو ته اندر کي آرام اچي ويس. شاھ، نياپي موڪلڻ کان ترٽ ئي پوءِ پنهنجي والد سڳوري کي ملڻ لاءِ روانو ٿيو. افسوس جو سندس پهچڻ کان اڳيئي شاھ حبيب جو روح حق سان هڪ ٿيو. پيءُ جي وفات ڪري شاھ کي ڏاڍو ڏک ٿيو ۽ هو ڪيترا ڏينهن ماتم ۾ رهيو.

شاھ حبيب جي وفات کان پوءِ، کيس شاھ جي هدايت موجب، محمود فقير جي سيرانديءَ کان دفن ڪيائون. هاڻي مقبري مٿان گنبذ ٺهيل آهي. اهو گنبذ شاھ صاحب جي مقبري کان اتر طرف اٺن نون وڪن جي مفاصلي آهي. شاھ حبيب سنه 1742ع ۾ وفات ڪئي. اها تاريخ محمد صادق نقشبنديءَ جي عربي مصرع مان نڪري ٿي: ”الموت جسر يوصل الحبيب لي لقاء الحبيب“ يعني موت هڪ پل آهي، جنهن تان هڪ دوست لنگهي وڃي ٻئي دوست کي ملي ٿو.

شاھ صاحب، پيءُ جي وفات کان پوءِ، رڳو ڏھ ورهيه زندهه رهيو. پيءُ جي گذرڻي کان پوءِ اتالي سميت، ڪوٽڙي ڇڏي، وڃي پٽ تي رهيو. سندس هاک، هينئر هنڌين ماڳين پکڙجي ويئي، ۽ ڪٿان ڪٿان جا ماڻهو، سندس ديدار لاءِ آيا ٿي. وٽس سارو ڏينهن سرود ۽ سماع جاري هوندو هو. دهليءَ جا به مشهور گويا، اٽل ۽ چنچل به، اچي سندس خدمت ۾ حاضر ٿيا. راڳ، شاھ صاحب جي جان هو. موسيقي يا گائڻ وديا جو ڪامل ڄاڻو هو. پاڻ به پنهنجو چيل ڪلام ڳائيندو هو. چون ٿا ته وفات کان ٿورو اڳ، گهڻو ڪري هي هيٺين ڪافي چونڊو رهندو هو. اها ڪافي ”سر سهڻي“ جي پهرئين داستان کان پوءِ اچي ٿي.

ڪهڙي منجه حساب؟ هئڻ منهنجو هوت ري، لا!...

حياتيءَ جي پڇاڙي ۾ اچي سڪ ٿيس ته ڪربلا شريف جي زيارت ڪري آڃان، قضا سان وات ۾ خدا رسيدو مريد گڏيس، جنهن چيس ته ”سائين سڳورا! اوهين ماڻهن کي چوندا آهيو ته اوهان جو ڪفن دفن پٽ تي ٿيندو، پوءِ هينئر ڪيئن

پڇاريءَ جي وقت هيڏي سفر تي نڪتا آهيو؟“ شاھ جي دل ۾ اهي سخن تير مثل پيهي ويا، ۽ هو ڪربلا شريف جي زيارت جو خيال ترڪ ڪري، پٽ ڏانهن واپس وريو. پٽ تي پهچڻ سان، ڪارو ويس ڪري، امان جي ماتر ۾ ”سر ڪيڏارو“ چيائين. پورا ايڪيه ڏينهن ايڪانت ۾ رهيو، ۽ انهيءَ عرصي ۾، ٻن ويلن جيتري ماني مس کاڌائين، جڏهين ٻاهر نڪتو، تڏهين غسل ڪري هڪ چادر مٿان وجهي، مراقبي ۾ ويهي رهيو. پوءِ سرود ۽ سماع جو اشارو فرمايائين. ٽي ڏينهن برابر فقيرن جو راڳ روپ پئي هليو. آخر راڳ ختم ٿيو، پوءِ شاھ جي ويجهو ڇا وڃي ڏسن ته سندس روح مبارڪ پرواز ڪري، وڃي رب سان مليو هو! شاھ صاحب صفر مهيني جي چوڏهين تاريخ سنه 1165ھ مطابق سنه 1752ع ۾ جهان مان لاڏاڻو ڪيو. سندس عمر حضرت محمد ﷺ ۽ حضرت عليءَ جي عمر جيتري ٿي يعني 63 ورهيه.

شاھ صاحب جو لاش مبارڪ، سندس وصيت موجب، پٽ تي، محمود شاھ جي پيرانديءَ کان دفن ڪيو ويو. ميان غلام شاھ ڪلهوڙي، پنهنجي خرچ سان، سندس تربت مٿان سنه 1754ع ۾ هڪ عاليشان مقبرو، وقت جي نامياري عيدن رازي کان جوڙائي راس ڪرايو. ميرن جي صاحبي ۾ مير نصير خان، انهيءَ مقبري ۽ مسجد جي عمدي مرمت ڪرائي. سندس سوت مير محمد خان، قبي کي چاندي جو دروازو وجهايو، جو اڄ تائين قائم آهي. دروازي مٿان توڙي ديوارن تي، ڪيترائي سهڻا فارسي بيت نقش ٿيل آهن، جن مان شاھ صاحب جي وفات جي تاريخ ملي ٿي.

شاھ صاحب جي تربت سڳوري، هينئر عام ۽ خاص لاءِ هڪ زيارتگاهه آهي. اُنجو ديدار قلب کي راحت ڏيندو آهي.

سُبْحان ساري رات صبحان، جاڳي جن ياد ڪيو،
اُن جي عبداللطيف چئي، مٽي لڌو مان.
ڪوڙين ڪن سلام، اڳهه اُچيو اُن جي.

هر جمع رات پٽ شريف تي، فقير، شاھ صاحب جو ڪلام ڳائيندا آهن. ڪلام، رات جو ڏهين بجي ڌارين شروع ٿيندو آهي، ۽ صاف صبح تائين هلندو آهي. شاھ جو رسالو ڪلام، وجد واري حالت ۾ چيل آهي. شاھ صاحب جڏهين

انهيءَ حالت ۾ ايندو هو، تڏهين ويندو هو شعر چوندو، جو سندس فقير بروقت قلم بند ڪندا ويندا هئا، هڪ روايت آهي ته وفات کان ٿورو وقت اڳ، سارو رسالو ڪراڙ ڍنڍ ۾ داخل ڪري ڇڏيائين، ڇو ته اهو خيال ٿيس ته مٿان ماڻهو سندس رمزون نه سمجهي، وڃي گهمراهي ۾ پون. چون ٿا ته شاھ جي ائين ڪرڻ تي، فقيرن کي ماتم وٺي ويو، ۽ پاڻ مٿن رحم آڻي، هڪ مريد پياڻي، مائي نيامت (نعمت) کي فرمايائون ته فقيرن کي اهو لکرائي ڇڏي. چون ٿا انهيءَ مائي کي شاھ جي ڪلام جو ڳچ حصو ياد هو. پوءِ انهيءَ نئين سر تيار ٿيل رسالي کي ”گنج“ ڪري سڏيائون ۽ تمر فقير جي حفاظت ۾ ڇڏيائون. فقير جا پويان اڃان تائين انجي حفاظت ڪندا اچن.

شاھ صاحب جو ڪلام، سندس سيرت جو آئينو آهي. جن گڻن کي پنهنجي ڪلام ۾ واکاڻيو اٿس. تن مڙني جو مجسم هو. سندس مٿو هر حال ۾ تواضع ۽ خاڪساري ڪرڻ ۽ ”سڀني سين، من ماري مين“ ڪرڻ. جيڪي خاڪ ۾ ڏنائين، سو عالم جي ٻي ڪنهن به شيءِ ۾ نه ڏنائين؛ سو نه ڪنهن شيءِ ۾، جيڪي منجهه تراب. شاھ صاحب جي وات نيستيءَ واري هئي، نه هستيءَ واري. نيستيءَ ۾ هستي ۽ نابوديءَ ۾ بود ڏنائين.

شاھ صاحب کائيندو پيئندو ۽ پهرندو سادو هو. الاهي محبت ۾ رنگيلن جي، نه ڪڏهين پوشاڪ سان پيئي آهي، نه خوراڪ سان. شاھ صاحب جي، ظاهري لباس، سيند سرمي ۽ ٺاه ٺوھ سان نه پوندي هئي.

شاھ صاحب جي پوشاڪ، ڪاري ڌاڳي سان سبيل گيڙوءَ رتني ڪفني هوندي هئي. مٿي تي سفيد رنگ جي وڏي ٽوپي يا ڪلاه ۽ انجي مٿان ڪاري رنگ جي ڪپڙي جو ٽڪر ويڙهيل هوندو هوس. هٿ ۾ جوڳين جي بيراڱڻ جهڙي لٺ کڻندو هو. کاڌي پيتي لاءِ هڪ ڪشتو يا ڪشڪول هوندو هوس. اهي شيون اڃان تائين پٽ شريف تي پوري حفاظت ۽ احترام سان سانڍيل آهن. پور پوندو هوس ته جتي پائيندو هو، نه ته پيرين اڳهاڙو پنڌ ڪندو هو. اوچي بستري نه، پر هڪ پراڻيءَ کٽائينءَ گودڙيءَ تي سمهندو هو. ڪڏهين به ڪنهن دنياوي فرحت کي اوڏو نه ويو. ننڊ به نهايت ٿوري ڪندو هو. جهڙيون رياضتون شاھ صاحب ڪڍيون، تهڙيون ڪنهن ورلي ڪڍيون هونديون. سمهندو به هڪ صندل تي هو، جو اڃا تائين موجود آهي.

شاھ لاطمع بہ ھڪڙو ئي ھو. ڪڏھين بہ ڪنھن جو ٿورو ڪٽڻ نہ چاھيندو ھو. پاڻي بہ پنھنجن ھٿن سان ڀري پيئندو ھو، ڇو جو ڪنھن کي پاڻي آڻڻ لاءِ چوڻ بہ، سندس خيال ۾ سوال ۾ داخل ھو.

چون ٿا سندس ھڪ مريد، ھر سال جڏھين سندس زيارت لاءِ ايندو ھو، تڏھين ھڪ ڪٽو پاڻ سان نذراني طور آڻيندو ھو. ھڪ سال، مسڪينيءَ سببان، ويچارو ڪٽو گڻھي نہ سگھيو، تنھنڪري شاھ صاحب وٽ لڄ وچان آيو ئي ڪين. ٻئي سال، دستور موجب ڪٽو ڪٽي، شاھ صاحب وٽ آيو. شاھ صاحب پڇيس ته ”پر سال ڇو نہ منھن ڏڪاريءَ؟“ جواب ڏنائين ته ”پر سال توفيق نہ ھيم جو سائينجن لاءِ ڪٽو گڻھي اچان؛ ڇيم ته ھٿين سڪڻو ڪيئن اچان“ انھيءَ تي شاھ صاحب فرمايو ته ”اھو ڪٽو ئي گھوريو، جو دوست کي دوست کان سڪائي.“

شاھ صاحب جو قلب نہایت ڪوئل ھو. نہ رڳو انسان ذات لاءِ، پر پکين ۽ پسڻ سان اُٿاھ قرب ھوس. حياتيءَ ۾ ڪڏھين پلئي پلائي بہ، ڪنھن پکي پرندي ۽ پسونءَ کي ڪو ڏک نہ رسايائين. شڪارين کي آجل جي يادگيري ٿو ڏياري، جئن ويچارن گگدامن کي مارڻ کان باز اچن. (اھا عام انسانن لاءِ بہ ھڪ ھدايت آھي) شڪار تون شھباز جو، تون تان منجھ شڪار!

ڪونجڙين کي شڪار ٿيندو ڏسي، سندس ھردو درد کان رجيو ٿي. انھن معصومڙين جي ھردي مان بہ جڻ پيھي نڪتو ھو. ماريءَ جي چار ۾ ڦاسڻ وقت، اندر ۾ اھو ئي وڏ پيو پوين، ته سندن پٺيان، سندن ٻچا ڪيئن ڪندا.

ڪونجيون ٿيون ڪڙڪن، جيڪس ھلڻ ھاريون،
ٻچا پوءِ اُٿن، وڃن واندا ڪنديون.

ڪونجڙين اندر ۾ وڏ پوندا ڏسي، سندس اندر جا بہ ڇاڪ ٿي چڪيا. انھن جي فراق وارين دانھن، سندس فراق جا ڦٽ آلا ٿي ڪيا:

ڪونجڙي ڪالھ لٽئين، سڄڻ وڌم ڇت،
آئون جنھن ريءَ ھت، گھنگھور گھاريان ڏينھڙا.

دل ايتري قدر ته نرم ھيس، جو ڪھل وچان، ٻن ڪتن کي پنھنجن ھٿن سان پاليو ھوائين، ڇو ته انھن جي ماءُ کين نڌڻڪي حالت ۾ ڇڏي وئي ھئي، انھن مان

هڪ ڪي ”موتي“ ۽ ٻئي ڪي ”ڪينهو“ ڪري سڏيندا هئا.
 شاھ صاحب نهايت پرهيزگار ۽ پاڪ دامن هو. مجازي عشق ڪمايائين،
 سارو وقت وتس سرود ۽ سماع لڳو ئي پيو هوندو هو. سماع هلندي، سر جي به
 سمڪ نه هوندي هيس. تندن جي تانن ۾ روحاني راز پروڙيائين.
 تان نه آهي تند جو، رون رون ڪري راز.

راڳ جو سچو قدر ”سر سورث“ ۾ ڪيو اٿس. راڳ جي عشق جي لحاظ کان،
 راءِ ڏياچ، شاھ پاڻ آهي.
 شاھ صاحب وڏي ڏيا ۽ حشمت جو صاحب هو. سندس حضوريءَ ۾ ڪنهن
 کي به ڪا گستاخي ڪرڻ جي مجال نه هئي. هميشه ڳورو ۽ گنڀير گذاريندو هو.
 البت، وڳند يا ورو فقير سان، وقتي چرچا ڳيا ڪندو هو. ”سر بلاول“ ۾ انهي
 ”جسم جي جذبي“ فقير سان چڱو مذاق ڪيو اٿس. شاھ صاحب جي هن جذبي سان
 اهڙي ڪا خاطر هئي، جو هن جي صدقي، ظريفانو شعر به چيو اٿس. وڳند کي
 گهڻن ئي مذاقي لفظن سان ياد فرمايو اٿس: ”بدو“، ”سورو ئي نرگ“، ”بي نماز“،
 ”ڪلاڻ“، ”نرگي“. هن جي گدلائيءَ ۽ پيتوڙپائيءَ تي گهڻائي چرچا گهبا ڪيا
 اٿس. اهو فقير ڪوڙيءَ جو ئي هو. ٻيا فقير، جي شاھ صاحب جي مريدن ۾ داخل
 هئا، سي هئا: تمر فقير، سندس خاص خليفو، جنهن جو اولاد اڄ ڏينهن تائين
 سندس درگاهه ۾ مجاور آهي؛ محمود شاهه، جو آميري ترڪ ڪري فقير ٿيو هو، ۽
 جنهن لاءِ شاھ صاحب کي ايڏي عزت هئي، جو پنهنجي تربت، هن جي پيرانديءَ
 کان ڪرڻ جي وصيت ڪئي هوائين: شاھ عنايت، هڪ وڏي ڏميندار جو پٽ: ميون
 هاشم علوي ربحان پوٽو، جو راڳيندڙ به هو ۽ لک پڙه جو ڪم به ڪندو هو: ۽
 بلال، جنهن سان ايڏي محبت هيس، جو ڪڏهن ڪڏهن هن جي ملاقات لاءِ هن جي
 ڳوٺ ڪهي ويندو هو.

شاھ کي ڪامل درويشن سان رهائين ۽ ملاقاتن ڪرڻ جو شوق هو ۽ اڪثر
 پاڻ وٽن ڪهي ويندو هو. شاھ جي زماني ۾ سنڌ ۾ گهڻائي ڪامل فقير هئا. شاھ
 صاحب پنهنجي حياتيءَ جي عرصي ۾ گهڻن ئي الله لوڪن سان ملاقاتون ۽
 رهائيون ڪيون. ڦوه جوانيءَ جي زماني ۾ شاھ عنايت شاھ جهوڪ واري سان
 ملاقت ڪيائين. چون ٿا ته شاھ عنايت کيس ڏسندي ئي هيٺيون بيت چيو، ان ۾

سالڪ کي طريقت جي واٽ وارين مشڪلاتن جو شيردليءَ سان مقابلو ڪرڻ بابت هدايت فرمايل آهي:

ڏسي ڏونگر ڌار، متان هلڻ ۾ هيٺي ٿئين،
ڪي مجازاڻيون موٽيون، سٺي پنڌ پچار،
پويون پائج پرينءَ کي، حقيقت جو هار،
سگهي لهندءَ سار، آريچا عنايت چئي.

شاھ صاحب جواب ۾ هيٺيون بيت فرمايو:

پسي ڏونگر ڏاه! ڄمر هلڻ ۾ هيٺي وهين،
لانچي لڪ، لطيف چئي، پنيءَ ڪيچين ڪاه،
پچي پورج، سسئي! بلوچائي باه،
ان وڙائستي ور جي، آسر هڏ م لاه،
جو اڪنئون اوڏو آه، سو پرين پرانهون م چئو.

شاھ عنايت جي شهادت وقت، شاھ 31 سالن جو هو. خواجہ محمد زمان لوريءَ جي ملاقات لاءِ به پاڻ ڪهي ويو هو، جيتوڻيڪ عمر جي لحاظ کان، خواجہ صاحب، شاھ صاحب کان گهڻو ننڍو هو. شاھ صاحب، خواجہ صاحب جي ڪماليت کان اهڙو ته متاثر ٿيو هو، جو جڏهين به وٽس هن صاحب جو ذڪر نڪرندو هو، تڏهين ازخود زبان مان هي بيت چڻڪي نڪرندو هوس:

مون سي ڏنا ماءُ، جنين ڏنو پرينءَ کي،
ڪري نه سگهان ڪاءُ، اُنين سنڌي ڳالهڙي.

شاھ صاحب، مخدوم محمد معين، نٽي جي مشهور عارف وٽ، گهڻو ايندو ويندو هو. مخدوم صاحب جو ”اويسيه“ نالي رسالو لکيو، سو به شاھ صاحب جي استدعا تي، ڇو جو شاھ صاحب جو، اويسيه طريقي سان خاص پيوند هو. بلڪ ائين چئجي، ته شاھ صاحب پاڻ هڪ اويسيه عارف هو. شاھ صاحب جي مرشد جي ڪل، ڪنهن کي به نه رهي آهي: هو صاحب، رياضتن ۽ ڪشالن جي ذريعي ئي، روحاني ڪماليت کي رسيو.

”تحفته الڪرام“ ۾ آيل آهي ته جڏهين مخدوم صاحب جي وفات جو وقت ويجهو آيو، تڏهين شاھ صاحب پنهنجن فقيرن کي فرمايو ته ”هلو ته پنهنجي دوست سان پڇاڙيءَ جي ملاقات ڪري اچون.“ فقيرن اتي پهچي، سماع شروع ڪيو. مخدوم صاحب تي سماع جو ايڏو ته اثر ٿيو، جو هو ذوق ۽ حال ۾ اچي، پنهنجي حجري ۾ هليو ويو ۽ ساعت کان پوءِ روح وڃي حق سان هڪ ٿيو.

شاھ صاحب جي، سچل فقير جي ڏاڏي، ميان صاحب ڏني سان ملاقات ٿي. هن وقت هن صاحب ڪهڙن جي ويڙھ ۾ پاڻ لڪائي ويٺي رياضت ڪڍي. شاھ صاحب کيس ڏسي فرمايو ته ”يار کي لڪائڻ نه گهرجي، پر هن کي ٻاهر آڻجي“ انهيءَ تي هو صاحب ٻاهر نڪري آيو. وري ٻئي دفعي جڏهين درازن ۾ آيو، تڏين پنجن ورهين جي بالڪ سچل کي ڏسي فرمايائين ته ”اسان جيڪو ڪنو ڇاڙهيو آهي، تنهن جو ڍڪڻ هي لاهيندو.“

چون ٿا ته مخدوم دين محمد صديقي سيوهاڻيءَ جي به، شاھ صاحب سان گهاتي دوستي هوندي هئي، انهيءَ ڪري، شاھ صاحب جو گهڻي پيرا سيوڻ وڃڻ ٿيو، ٻنهي جي پاڻ ۾ ايڏي ته محبت هئي، جو هڪ لڱا، پاڻ ۾ دستارون بدلائي، پڳ مٽيا يار بڻيا هوا.

شاھ صاحب جي، مدن پڳت سان به، گهاتي پريت هئي، مدن صاحب، ڪوٽڙي مغل جو ويٺل هو، ۽ وڏي پهچ وارو فقير هو. شاھ صاحب، هن هندو صوفيءَ سان به چڱيون رهاڻيون ڪيون.

شاھ جو روحاني طريقو ڪهڙو به هجي: سندس ڪلام مان ظاهر آهي ته هو مذهبي اختلافن کان مٿي هو؛ هر شيءِ ۾ حق جو جلوو پسندڙ هو.

ڏسڻ ڏسين جي، ته هم ڪي حق چوڻ.

شاھ صاحب نڪي هو شيعو، نڪي هو سني. هڪ لڱا سوال پڇيو ويس ته ”سائين اوهين سني آهيو يا شيع؟“ جواب ۾ فرمايائين ته ”مان ٻنهي جي وچ ۾ آهيان“ چيائونس ته ”قبلا! ٻنهي جي وچ ۾ ته ڪي ڪين آهي“ فرمايائين ته ”آهيان به آهيو ڪي ڪين.“

پڇيو ئي جان دوست، تان پاسي ڪر پرهيز ڪي،
جنين ڏنو هوت، تن دين سڀيئي ڏور ڪيا.

اگرچہ باطن ۾ هڪ صوفي عارف هو، ته به ظاهري طرح، ماڻهن جي صحيح هدايت لاءِ، شريعت جا سڀ حق پوريءَ ريت بجا آڻيندو هو. باطن ۾ توڙي ظاهر ۾ هڪ ڪامل هادي ۽ رهبر هو. سندس هدايت آهي:

ڪر طريقت تڪيو، شريعت سڃاڻ،
هنئون حقيقت هير تون، ماڳ معرفت ماڻ،
هوءَ ثابوتي ساڻ، ته پسڻ کان پالهو رهين.



شاھ جي ڪلام ۾ سندس شخصيت جو عڪس

پهرين وچان لوءِ، پوءِ ۾ر پنجنم ڏينهنڙا.

شاھ هڪ اعليٰ درجي جو وطن دوست هو. سندس زندگي توڙي ڪلام، سندس حب الوطنيءَ جي فراوان شاهدي ڏين ٿا. شاھ جي دل ۾ سنڌ ڏيهه لاءِ بيحد محبت هئي، جا رسالي ۾ پاريون ڪري پلتي آهي. ٻولي، نظم ۽ خيالات جي لحاظ کان، شاھ صاحب جو رسالو، حب الوطنيءَ جو هڪ ٻي نظير دفتر آهي.

شاھ جي زماني ۾ عربي ۽ فارسيءَ کي شرف هو. شاھ، سنڌي زبان کي شاعرانہ پرواز ڏيئي، پنهنجي حب الوطنيءَ جو ثبوت ڏنو. سنڌي ٻولي، سنسڪرت جي فاسد يا بگڙيل صورت آهي، ۽ انجو بنيادي طرح، عربي ۽ پارسي سان ڪو به تعلق ڪونهي. البت، پارسي ۽ عربي جو مٿس اثر ٿيو آهي. شاھ جي سنڌي، تلفظ ۽ نحوي بناوتن جي لحاظ کان، پراڪرت کي نهايت ويجھي آهي، ۽ ساڳئي وقت، منجهس پارسي ۽ عربي ٻوليءَ جي به نهايت سهڻي نزاکت ۽ رونق آهي. هن صاحب جي ٻوليءَ ۾ هندن توڙي مسلمانن جي تهذيب ۽ تمدن جو لحاظ رکيل آهي، جا هڪ وڏي قومي خدمت آهي. مثلاً، شاھ جي هيٺين بيت جو لباس سنسڪرتي آهي ۽ منجهس سمايل خيال ويدانتي:

ڪوڙين ڪايائون تنهنجون، لکن لک هزار،
جيءُ، سڀڪنهن جي سين، درسن ڌارو ڌار،
پرير تنهنجا پار، ڪهڙا چڻي ڪيئن چڻان.

وري هيٺين بيت جو ويس عربي ۽ پارسي آهي ۽ خيال صوفيائو:

پاڻهين جل جلاله، پاڻهين جان جمال،
پاڻهين صورت پرينءَ جي، پاڻهين حسن ڪمال.

شاھ، شعر جي نظم ڪرڻ ۾ به، حب الوطني ڏيکاري آهي. سنڌي شاعر پنهنجو شعر اڪثر علم عروض تي ٿا ٻڌن، پر شاھ، وزن (دوهي) جي باري ۾ به، ڊيسي نمونو ورتو. اهڙي طرح، پاڻ کي هڪ ڌارئي ۽ مصنوعي طريقي کي پاڻ کان ڌار رکيائين. هندستان جي مشهور سنتن جو پاڻيون، دهرن ۾ لکيل آهن ۽ شاھ به اهو ساڳيو طريقو اختيار ڪيو؛ پر دوهري ۾ نيون ۽ نهايت نزاکت واريون تبديليون آندائين. شاھ کي ”سنڌ جو حافظ“ ڪري سڏيندا هئا، سو شايد انهيءَ ڪري جو شاھ، سنڌين کي اهڙو پيارو آهي، جهڙو ايرانين کي حافظ، ۽ ”ديوان حافظ“ اهڙو ئي الهامي ڪتاب آهي، جهڙو ”شاھ جو رسالو“: ور نه حافظ ۽ شاھ هر خيال شاعر ناهن، نڪي کي شاھ حافظ وانگر غزل چيا. شاھ روميءَ جو شايق هو ۽ رومي جي مثنوي هميشه ساڻ هوندي هيس، چاهي ها ته پنهنجو شعر، مثنويءَ جي صورت ۾ چئي سگهيو ٿي، سندس حب الوطنيءَ جي جذبي ائين ڪرڻ نه ڏنو. تنهن هوندي به سندس ڪلام اهڙي ئي مستي آهي جهڙي روميءَ جي ڪلام ۾. خمار هميشه شراب مان پيدا ٿيندو آهي ۽ نه پيالي مان: ته به شراب کي جهلڻ لاءِ پيالو ته ضرور گهرجي.

مستي زباده مي رسد و از اياغ نيست
هر چند باده را نتوان خورد بي اياغ.
(اقبال)

شعر آهي شاعر جي دل جو پاڻي، جو ڪهڙي به پيالي (نظم) ۾ پنهنجو جوهر نه وڃائيندو. شاھ، دوهري ۾ به اهڙي شاعرانه نزاکت ۽ خيالات جي بلندي رکي سگهيو آهي، جهڙي روميءَ مثنوي ۾ ڏيکاري آهي.

شاھ جي سنڌيءَ سان ايتري ته محبت هئي، جو ڪٿي به پارسي شعر جي ڪا به تڪ، تضمين طور پنهنجي ڪلام ۾ نه آندي اٿس. ٻيا ته شاعر ڇڏيو پر روميءَ جي مثنوي مان به، ڪو به سخن، تضمين طور نه کنيو اٿس، جيتوڻيڪ روميءَ کي

بيحد محبت ۽ عزت هئي. رومي ئي آهي، جنهن جو نالو پنهنجي شعر ۾ آندو اٿس: پر هن جي فيلسوفيءَ کي به سنڌي لباس پارايو اٿس:

طالب کثر، سونهن سر، اي رومي جي رهائ،
پهرين وڃائڻ پاڻ، پوءِ پسڻ پرينءَ کي.
(سر يمن ڪلياڻ)

”سر سهڻي“ ۾ شاھ، هڪ پارسي مصرع تـضمين طور آندي آهي، پراها شاھ عنايت جي چيل آهي، جو سنڌ جو هڪ جنگ درويش ٿي گذريو آهي. هو صاحب، سنڌ ۾ عاشقن جو سرمور ٿو ليکجي، ڇو ته شهادت جو جام پيتو هوائي. اتي به شاھ پنهنجي وطن جو مان ڪيو آهي، جو سنڌ جي هڪ درويش شاعر جي مصرع ڪٺي اٿس: شاھ عنايت شاھ جي مصرع هيٺين ريت ڪم آندي اٿس.

سر در قدم يار فدا شد ڇر بجا شد، وصل اهو ئي ونگ.
(سر سهڻي)

رڳو هڪ ئي هنڌ، شاھ ڪجهه نهايت مخـنصر پارسي پنهنجي شعر ۾ چئي آهي:

بر خيز بده ساقِي، پيار کي پرين.
(سر يمن ڪلياڻ)

شاھ صاحب قرآن شريف ۽ حديث شريف مان به حوالا پنهنجي ڪلام ۾ آندا آهن، پر پنهنجي مادري زبان سان بيحد محبت هئڻ ڪري، انهن جو سنڌي شاعرانه ترجمو به ڏئي ويو آهي.

شاھ، سماع تي فدا هو ۽ هندستان جي گائڻ وديا جو اونهو علم هوس، سندس جدا جدا سرن تي هندستاني راڳن ۽ راڳئين جا نالا رکيل آهن، جنهن مان سندس حب الوطنيءَ جو ثبوت ملي ٿو. البته، رسالي جي ڪن سرن تي، انهن جي مضمونن جي مد نظر نالا رکيل آهن، پر اهي مضمون خود ديسي آهن ۽ شاھ جي وطن پرستي تي ڪافي روشني اچين ٿا. هر هڪ سر، داستانن ۾ ورهايل آهي ۽ هر هڪ داستان جي پٺيان وائي آيل آهي. ”وائي“ شاھ جي ايجاد آهي، پر انجي بناوت هندستاني نمريءَ جهڙي آهي. ”سر حسين“ جنهن ۾ شاھ سسئي جي دردناڪ

صدائڻ ۽ سياپڻ جو ذڪر ڪيو آهي، سو هڪ مشهور عربي ۽ فارسي سر آهي، پر اهو سر به هندي ڳائڻ وديا ۾ جذب ٿي ويو آهي.

شاھ، تشبیهون به اهي ڪم آندیون آهن، جي دیسی حالتن مطابق آهن. شاھ جي محبت هئي سنڌ ۽ سنڌ جي شين سان. هو، گل ۽ بلبل جي عشق کي ڇڏي، ڪونر ۽ پونر جي پريم جي مهما ٿو ڳائي. مطرب جي بجاءِ ”چارڻ“ کي شرف ٿو ڏئي. باد صبا جي بجاءِ ڪانگل ۽ قمر کي قاصد ٿو ڪري. شراب ۽ ساقیءَ کي وساري، ڪلاڙ ۽ ڪڪوه جي واکاڻ ٿو ڳائي.

شاھ جون سونهن ۾ سرس سورميون، بزم يا محفل ۾ نمائش لاءِ نثيون اچن، پر هو آڻڻ منجه ويهي، بلبلين وانگر لاتيون ٿيون لنون. شاھ جي رڳ رڳ ۾ وطني پريم سمايل هو. شاھ جي ڪلام ۾ شيخ شبلي ۽ شيخ صنعان جو نالو به ڪونهي: هو پنهنجي ديس جي جوڳين ۽ سناسين تي مست آهي. شاھ هندستاني ڪوين وانگر، استريءَ کي عاشق بڻائي، سندس دل جي اُمنگن جي ترجماني ڪئي آهي. ايراني شعر ۾ مجنون ۽ فرهاد جون، ۽ مومل، مجنون جون سڪون ٿي لاهي. سورمين جي سيرت نگاريءَ ۾ به شاھ هندستاني دستور جي موجب هليو آهي ۽ پارسي شاعرن جو نمونو هرگز نه ورتو اٿس.

ڪيترن ئي شاعرن، وطن پرستيءَ جا نهايت سهڻا خيال ظاهر ڪيا آهن. پر شاھ جيڪا مارئيءَ جي ويس ۾ وطني حب ظاهر ڪئي آهي، تنهن ۾ جادوءَ جهڙو تاثير آهي. شیکسپيئر، انگلينڊ کي هڪ ”بي بها هيرو“ ٿو سڏي، جو ”چاندي جهڙي سمنڊ“ ۾ جڙيو پيو آهي. شاھ وطن جي خاڪ کي تاتار جي مشڪ ۽ وطن جي پاڻي کي آب ڪوثر کان وڌيڪ ٿو سمجهي. پنهنجي وطن جي خاڪ ۾ دفن ٿيڻ، سندس نظر ۾ ابدي حياتي ماڻڻ آهي. ”سر ڪاپاتي“ ۾ شاھ چرخي چورڻ جو پرچار ڪيو آهي، جو قوم جي آسودگيءَ جو هڪ اهم وسيلو آهي. سنهي ست جي پيٽ ۾، ماڻڪن کي تڇ ٿو سمجهي.

جي ماڻڪ موتائين، توءِ ملهه مهانگو اُن جو.

ململ هڪ زرخيز پدارت آهي، جو وطن کي سون سان مالامال ٿو ڪري.

ململ منجهان، ماءُ! جي سڪي، تن سون ڪيو.

شاھ چرخي جو پيغام، رڳو سنڌ ۽ هنڌ کي ڪو نه ٿو ڏئي، پر سڀني ديسن

ڪي. شاھ جو ھڏ سڄي جھان لاءِ ٿو ڪرڪي ۽ ھو سڀني ديسن کي آسودو ڏسڻ ٿو چاھي.

ڪي اوبين عرب ۾، ڪي ڪابل منجهه ڪٽن،
سٺ ان جو سڦڙو، مٽيو ماڻڪن.

”سر سانگ“ ۾ ساري عالم جي آبادي ۽ آسودگيءَ لاءِ دعا ٿو پني، پنهنجي پياري ۽ مٺي سنڌ کي دليون دعا ٿو ڪري. سانگ جي مرجھا ڪندي چوي ٿو:
اڄ منهنجي يار وسڻ جا ويس ڪيا.

شاھ، سانگ ۾ پنهنجو پرين ٿو پسي، جو ”رب العالمين“ آھي. ۽ جو ڪنھن بہ ديس کي پنهنجي نوازش کان محروم نٿو رکي، سانگ جي ورکا رڳو سنڌ تي نٿي ٿئي، پر سڀني ملڪن تي. شاھ، ساري عالم، پر خاص طرح سنڌ لاءِ، حق جي درگاھ ۾ دعا ٿو پني:

موتي مانڊاڻ جي، واري ڪيائين وار،
وڃون وسڻ آئيون، چوڏس ٿي چوڌار،
ڪي اُٿي ويئون استنبول ڏي، ڪي مٿيون مغرب پار،
ڪي چمڪن چين تي، ڪي لهن سمرقندين سار،
ڪي رمي ويئون روم تي، ڪي ڪابل، ڪي قنڌار،
ڪي دهليءَ، ڪي دکن، ڪي گڙن مٿي گرنا،
ڪنھن جنبي جيسلمير تان، ڏنا بيڪا نير بڪار،
ڪنھن پڇ پڇائيو، ڪنھن ڍٽ مٿي ڍار،
ڪنھن اچي عمرڪوٽ تان، وسايا ولھار،
سائينم! سدائين ڪرين، مٿي سنڌ سڪار،
دوس! منا دلدار! عالم سڀ آباد ڪرين.

شاھ صاحب جي اخلاقي سکيا جو بنياد تواضع آھي. تواضع سڀني گڻن ۾ مول گڻ آھي. نٿڙت جي صاحب کي صبر، شڪر، صداقت ۽ ساري مخلوقات سان ھمدرديءَ ۽ محبت ضرور ھوندا. شاھ، قدرت جي ھر ھڪ چيز کي اخلاقي نگاهہ سان ڏسي ٿو. سندس نظر ۾، جيڪي خاڪ ۾ آھي، سو ٻيءَ ڪنھن بہ چيز ۾ ناھي.

سو نہ ڪنهن شي ۾، جيڪي منجهه تراب.

(سر سهڻي)

شاھ صاحب جي مول هدايت اها آهي ته هر انسان کي جڳائي ته هميشه خاڪساريءَ ۾ گذاري ۽ پنهنجي ضمير يا ويڪ جي حڪمن هيٺ هلي. ائين ڪرڻ سان نه سندس هٿان ڪو گناهه صادر ٿيندو، نه هو هن جهان مان ئي ڪا نيارو ٿي لڏيندو.

پايو منهن مونن ۾، غربت ساڻ گذار،

مفتي منجهه وهار، ته قاضي ڪا نيارو نه ٿئين.

(سر يمن ڪلياڻ)

غرور واري انسان جي صحبت کان هميشه ڪنارو ڪجي، ڇو ته ان مان مورڳو اخلاق کي ضرر رسندو،

لاٽيون جي لباس جون، سي چپائي ڇڏ،

”آئون“، ”اسين“ ڪن جي، پاسي تن ۾ اڏ.

(سر آسا)

ڪينو ڪيرائيندڙ آهي ۽ ڪميا اڏيندڙ. ڪمنڊن جي هر حال ۾ سوپ آهي ۽ هوڏين جي هار. ويڻ ڏيندڙ کي ورندي نه ڏيڻ آهي نجس نفس کي نهوڙڻ. هاديءَ جي هدايت اهائي آهي؛

سٺي ويڻ ڪنن سين، ورائڇ م وري،

هاديءَ جي هدايت جي، آهي ايءَ ڳري،

تن سڄي ساهه سري، جن ماريو نفس ماڻ سين.

(سر يمن ڪلياڻ)

ڏمر مان انسان کي ڏک ٿي رستو آهي، صبر هڪ جانفزا عطر آهي.

ڏمر پاسو ڏک سين، ڪاند ڪٿوري هوءَ.

(سر يمن ڪلياڻ)

شاھ صاحب وڏو ڪرم يوگي آهي. هو سڪڻي توڪل جو پرچار نٿو ڪري.

انسان جو فرض آهي دل و جان سان ڪرم ڪرڻ ۽ انجو نتيجو رب تي ڇڏڻ، ڪرم ڪندي، ڪهڙي به مشڪلات اڳيان اچيس، ته همت نه هاري، پر پوري دليريءَ سان، اُنڪي منهن ڏئي. پوءِ ڪاميابي اوس سندس قدم چمندي. ستن کي قدرت وٽان سوغاتون ملڻيون ناهن؛ قدرت جو هٿ انهن کي ٿورسي، جي سڄي دل ۽ نيت سان سعيو ٿا ڪن.

چپر ڪين ڏئي، سوکڙيون ستن ڪي.
(سر ڪاهوڙي)

انسان جو فرض آهي ته همت رکي، مشڪل ۾ منهن وجهي: انجو حل پائهي هادي پيدا ڪندو. ڪي پنهنجي سرجوشي، ڪي خدا جي مدد.

ڪي تران ڪي تار مون، ڪي سگهان ڪي سگه.
(سر سهڻي)

هلڻ ۾ سوپ آهي، وهڻ ۾ هار. نه وينلن ۾ واهر آهي، نه ستن لاءِ سات. دلي مقصد اهي ٿا حاصل ڪن، جن ڪشالن ۾ منهن وڌو آهي.

وينين ناه وراڪو، ستين ڪونهي سنگ،
هوت هلندن ڪٿيو، جن انگن چاڙهيو انگ.
(سر سسئي آبري)

اڳيان رڻ هجي يا جبل؛ مهراڻ هجي يا جهنگل، ته دهلجي بيهڻو ناهي: پر سر جو سانگو نه ڪري، اڳيان ڌوڪي پوڻو آهي. پوءِ ئي رڻ مان ڪٿوري، جبل مان لعلون، مهراڻ مان موتي ۽ جهنگل مان ڦل ڦول هٿ ايندا. بحر ۾ گهڙندڙن کي ماڻڪ ٿا ملن، ڪناري تي بيهندڙن کي ڪوڏ ۽ ستيون.

سمند جي سيوين، تنين ماڻڪ ميڙيا،
چلر جي چوئين، تن سانڪوٽا ۽ ستيون.
(سر سريراڳ)

دنيا ڪرم پومي يا ڍڏ جو ڪيتر آهي، جتي دل جا وهم وساري، سڄي سوره

وانگر، سوپ لاءِ لڙڻو آهي.

سوره مريم سوپ کي، دل جا وهم وسار.

(سر ڪيڏارو)

بي همت انسان مان قدرت به بيزار آهي، بيڪار ۽ آرام پسند انسان کي
جڳائي ته قدرت ڏانهن نظر ڪري ۽ ان مان محنت جو سبق وٺي. انسان پاڻ به ته
قدرت جو جزو آهي، پوءِ جنهن صورت ۾ سچ، چنڊ، تارا، سمنڊ، نهرون ۽ نارا
هميشه هلن پيا، تنهن صورت ۾ کيس ڪيئن واجب آهي، ته بي توجهي، پنهنجي
زندگي بيڪاريءَ ۾ برباد ڪري!

نڪو سک نڪتين، نه ويساند نئين،

جيڪا اچئي سامهين، پائين سا سئين،

موڙي ڪوھ مئين؟ جئن سڄيون راتيون سمهين؟

(سر سريراڳ)

انسان دنيا جي ڪيتر ۾ ڪرم جو بچ پوکڻ آيو آهي. جيڪڏهن هن پوري
وقت تي پاڻ سنڀالي، پنهنجو فرض ادا نه ڪيو، ته وڃي ڪنهن اهڙي اوڙاه ۾
ڪرندو، جتان پاڻ ڪيڏم مشڪل تي پوندس.

پره ڦٽي، رات گئي، جهيٽا ٿيا نڪت،

هاري! ويءِ وٽ، گهڻا هٽندين هٿڙا.

(سر ڏهر)

انسان پاڻ سان پساهن جا هيرا ۽ ماڻڪ ڪٿي آيو آهي. جيڪڏهن غفلت
وڃان، انهيءَ قيمتي پڌارت کي لٽي، پاڻ سڄو ڪيائين، ته مٽي پُڄاڻا، حقيقي
صراف اڳيان منهن هاري وڃي بيهڻو پوندس.

لڪ مڙئي لٽيا، هنهين ويا هزار،

توڪي آرس اڪڙين ۾!

(سر سريراڳ)

انسان پاڻ سان هٿان سون ۽ جوهرات ڪٿي آيو آهي، پر هت پنهنجو هٿ وڃي

شيھي ۽ شيشي جي وڻج ۾ وجهي. کٽيو ته گھوريو، مور ڳو مور به وڃائي، برباد
ڪري ٿو ڇڏي. لوڻ جي سودي ۾ به ڪڏھين ڪٿوري ملي آهي! انسان جو حال به اهو
ٿي آهي. پنهنجا املهه پساھ اجايا وڃائي، ڪئن ٿو سچ جي سوغات طلبي!

وڪر وهائين لوڻ، رنگ ڪٿوري گھرين!

(سر سريراڳ)

انسان کي جڳائي ته سچ جو وڪر وهائي، جو نه پراڻو ٿيڻو آهي نه ضايع.
انجي وسيلي ئي هو هن دنيا مان سرخرو ٿي لڏيندو.

وڪر سو وهاءِ، جو پئي پراڻو نه ٿئي،

ويچيندي ولات ۾، ذرو ٿئي نه ضاءِ،

سا ڪا هڙ هلاءِ، آڳهه جنهن جي ابھين.

(سر سريراڳ)

انسان کي انسان جو دشمن ڏسي، شاھ عنايت ارمان ۽ افسوس ٿو ڪائي.
ماڻھن جو اخلاص ماڻو ٿي ويو آهي ۽ هر ڪو پئي جو ماس پيو ڪائي.

آدمين اخلاص، مٽائي ماڻو ڪئو،

هاڻ ڪائي سيڪو، ماڙهڻون سبندو ماس.

آدمين کان وڌيڪ پکين ۾ ساڃھ آهي، جو وڳر ڪيو، پاڻ ۾ پريت پيا
وندين. هيڏانهن، انسان، انسان کان ونءُ پيو وڃي!

وڳر ڪيو وتن، پرت نه چنن پاڻ ۾،

پسو پڪيئڙن، ماڙهڻان ميٺ گهڻو.

(سر ڏهر)

دنيا ۾ هر ڪو ڪوڙيءَ دوستيءَ جو دم پيو هڻي، پرک تڏھين ٿي پوي،
جڏھين ڪنهن جو پئي ۾ ڪم ٿو اٽڪي.

يار سڏائي سيڪو، جاني زباني،

آهي آساني، ڪم پئي ته ڪل پوي.

(سر بروو سنڌي)

پڪي ته ڇڏيو، پر ڪڪن ۽ ڪانن کي به انسان کان وڌيڪ مريادا ۽ ساڃهه آهي. نديءَ جي ڪناري تي بيٺل ڪڪن کي به ڏسو ته ڪيڏو نه مرم آهي! جڏهين ٻڌندڙ، ٻيو ڪو حيلو وسيلو نه ڏسي، منجهن هٿ ٿو وجهي، تڏهين يا ته کيس چڪي مٿي ٿا ڪن، يا مرم وڃان پاڙان پئجي، ۽ درد جي دانهن ڪري، ساڻس گڏ سير ۾ ٿا هلن! انسان کي گهرجي ته وفاداريءَ جو سبق، ڪڪن مان پرائي.

ٻڌندي ٻوڙن کي، ڪي هاتڪ هٿ وجهن،
پسو لڄ، لطيف چئي، ڪيڏي کي ڪڪن،
توڻي ڪنڌي ڪن، نات ساڻن وڃن سير ۾.
(سر سهڻي)

آخر سڀ فنا آهي. انسان ڇا تي ٿو غرور ڪري، جڏهين وڏا وڏا حشمت ۽ عظمت جا صاحب به نيٺ زمين دوز ٿي ويا! جنهن زمين تان آسین پند پيا ڪريون، تنهن جي هيٺان ڪيئي سڄڻ دفن ٿيا پيا آهن. انسان جو ڪم آهي ته سڃاڳ ٿي حقيقي پرينءَ کي لوچي.

جا پون پيرين مون، سا پون مٿي سڄڻين،
ڏڱ لتبا ڏوڙ ۾، اُپي ڏٺاسون،
ڏينهن مڙيئي ڏون، اُٿي لوچ لطيف چي.
(سر مومل راڻو)

شاھ هُجي توڙي گدا ته کيس لتڄو مڙيئي ڏوڙ ۾ آهي. دنيا هڪ ساعت جو چٽڪو آهي، جنهن تي يلجي، سچ جو سودو هٿان نه ڇڏڻو آهي.

فاني ني فاني! دنيا ڊر نه هيڪڙو
لٽي لوڙهه لتن سين، جوڙيندءَ، جاني!
ڪوڏر ۽ ڪاني، آه سر سپڪنهنين.
(سر پروو سنڌي)

شاھ سنڌ ۾ پهريون شاعر هو، جنهن طبعي شعر چيو، هو سير ۽ سياحت جو شايق هو. قدرت جي هر ڪرشمي کي پنهنجي نوراني ۽ باريڪ نظر سان

جاچي، اُنجي جمال ۽ جلال تي اونهو تصور ڪيو اٿس، ۽ پوءِ اُنجي هوبهو تصوير پنهنجي ڪلام ۾ پيش ڪئي اٿس. شاھ سنڌ جي ڏنڊن ۽ ڏورن، برن ۽ بحرن، ٽڪرن ۽ نهرن، ٿرن ۽ ماٿرين تي ئي عاشق هو. سندس شعر ۾ ڪٿي به سرو ۽ شمشاد جو ذڪر نه ٿو اچي، هو ٿر جي وڻن ۽ وڻن تي عاشق هو.

قدرت جي ڇهڻن ڇٽن ۾، شاھ ڪٿي به اجائي اينگهه نه ٿو ڪري. رڳو انهنجون مکيه خوبيون وفائيءَ سان نقش ٿو ڪري. ٻي سندس خاصيت هيءُ آهي، جو قدرت جي گجھارتن ڏانهن اشارو ڪري، اُنهنڪي وڃي انسان جي دل جي حال سان لڳائي.

”سر سارنگ“ ۾ برسات جو عجيب بيان ڪيو اٿس. بادلن جي برجن ۾ رسيلا رنگ ٿو ڏسي، قدرت ۾ هر هنڌ ساز، سارنگيون ۽ سرندا وڃندا ٿو ٻڌي. مينهن جو صاف پاڻي، ايراني شاعرن واريون صراحيون ياد ٿو ڏياريس.

اُڄ رسيلا رنگ، بادل ڪڍيا برجن سين،
ساز سانگيون، سرندا، وڃائي برجن گ،
صراحيون سارنگ، پلٽيون رات پڌام تي.

سانوڻ جي مند ٿي نه آهي، ته آڪاس ۾ منڊل وڃڻ شروع ٿا ٿين، حقيقي پرين، نوان سينگار ڪري، ناز منجهان نڪري نروار ٿو ٿئي. ڪڪرن جي ڳوري چال ۾، معشوقاڻي رفتار جي ڪشش آهي. سنسڪرت ڪري، سهڻي چال واري پريتم کي، ”گج گامن“ يعني هاڻيءَ جي چال وارو ٿا چون. شاھ جي نظر ۾، هيءُ اهڙي چال آهي، جو هاڻي به جيڪر چاه پئي اُنڪي سکن.

گنير گت سکن، چلڻ جي چاه پئي.

وڃڻ جي ڇمڪ جي لالاڻ مان پرينءَ جي لبن جي لالائي عيان آهي. گلاب جهڙا ڳاڙها مينهن وسارا به، اها لالائي ڏسي، حيرت ۾ پئجي وڃن.

هندوا حيرت ۾ پيا، لالي ڪئي لبن.

ڪڪرن کي پرينءَ جا ڪارا ڪپس (زلف) آهن، ۽ وڃڻ کي محبوب وارا گلاب جي گلن جهڙا لباس پهريل آهن. انهنجي نروار ٿيڻ سان، شاعر جو ڄڻ پنهنجي معشوق سان مڪاميلو ٿو ٿئي.

اُڄ پڻ اُتر پار ڏي، ڪارا ڪڪر ڪيس،
وڃون وسڻ آئيون، ڪري لعل لبيس،
پرڻ جي پرديس، مونکي مينهن ميڙيا.

محبت جون ماريل دليون، برسات جو نرمل نظارو ڏسڻ سان، جهڄي
پونديون آهن، ۽ پرڻ جي ديدار لاءِ ڦٽڪنديون آهن.

مُحِب منهنجا سپرين، آئيندءِ الله،
توڪي ساريو ساه، اڪنڊيو آهون ڪري.

ويچارين وانڊين جو حال افسوس جهڙو آهي. ڪانڌن کي ياد ڪيو، گجها
گج پيئون ڳارين.

ڪڻڪن ڪانڌ ڇت ڪيو، جهڙ پسيو جهڄن.

شاه، سندن حق ۾ اها دعا ٿو پني ته شل سندن غريباتن پڪن کي ڪو ضرر نرسي.

ور ري وانڊن آڏيا، پڪا سي ۾ پسن.

سج، جهڙ جي ڪري الڳ ٿي ويو آهي: پر ڪنڻ، عاشقن کي واڏايون پيئي
ڏئي ته اجهو ٿو محب مليو.

سجوصاف نه اُپري، سرلي وچان سج،
منهن چڙهيو ماڙهن کي، ڏئي واڏائي وڃ،
هنبڙا! ڪپ ۾ ڪج، سڳها ملندءِ سپرين.

آسمان ۾ جهڙ ڏسيو عاشقن جي اکين ۾ به جهڙ ٺهيو پوي، ڇو ته جهڙو ويس
سپرين جو ٿئي، تهڙو سارنگ جو به آهي. محبوب جي مشڪل سان، سڀ سور
ويجو پري پون.

ڪڪر منجهه ڪپار، جهڙ نيٽئون نه لهي،
جهڙا منهنجا سپرين، تهڙا ميگه ملار،
ڪڻ اڪيون، ڪل يار! وڃن سور سنڌا ڪيو.

نه رڳو عاشق، پر سرشتيءَ جا سڀ جيو، سارنگ لاءِ بيقرار ٿا رهن.

سارنگ کي ساڙين، ماڙهو، مرگه، ميهيون،
آڙيون اُبر آسري، تاڙا تنوارين،
سپون جي سمونڊ ۾، نئي سج نهارين،
پلر پيارين، ته سنگهارن سک ٿئي.

سنگهاريون ۽ سنگهار، سارنگ ڏسي سرها ٿا ٿين، ڇو ته مينهن پوڻ سان،
گاه ۽ اناج جامر ٿا ٿين، ۽ ماڻهو ۽ مرون ڏيڄي ٿا پون. سارنگ، برڪت جو سائين
آهي. اناج سستو ٿو ٿئي ۽ مڪڻ به جهجهو ۽ ارزان.

هڪ ارزان اُن ٿيو، ٻيو مڪڻ منجهه ماتي.

سنگهارن گلي ۾ گلن ڦلن جون مالهاڻون پائي پيئون ٿلن.

سرهيون ٿيون سنگهاريون، پويو پائين طوق.

مودين ۽ ڏڪارين جي دل کي ئي سخت چوٽ ٿي رسي، ٻي ساري مخلوقات
خوشيءَ ۾ آهي. ڏڪارين اُن ميڙي رکيو هو، جئن پوءِ وڏي اگهه تي وڪڻي سگهن،
۽ پنجن مان پندرهن ڪري، خلق کي پيڙيو هوائون، هاڻي قدرت جي حساب ۾ آيا
آهن، ۽ سرد آهون پري، منهن مٿو ٿا پٽين، چي: ”مهانگو لهي ميڙيوسين، هاڻي
سستو ڏيڻو پوندو.“ شل اهڙا دٿ، هن پرٿويءَ تان ڇٽ ٿي وڃن.

جن مهانگو لهي ميڙيو، سي ٿا هٿ هڻن،

پنجن منجهان پندرهن ٿيا، ائن ٿا ورق ورن،

ڏڪار يا ڏيهه مان، شل موزي سڀ مرن.

ڪيئن نه شاهه، نرالن نرالن انسانن جي دل جي ڪيفيت جو نقش، وفائيءَ سان
چٽيو آهي! اها شاهه جي خاص خوبي آهي، جو قدرت جو نظارو چٽيندو به ٿو وڃي،
۽ ساڳئي وقت، انساني دل جي حال جو به ورنن ڪندو ٿو وڃي. لاشڪ، قدرت جي
جدا جدا ڪرشمڻ جو، انسان جي دل تي نرالو نرالو اثر آهي.

شمس هجي يا قمر يا سهڻو سارنگ، ته شاهه جي پرينءَ سان، حسن ۾ ڪنهن
جي جاءِ ناهي، شاهه، سارنگ جي ساراه ڪرڻ ۾ وسان ڪين گهٽايو آهي، ته به
انجي سوييا کان، پنهنجي پرينءَ جي سونهن کي، سهسين پيرا سرس ٺهرايو اٿس.

انيڪ برساتيون پون، پر ساجن بنا عاشق جي جيءَ کي قرار اچڻو ناهي. جانيءَ جي هڪ درشن، برابر آهي سھسين سارنگن جي.

اَگمِ اي نہ انگ، جھڙو پسڻ پرينءَ جو،
سيٺن ريءَ سيد چئي، روح نہ رچن رنگ،
سھسين ٿيا سارنگ، جاني آيو جوءَ ۾.

مطلب تہ قدرت جو ڪهڙو بہ حيرت انگيز نظارو، شاھ جي پرينءَ سان،
سونھن ۽ سينگار ۾، مٺ پئجي نہ سگھندو.
”سر سھڻي“ ۾، شاھ، سمنڊ جو وِثرات روپ چٽيو آهي. درياھ جي دھشت
ڏسي، ماهر تارو بہ ڪنبي ان کان ڪنارو ٿاڪن. اُندر ڪارن ڪنن جا ”ڪاريهر
ڪڙڪا“ ۽ ڪناري وٽ پوائتيون پواريون پيئون پون. هيبتناڪ درندا واکا ڪيو،
هڪ پئي تي اُرون پيا ڪن. واگھن، سيسارن، ٿيلين ۽ لوهڻين جو ليڪو ئي
ڪونهي. اونھاڻ جي سڌ، مائيتڙن کي ناهي، وڏا جهاز بہ منجھس غرق ٿيو وڃن.
اُھڙي پوائتي ساگر ۾ ڏئيءَ جو لطف ٿو گھر جي.

دھشت دم درياھ ۾، جت جايون جانارن،
نڪو سنڌو سِير جو، مڀ نہ ملاحن،
دَرندا درياھ ۾، واکا ڪيو ورن،
سڄا ٻيڙا ٻار ۾، هليا هيٺ وڃن،
پرزو پئدا نہ ٿئي، تختو منجھان تن،
ڪو جو قهر ڪنن ۾، ويا ڪين ورن،
اُتي اُن تارن، ساهر! سِير لنگهءَ تون.

”سر گهاٽوءَ“ ۾ ڪلاچيءَ جي قهري ڪن جو ذڪر ٿو اچي. جو اُندر گهڙيو،
سو وڃڻ کي ويو:

ڪو جو قهر ڪلاچ ۾، جو گهڙي سونئي.
(سر گهاٽو)

درياھ جو دور، دانائن کي ديوانو ڪيو ڇڏي، وڏن وڏن ماهرن جون مٿيون بہ

اُت منجهيو وڃن: ۽ اڄ ۽ سپان جي سارئي دماغ مان نڪريو وڃين.

گھنگھريا گھڻ ڄاڻ، موڙهي مت مهائين،
ويا گڏجي وير ۾، پيا منهن مھراڻ،
اڳيان پويان ٿاڻ، ويا ويچارن وسري.

”سر سريراڳ“ ۾ به سمنڊ جي خطرن ۽ خوفن جو ذڪر ڪيو اٿس. سمنڊ کي
به لکين لباس آهن: ڪٿي لڙ آهي، ڪٿي لهر، ڪٿي لس آهي، ڪٿي ليت! پر اُنجي
اونهاڻ جو انت ڪونهي:

لڙ، لهر يون، لس ليت، جتي اُت نه آب جو.

درياه جو سفر، جگر ٿو گھري. پريان ئي ڪنن تي سمنڊ جا غوغاءُ پيا پون،
جي ٻڌي، سينو ڪنبو وڃي.

اُچن ٿا آواز، سٿاڻي سموند جا.

ملاحن کي گھرجي ته هر دم سجاڳ رهن، ڇو ته سمنڊ جي قهري ڪنن،
ڪئين وڏا ٻيڙا نيا آهن.

وڏا ٻيڙا ٻوڙيا، سائر ڏيئي ساه،
ملاحظو، ملاح! ڪڇ ڪو اُنهيءَ ڪن جو.

اها سڌ ڄاڻن کي آهي، ته درياه ڪهڙو نه ديوانو آهي:

سونهان سڌيون ڏين، ان ديواني درياه جيون.

درياه جو ٻاهريون روپ لاشڪ پوائتو آهي، پر جيڪي همت رکي، منجهس
پيهي ٿا وڃن، تن سان وڏا وڙ ٿو ڪري. سمنڊ کي جي جلال آهي ته جمال به اٿس.
ظاهري صورت خوفناڪ ۽ ڪرڙي اٿس. پر باطن ۾ نهايت سٻاجهو ۽ سخي آهي.
هر طرح ٻوڇڻ لائق آهي. سمنڊ جي سيوا مان اُمله ماڻڪ ۽ موتي ٿا پڙهن.

سي پوچارا پر ٿيا، سمنڊ سيويو جن،
آندائون عميق مان، جوتي جواهرن،
لڌائون، لطيف چئي، لالون مان لهرن،
ڪانهي قيمت تن، مله مهانگو اُن جو.

قيمتي خزانو هٿ ڪرڻا آهن، نه سمنڊ جي ٻاهرئين روپ کان نه ڪنبي،
سندس پوڄا ڪرڻي آهي. مٿان واڳهو، سيسار ۽ مڇ پيا ڦرن، پر پاتال ۾ ماڻڪ ۽
موتي پيا جڙڪن. اها سڌ توپيڙن کي آهي، جي خبرداريءَ سان منهن کي ڪاڻو
ڏيئي، پاتال مان ماڻڪ ميڙي ٿا اچن.

اي گت غواصن، جئن سمنڊ سوجهيائون،
پيهي منجهه پاتار جي، ماڻڪ ميڙيائون،
آئي ڏنائون، هيرا لعل هٿن سين.

لوهيڙي جي سهڻي وٺ ۽ سبزگاهه کي ڏسي، وڻجاري جي استريءَ کي
پنهنجي پتار جي پياس ٿي ٿئي.

سر لوهيڙا ڳپيا، ڪسر نسريا،
تو ڪئن وسريا، ڏوليا! ڏينهن اچڻ جا؟

”سر ڪاموڏ“ ۾ شاهه، ڪينجهر ڍنڍ جو نرم نظارو پيش ڪيو آهي، هيٺ
ڪينجهر جو اوجل پاڻي، مٿان وڻن جي چانو، وري جو اچي اُتر جي هير، ته ڪينجهر
جڻ هندورو ٿيو پوي. ڪنڌيءَ وٽ، ڪنول صف لايو بيٺا آهن. بهار جي رت ۾،
ساري ڍنڍ، هڪ عجيب سرهاڻ سان واسجي ٿي وڃي.

هيٺ جر، مٿي مڇر، پاسي ۾ وٿراهه،
لڳي اُتر واءُ، ڪينجهر هندورو ٿئي.
هيٺ جر، مٿي مڇر، ڪنڌيءَ ڪونر ترن،
ورئي واهونڊن، ڪينجهر ڪٿوري ٿئي.

”سر ڪنياٽ“ ۽ ”سر مومل راڻي“ ۾، سنڌ جي مخملي آسمان جي سونهن
ڏانهن ڪي اشارا ڪيا اٿس. سنڌ جي اوجل آڪاس ۾ چوڏهينءَ جو چنڊ، سهسين
سينگار ڪري ٿو اُڀري، ۽ شعري تارو، صبح جي وقت، پورن حُسن ۽ جمال سان
چمڪي ٿو. سوپيا ۾ ٻنهي جي، پرينءَ سان جاءِ ناهي.

ڪٿيون ۽ تارا به پوري چمڪاڻ سان ٿا چمڪن،
ڪٿين ڪر موڙيا، ٿيڙو اُڀا ٿيئي.
(سر مومل راڻو)

شاھ، قدرت جي ھر رنگ جو مشتاق آھي، پر پنهنجي پرينءَ جو انڪان وڌيڪ پياسي آھي.

شاھ، قدرت جا ٻئي پاسا چٽيا آهن. پينڪر ۽ موھيندڙ. قدرت قاتل به آھي، ته ٺپن تي نار وجھندڙ به. سسئيءَ وارن سرن ۾، جبلن جي جلدائين ۽ ڏونگرن جي ڏاڍاين جو ذڪر ٿو ڪري. مصيبت جي ماريل انسان کي، قدرت ۾ ھمدرديءَ جو ذرو به ڏسڻ ۾ نٿو اچي. سندس دل رتور آھي، پر قدرت کي رتيءَ جو به ڪھڪاءُ ناھي.

ڏونگر! ڏوراڻو، پھريون چونديس پرينءَ کي،
 ”پھڻ پير پٿون ڪيا، تريون چنيون تو،
 رحم نہ پيءُ روح ۾، قدر منھنجو ڪو“
 واکا ڪنديس ”وو! مون سين جبل ٿو جاڙون ڪري!“
 (سر ڪوھياري)

سند جي جبلن ۽ ٻرپن جو پنڌ به دوزخ جھڙو آھي. ڪٿي جھنگلي وڻ روڪ پيا وجھن، ته ڪٿي تتل واري ھلڻ کان عاجز ڪيو ڇڏي؛ ڪٿي نيلا نانگ، دل کي دھلايو ڇڏين.

وڏا وڻ وڻڪار جا، جت جائو، جمر، جر،
 ڪوسا تپن ڪڪرا، ٻي دمدم تپي ڌر،
 وڏا وڻ وڻڪار جا، جت ناگ سڄن نيلا.
 (سر سسئي آبري)

سفر اھڙو ته اٿانگو آھي. جو جبرا ۽ سٻراٺ به ھڪواري اُت دھلجيو بيهيو وڃن.
 دوڪ دھليا جت، گوڏا ھلن نہ گس ۾.
 (سر ديسي)

جئن ديواني درياھ کي ڏسندي، دانائن کان دانائي ڇڏايو وڃي، تن ڪرڙا ڏونگر ڏسي حريف ٿي حيران ٿيو وڃن.

ڪرڙا ڏونگر. ڪھ گھڻي، جت ٻرپت، بيران،
 ڏاھن ڏاھپ وسري، ٿيا حريف ٿي حيران.
 (سر ديسي)

بيابان ۾ واسينگ وراڪا ڏيو پيا گهمڻ. واسينگن جا ٻچا ڏسڻ ۾ سنهڻا، پر اهڙا ته زهري، جو هاڻيءَ جهڙي پربت حيوان کي به جيڪر کن ۾ ڏاهي وجهن.

سنهڻا پاءُ ۾ سڀ، ويا ۽ واسينگن جا،
جنين جي جهڙپ، هاڻي هنڌان ئي نه چري.
(سرڪاريل)

وڻن ۾ چڻ ۽ چيھن جا آشيانا ۽ ٻيھن جون ٻوليون آهن. جبل جا پنڌ پيرن کي رتو رت ڪيو ڇڏين ۽ سارو ڏينھن مٿان لوهه پئي وسي. اهڙي هنڌ، اڪيلائي، موت کان وڌيڪ بري بلا آهي. لکن جا ڪشالا به ڇيله پيچندڙ آهن.

وڏا وڻ وڻڪار جا، چڻون جت چيها،
منزل دور، من تنها، اُت ٻوليون ڪن بيهه،
رائي پير رت ڪيا، لڳي لڪ ڏيها،
لکن جيون ليها، لوڙهيا لعل لطيف چئي.
(سر سسئي آبري)

هي لاثاني شاعر، ٿر ملڪ جي ڪڪ پن تي مفتون هو. ”سر مارئيءَ“ جو هر لفظ اها شاهدي ٿو ڏئي. ٿرين جي سادي پر اخلاقي زندگيءَ ۽ ٿر ملڪ جي فطرتي سينگار تي عجيب جادو بياني ڪئي اٿس. ٿر ملڪ جي نرالن نرالن گلن ڦلن، ميون، اُنن ۽ گاهن ڏانهن، مارئي جي ويس ۾، نهايت محبت ۽ تاثير ڀريل لفظن ۾ اشارا فرمايا اٿس. برسات کان پوءِ، ٿر هڪ گلستان ٿي پوندو آهي، ۽ پتن تي اهڙي ته عجيب گلزاري ۽ ساوڪ نمايان ٿيندي آهي، جو قادر مطلق جي قدرت تي، عقل، حيرت جي گرداب ۾ غرق ٿيو وڃي.

ٿري ويچارا، جن جو گذران، گولاڙن ۽ گاهن تي آهي، جن لاءِ پلر هڪ نعمت آهي، سي ڪيئن نه سارنگ جي اچڻ سان وجد ۾ اچن! ماروئڙا پنهنجا پڪا ئي وڃي پتن پر اڏين.

پتن پير هوندا، پڪا پنوهارن جا.
جت جهڙ ڦر، تن سندن جهوپڙا:
جهڙ ڦر جت ٿيان، تن اڏيائون پڪڙا.

ٿر جا ماڻهو ته ٺهيو، پر پڪي پرندا ۽ مرون به سارنگ لاءِ بيتاب ٿا رهن.
ويچارو ٿر ٻاٻيهو ته لوه لڳڻ سان مريو وڃي. شاھ صاحب، هن سارنگ جي
فدائي پڪيءَ کي، هڪ حقيقي عاشق جو مرتبو ٿو ڏئي.

منجهان منهنجي روح، جي وڃي ساڄن وسري،
مر لڳي لوه، ٿر ٻاٻيهو ٿي مران.

ساري ٿر جو گذران، مال ۽ چاري تي آهي. مارئي اهڙو اشارو ڪري ٿي:

منهنجو ٿور تلن ۾، چيها ٿو چاري.

مطلب ته ٿر ملڪ جو، اهو ڪو دلڪش تفصيل ناهي، جو شاھ صاحب جي
نظر کان گٽو هجي.

شاھ، سنڌ جي قدرتي نظارن کي هڪ باريڪ، فلسفانه، عارفانه ۽ عاشقانه
نظر سان جاچيو آهي. سندس طبعي شعر جي وڏي ۾ وڏي خوبي اها آهي، جو ان
۾ نهايت وفائيءَ سان، هيڪلائيءَ جي ماريل دلين جو احوال چٽيل آهي. قدرت جا
نرالا نرالا نظارا ڏسندي، ستايل دلين ۾ جيڪي پور ۽ آتما ٿا اٿن، تنجو نهايت سوز
پري نوع ۾ وستار ڪيو اٿس.

شاھ، طالب به پاڻ آهي مطلوب به پاڻ. پنهنجي حسن تي پاڻ حيران آهي.

پنهنجون اهي ٻئي شخصيتون، پنهنجن سورمين ۽ سورمن جي قالبن جون
پلٽيون اٿس. طالب جي صورت ۾، هو، سهڻي ۽ سسئي، مومل ۽ ليلا، نوري ۽
مارئي آهي. سهڻيءَ ۽ سسئيءَ جو عشق، سندس بي انتها عشق جو عڪس آهي؛
اهو عشق درياھ جي دهشت ۽ بيابان جي وحشت کي، ڪن ۾ مات ڪيو ڇڏي.
محبوب حقيقي لاءِ مومل ۽ ليلا جي روپ ۾ رڙي ٿو؛ مارئيءَ جي ويس ۾، پنهنجي
اصلوڪي غيبي وطن لاءِ ڳوڙها ٿو ڳاڙي؛ ۽ محبوب جي حضوري ۾ هوندي به،
نوريءَ وانگر، ڪنڌ هيٺ نوائي ٿو وهي، چو ته:

رئنديون ڏنيون مون، ان در مٿي دادليون.

جان نثاري ۽ فداڪاريءَ جون اهي مورتون چٽي، پنهنجي حقيقي وصفن جو
اظهار ڪيو اٿس. هنن جي محبوبي صورتن ۾ پنهنجي باطني حسن و جمال جو
عڪس پسايو اٿس.

منجهين ڪاڪ ڪڪوري، منجهين باغ بهار

در حقيقت، شاھ جا سورما، پهرين طالب ٿيا آهن، ۽ پوءِ ڦري مطلوب بنيا آهن. سڄي عاشقي ڪمائي. سڄائي صداقت جا پروانا بنجي، عشق ۽ معشوق مٿان، ايتري قدر پاڻ فدا ڪيو اٿن، جو سندن مطلوب خود ڦري، سندن طالب بنجي پيئيون آهن. شاھ، مطلوب جي حيثيت ۾، پاڻ کي پنهنجن، راڻي، چنيسر ۽ ميهار جي صورت ۾ روشن ڪيو آهي. هو، هڪ اهڙو سڄو طالب آهي، جو پنهنجي بي انتها صداقت جي ڪري ڦري، هڪ محبوبي مطلوب ٿي پيو آهي.

عاشق سي چئجن، جن تي عاشق پاڻ ٿيو،
اهڙي رنگ رچن، سي عاشق معشوق ٿيا.
(سامي)

اهو آهي حقيقي راز، جو شاھ، پنهنجن سورمن ذريعي، نروار ڪيو آهي. سسئي، شاھ پاڻ آهي. سسئيءَ جا ڪشالا، شاھ جي حقيقي جفائن جو عڪس آهن. شاھ جي دل ۾ سمايل برھ جي اٿاھ باھ جا شعلا، سسئيءَ جي صڌائن ۾ نڪري ظاهر ٿيا آهن. پر اهي فقط شعلا آهن، آتش، شاھ جي سيني ۾ ئي محفوظ رهي. تڏهين ته شاھ چوي ٿو:

حقيقت هن حال جي، جي ظاهر ڪريان ڌري،
لڳي ماٺ مرن ڪي، ڏونگر پون ڌري،
ويجن وڻ ٻري، اوڀڙ اڀري ڪين ڪي.
(سر ڪوهياري)

پر جيڪا ڌري آتش سسئيءَ جي لباس ۾ ظاهر ڪئي اٿس، سا به پڙهندڙ جي دل تي وڃ وانگر ٿي ڪري. سسئي بنن ۽ ٻرپن، مان لڳندي، دلي سوز ۽ جهري جوش جو طوفان مچائيندي ٿي وڃي. پاڻ ته قرب جي ڪٺل ۽ ويراڳ جي وڍيل آهي، پر پنهنجي درد سان، بي جان شين کي به وڍيو ٿي ڇڏي. مرون ۽ مرغ ۽ ٻيو هر ڪو جيو، جو کيس ڏسي ٿو، سو ماته ۾ مريو وڃي:

وڍيءَ سي واڍوڙيا، رت نه ڏنو جن،
موت قبوليو تن، ڏنو جن ڏکيءَ کي.
(سر معذوري)

شاھ، پنهنجن سورمين کي سڄي عشق ۾ رڱي، کين هميشه لاءِ زنده رکيو آهي. درحقيقت، نوري به شاھ پاڻ آهي، ته سهڻي به پاڻ: ليلا به پاڻ آهي ته سسئي به پاڻ. انهن جي پابندگيءَ جو ذڪر ڪندي، در حقيقت پنهنجي پابندگيءَ ڏانهن اشارو ڪيو اٿس. نوريءَ کي ڄام تماچي نه نوازي ها، ته سندس نالو، گمناميءَ جي دفتر ۾ لکيل هجي ها؛ سهڻي، ساهڙ جي صدقي سير ۾ گهڙي پاڻ قربان نه ڪري ها، ته اڄ سندس نالو، عدم جي طاق تي ئي اڪريل هجي ها؛ سسئي محبت جي مارڳ ۾ مئي، تڏهين ئي سندس نالو ديسان ديس وڃي ويو آهي نه ته هوند سنڌ به کين سڃاڻينس ها ته ڪير هئي.

سڌر سين سڱ ڪري، پر ڪنڊين پيياس،
ڪير برهمڻ ڪن جي، ڪير ڄاڻي ڪيڻاس،
هند نه سنڌ سياس، هن پريبن ڪيس پڌري،
(سر معذوري)

شاھ، دنيوي جيوت جا ڏينھڙا، نمائي نموني ۾، غريبائي پٽ تي گھاريا، پر اڄ سندس خوشبوءِ، ولايتن کي واسي ڇڏيو آهي. سسئي، پنھونءَ جي محبت ۾ مئي ۽ شاھ، الاهي عشق ۾ فنا ٿيل هو. شاعر سان گڏ سندس سورميون به هميشه زنده رهنديون.

هر ڪو شاعر عاشق آهي. دنيا ۾ اهڙو شاعر پيدا نه ٿيو آهي، جنهن جي چولي ۾، عشق جي چٽنگ نه پيئي هجي، يا جو انجي اثر هيٺ نه آيو هجي. دنيا جو ڪو شاعرانه دفتر، عشق جي ثنا کان خالي ناهي. مشرقي شاعر، انجي نالي اچارڻ سان ئي، وجد ۾ اچي ٿا وڃن. رومي چوي ٿو: ”عشق ۾ اهڙو ڪو زبردست برقي اثر آهي، جو ان جي نالي ٻڌڻ سان، جبل به جنبش ۾ اچي ٿو وڃي ۽ نچڻ ٿو لڳي.“

”ڪوه در رقص آمد و چالاک شد.“

شاھ کي مجازي ۽ حقيقي عشق جو تجربو هو. جيڪو به چيو اٿس سو عشق جي مستيءَ ۾. روميءَ وانگر، شاھ به عشق جي مدح ڳائيندي، وجد ۾ اچي ٿو وڃي:

مدح مونکان نه ٿئي، سنڌي سور صفت،
هجي ڪريان هيچ سين، مطالع محبت،
(سر معذوري)

”مونکي لفظ ئي کينهن جو مان درد جي صفت يا ساراه ڪري سگهان. محبت جي هجي ئي آءُ جيڪر وڏي شوق سان ڪريان ۽ سڪ جو سبق، بيحد چاه سان پڙهان.“ شاھ هڪ آدرشي عاشق آهي. ۽ پنهنجي ڪلام ۾ عاشقن لاءِ اعليٰ درجي جون هدايتون ۽ آدرش ڇڏي ويو آهي. عشق جو سارو روپ، سندس ڪلام ۾ ڇٽيل آهي؛ عشق جو هر هڪ راز ان ۾ سمايو پيو آهي. شاھ، عشق جي وارتا، ابتدا کان وٺي ڪٿي ٿو. پر محبت هڪ اهڙي چيز آهي، جنهن کي انتها آهي ئي کين. شاھ جو عشق به لانتها آهي.

شاھ، محبت کي هڪ عجيب اُج ڪري بيان ڪيو آهي، جا ڪڏهين به اُجهامڻ جي ناهي. ”سر سهڻي“ ۾ چوي ٿو: اُندر ۾ پرينءَ جي عشق جي اهڙي تونس اٿم، جو سارو سمنڊ پي وڃان، ته به مون لاءِ ڄڻ هڪ سرڪ به نه آهي:

ڪامان، پڇان، پڇران، لڇان ۽ لوچان،
تن ۾ تونس پرينءَ جي، پيان نه ڍاپان،
جي سمنڊ منهن ڪريان، توءِ سرڪيائي نه ٿئي.
(سر سهڻي)

”سر سسئي آبري“ ۾، انهيءَ عجيب اُج جو ساڳي نموني ذڪر ٿو ڪري. جئن جئن محبت جو جام پيو پيئبو، تئن تئن اها تشنگي زور پيئي وٺندي. عاشق جي اُج تڏهين لهندي، جڏهين سندس معشوق جي اُندر ۾ به اهڙي ساڳي اُج پيدا ٿيندي، پوءِ ٻنهي جو ابدي وصال ٿيندو، ۽ اُج اُج سان متجي ويندي.

محبت جن جي من ۾، تن تشنگي تار،
پي پيالو اُج جو، اُج سين اُج اُتيار.

محبت اڳيان، ڪهڙيون به گريون مصيبتون، بيهي نه سگهنديون. ندي ۽ واهڙ ڪهڙي چيز آهن، جي سهڻيءَ جي اٿاه عشق اڳيان ست جهلي سگهن، يا جبلن ۽ بر پتن کي ڇا مجال آهي، جو سسئيءَ جو لانتها سڪ اڳيان، پنهنجي هستي قائم رکي سگهن!

جن کي عشق جي اُسات، سي واهڙ پائڻ وڪڙي.
(سر سهڻي)

جبل وڏو جو، نوڻ مڙوئي نينهن کي.

(سرديسي)

هيءَ ته هڪ ندي هئي، پر سهڻيءَ جهڙي سڄي عاشقيائيءَ اڳيان، کڻي
سهسين سمنڊ پنهنجي دهشت ڏيکارين ها، ته به سندس نينهن کي لوڏي نه سگهن
ها. مطلب ته سڄو عاشق، ڪهڙين به مصيبتن کي آخر ۾ نٿو آڻي.

سهسين سائر گجن، توءَ سهج نه مٽي سهڻي،

ته کي نينهن ڇڄن، پر تنهن ڀرين جي؟

(سر سهڻي)

شاهه، عشق تي عاشق هو. هو ڪڏهن به وصل لاءِ نٿو واجهائي، بلڪه هميشه
اها ئي آرزو ٿو رکي ته دائر سڪندو رهان. فراق، محبوب جي ياد کي سرسبز ۽
تازو ٿو رکي، وصل، سک کي موت جي سبب تي ليٽائي ٿو ڇڏي. شاهه، وصل جي
ويجهو ئي نٿو وڃي، پر هميشه فراق جي مرحبا ٿو ڪري.

وصالان فراق جي، سڄي ڳالهه ڳري.

(سر سهڻي)

ڦوڙائي فراق جي، سڄي ڳالهه ڳري.

(سر سسئي آبري)

”سر حسيني“ ۾ فراق جي شان ۾، ڪهڙو نه سهڻو خيال ٿو پيش ڪري!
جيڪي فراق ۾ آهي، سو وصل ۾ ناهي. محبوب مليو ته سک لٿي؛ گویا محبوب،
عاشق کي ويجهو ٿيڻ سان، هن کي پاڻ کان پري ٿو ڪري. وصل، محبوب ۽ عاشق
جي وچ ۾ ويڇو ٿو آڻي، ڇو ته وصل جي حالت ۾، عاشق جا فراق وارا ڪڙهندڙ ڦٽ
ميٽجي ٿا وڃن، ۽ عاشق، سوز ۽ درد کان خالي ٿو رهجي وڃي. جي دل ۾ دوست
جو درد نه رهيو، ته عاشقي ختم ٿي چڪي ۽ عشق جو لطف وڃڻ کي ويندو رهيو.
شاعر، دل و جان سان فراق جي آجيان ٿو ڪري.

جيڪي فراقان، سو وصالان نه ٿئي،

اچي اوطاقان، مونکي ڀرين پري ڪيو.

شاھ، سخين تي عاشق هو، جئن سندس مديحي ڪلام مان ظاهر آهي. سچو سخي به هڪ اهڙو فقير آهي، جنهن جي وڏائي ڪامل عارف به ٿا ڳائڻ. سخين جي سخاوت هڪ ابدي گل آهي، جنهن جي سرهاڻ ”جڳان جڳ“ ڦهليل رهي. سخين جي صدقي شاھ، مديحي شعر به چيو آهي. ”سر پرياتي“ ۾ سپر سخي، لس ٻيلي جي سخي حاڪم، ”سر بلاول“ ۾ مشهور سخي ڄام (سند جي سمي حاڪم، جادمر جڪري) جي، دل کولي واکاڻ ڳائي اٿس. ايراني شاعر، ڪنهن انعام جي تمنا رکي، خسيس بادشاهن کي به، پنهنجن قصيدن ۾ وٺي عرشين چاڙهندا هئا.

شاھ جن حاڪمن جي ساراه ڪئي آهي، سي تن ڏينهن ۾ جهان ۾ ئي ڪين هئا شاھ، اهو مديحي شعر، انهيءَ لاءِ چيو آهي، ته دنيا ۾ سخين جي سخاوت، آمر رهي، ۽ حاڪم، سخاوت کي پنهنجي خوءَ ڪن. تحقيق، ڪنهن سخيءَ جو ديدار ئي هڪ پاڪ زيارت آهي؛ ۽ سندس ساراه ڳائڻ، هڪ ”عجيب عبادت“.

راءِ ڏياچ، هڪ ڪامل راڳائيءَ کي، پنهنجو سر ڏاڻ ۾ ڏنو: هوڏانهن، سپڙ سخيءَ وري هڪ ڏڏ مڱڻهار کي، هڪ سئو تازي گهوڙا انعام طور ڏئي ڇڏيا. راءِ ڏياچ پنهنجو سر لڄيندي لاٿو، ڇو ته ٻيجل جي تند کي، ”سئو هزار سرن“ ۽ ”ڪوڙين ڪپارن“ کان مٿي ٿي سمجهيائين؛ سپڙ سخيءَ به ڏڏ مڱڻهار سان وڏائي وڙ ڪيا؛ کيس سندس بي سرائي بابت ته ڪڇ نه چيائين، پر پاڻ ساڻس ڏک ڪڍيائين ته ”اي جاجڪ! ٻين درن تي ويڃڻ بدران، جو هن کان اڳ، منهنجي در تي نه آئين، تڏهين ئي هيترا سارا ڏکيا ڏينهن ڏنا اٿيئي.“

ڏاتار ڏک ڪيا، پاڻا مٿي مڱڻي،

”مون در ڇڏيو، مڱڻا! مڱين ڪو بهيا؟“

تڏهن تو پيا، وچان ولها ڏينهنڙا.“

(سر پرياتي)

ڄام سمي جي سخاوت کي، هن ريت ٿو داد ڏئي: ”جس جو لائق، هڪ ڄام سمو آهي: ٻيا مڙيئي حاڪم، ”انيراءِ“، (جنهن راءِ ڏياچ جو، ٻيجل معرفت، سر وڌايو هو) مثل آهن. جنهن هنڌ، هي سخي سردار جڙي راس ٿيو هو، تنهن هنڌ، ٻيو ڪو به انسان اهڙو نه جڙيو، ڇو ته اتي مٽي هئي ئي ايتري. هن سخي حاڪم کي

ڏسڻ سان ٻيو ڪوبه راجا، دل تي ئي نٿو اچي. ڇو ته جتي مٺي پاڻيءَ جو چشمو هوندو آهي، تي ٻين ڪوهن ڪٿڻ جو ڇا سود!

جڪرو جس ڪرو، ٻيا سڀ انيرا،
جٿائين گهڙيو جڪرو، تٿائين نه ٻيا،
مٽي تنهن ماڳا، اصل هئي ايتري.
ڏٺي جادو جڪري، ڇت نه ٻيا چڙهن،
ته ڪي ڪوه ڪجن، جه سر لپي سپرو.

شل سخين جي سخاوت، هميشه قائم رهي! سخين کان سواءِ دنيا ۾
اندوڪار آهي. سخي، هن دنيا جي ريگستان ۾، مٺي ۽ ٿڌي ڪوه مثل آهن، جنهن
مان رڻ اُڪرنڌڙ، پاڻيءَ ڇڪو پي، پنهنجو جيءُ ٺارين ٿا. شل آهي اُمر رهن!

آلا! جنگ جين، جنين اُجهي گهاريان،
شال مَ سڪي ويئري، جٿان پي پين.

شاھ، جادو جڪري جي واکاڻ ڪندي، وجد ۾ اچي ٿو وڃي، ۽ مبالغه ۾
اچي ٿو چٽڪي: ”هن حاڪم سان ٻيا سوين سردار به نه پاڙيان. اي سخي! تنهنجي
سخا، مينهن مثل آهي. تنهنجي ’جهڙ‘، يعني سخاوت، ارڙهن هزار حاتمن کي
ڍڪي ڇڏيو آهي.“

پانڊپ سين نه پاڙيان، سوين ٻيا سردار،
آهي مثل مينهن جي، سخي تنهنجي سار،
حاتم هڻده هزار، جهڙ تنهنجي جهپيا.
(سر بلاول)

شاھ، الله جو عاشق هو، تنهنڪري الله جي عاشقن جو به عاشق هو، امام
حسين جي شهادت جو بيان، نهايت رقت آميز نموني ۾ ڪيو اٿس. امام حسين
پنهنجو سر، غزا يا ديني جنگ ۾ ڏنو. شاھ جهڙو عاشق، ڪيئن نه اهڙي واقعي
کي، پنهنجي ساري روحاني قوت ۽ شاعراڻي شعور سان چٽيندو؟ عاشقن جو مرڪز
ئي آهي شهادت.

سي ڌڙ پسي سڌ، ڪنهن آياڳي نه ٿئي.

(سر ڪلياڻ)

فردوسيءَ وانگر، شاھ، تاريخي دلچسپيءَ کان، رزمي شعر نه چيو آهي، اگرچہ ”سر ڪيڏارو“ آهي تاريخي حقيقتن تي ٻڌل. هن نموني جو شعر بہ، شاھ، حقيقي عشق جي جذبي هيٺ چيو آهي. ”سختي شهادت جي، نسورو ئي ناز“. ڪيڏارو، سنسڪرت شبد ”ڪيڏار“ جي بگڙيل يا فاسد صورت آهي. ”ڪيڏار“ جي معنيٰ ئي آهي يڌ جو ڪيتري جنگ جو ميدان. ”سر ڪيڏاري“ ۾ جنگ جو جوش ۽ خروش، بهادرن جي همت ۽ شجاعت، جهونجهارن جي دل دهلائيندڙ رک وهندي راند، شيرن جي ڪنڌن جو رڻ ۾ نچڻ، ونڪن جي وهن جي جان ڏڪائيندڙ واويلا، ڪائنات جو عاشقن جي شهادت تي ماتم ڪرڻ وغيره... انهن مڙني جو ذڪر قلب کي پاڻي ڪندڙ لفظن ۾ ڪيو اٿس.

شاھ، جي نظر ۾ سورھ اهو آهي، جو ويڙھ ويل ڪٽڪ ۾ بنا ڪنهن وسوسي يا هٻڪ جي، ڪاهي ٿو پوي. نه زره ٿو بت تي پھري، نه پنهنجي بچاءُ جي ڍال ٿو اڳيان ڌاري. هو سر جو سانگو لاهي، نيزي ۽ تلوار جو مارو ڪندو ٿو اچي، ۽ سواءِ ويڙھ جي ٻيو ڪو بہ ويچار اندر ۾ نہ ٿو اچيس. جو سپاهي، جنگ جي ميدان ۾ زره ۽ ڍال ٿو سنڀاري، تنهن کي اڃا جان سان موھ آهي. اهڙو سپاهي، سورھ سڏجڻ جو لائق ناھي. سڄو سورھ اهو آهي، جنهن کي جيئڻ جي رتيءَ جيتري بہ سڌ ناھي.

ڪلي وير ڪٽڪ ۾، پاڪر جو پاڻي،
اڃا اُن کي جيئڻ جو، آسانگو آهي،
سورھ سو چائي، جو رڳو ئي رڻ گھڙي.

شاھ، بهادرن کي هيءَ تلقين ٿو ڏئي :

سورھ! مرين سوڀ کي، دل جا وھم وسار،
ھڻ ڀالا، وڙھ پاڪرين، آڏي ڍال ۾ ڌار،
مٿان تيغ ترار، مار تہ متارو ٿئين.

شھزادن جو مرڪ آهي جنگ جو شوق رکڻ، ۽ جيسين جيئن، تيسين رک جي

پيالي پيئڻ جي تمنا رکندا اچن، ۽ آخر ۾ جنگ جي ميدان ۾ شهادت جو جام پيئڻ.

ڪونر ڪلي جا ڪوڏيا! جانڪي تائين جيءُ،
مٿان اڙن اُسري، رک پيالو پيءُ
گاهه گجهن جو ٿيءُ، ويٺي جن وره ٿيا.

پر شاھ کي احساس آهي ته جنگ جي ميدان ۾ دلير ٿيڻ، هر ڪنهن مڙس
جو ڪم ناهي، هتي اهو ڪڏي ڪاهي پوي، جو پڇڻ کي وڏو مهڻو سمجهي.

ڪلي وير ڪٽڪ ۾، ساڻو سڀ نه هون،
پڙ تي سيئي پون، موٽڻ جنين مهڻو.

شاھ هڪ سچو صوفي هو، اها صوفياني پر ناهي، جنهن ڏانهن شاھ صاحب
اشارا نه ڪيا آهن؛ اهو صوفي طريقو ناهي، جنهنجو هن صاحب اڀياس نه ڪيو
آهي، سندس رسالي ۾، صوفين جي جدا جدا منزلن يعني شريعت، طريقت،
معرفت، حقيقت ۽ صوفيان اُصولن جهڙوڪ ذکر ۽ فڪر، قضا ۽ رضا، توکل ۽
تسلیم، تجلي ۽ استتار وغيره ڏانهن به اشارا موجود آهن، جنن هيٺين مثالن مان
ظاهر آهي. ذکر ۽ فڪر :

جسي ۾ جبار جو، خفي خيمو ڪوڙ،
جلي تون زبان سين، چارئي پهر چوڙ،
فڪر سين فرقان ۾، اسم اعظم ڏور،
بيا در وڃي مر ووڙ، اي امل اٿائين سڄي.
(سر يمن ڪلياڻ)

قضا :

قضا جا ڪريم جي، تنهن کان ڪنڌ ڪڍبو ڪئن ؟
(سر سهڻي)

توکل :

ڏيئي توکل تڪيو، آر لنگهيا آسان.
(سر سريراڳ)

رضا ۽ تسليم :

سڀيئي سبھان جي، ڪر حوالي ڪم،
ٿي تحقيق تسليم ۾، لاهي غم وھم.

تجلي ۽ استتار: عاشق کي ڪڏھن مشاھدو ٿو ملي، ڪڏھن پردا ٿا چڙھنس.
ڪڏھن طاقيون ڏين، ڪڏھن ڪُن در دوس جا.
(سر بروو سنڌي)

صوفين جي جدا جدا منزلن ڏانھن به اشارا ٿو ڪري:

راھ شريعت ھليا، تفڪر طريقون،
حال حقيقت رسيا، معرفت ماڳون،
ناسوت، ملڪوت، جبروت، اي انعام لڏون،
پس لاهوت لنگھيون، ھاھوت مٿي ھليا.
(سر رامڪلي)

سالڪ کي شريعت جي پيڙھ تمام پختي ٻڌڻي آھي، پوءِ ئي انجي مٿان،
ھڪ سالر حقيقي عمارت اڏي سگھندو. روحاني پنڌ ۾ انيڪ خوف ۽ خطرا آھن ۽
جيسين طالب کي ڪو ڪامل رھبر ناھي، تيسين ھو ھي اٿانگو سفر طءُ ڪري نه
سگھندو. اھڙا اشارا شاھ صاحب ڪيترن ئي ھنڌ ڪيا آھن. صوفين جي چوڻي
آھي ته جنھن کي ڪو مرشد نه آھي، تنھنجو مرشد شيطان آھي. ”سر ديسيءَ“ ۾
شاھ صاحب سالڪ کي تاڪيد ٿو ڪري ته بنا مرشد جي سڀ اوندهه آھي:

دود دل تان دور ڪري. ڪر، ساڃن! صفائي،
من لا شيخ له، فشيخ الشيطان، ان ري اونداھي.

سالڪ کي مرڻ کان اڳ ئي مرڻو آھي يعني سڀني حرصن کي ختم ڪرڻو
اٿس. ”موتوا قبل ان تموتوا“ (حديث) انھيءَ چوڻيءَ جي شاھ، ”سر معذوريءَ“ ۾
اڀتار ڪئي آھي... ھڪ داستان ۾ اھوئي سر آلاپيو اٿس: ”موت کان اڳي مرو“:
”موتوا قبل ان تموتوا... موت کان مرڻ آھي حرصن کص فنا ڪرڻ. نه جيءَ کي جفا
ڏيڻ يا ڪنڌ ڪٽائڻ.

مري، جيءَ تہ ماڻھين، جانب جو جمال،
 ٿئين هوند حلال، جي پند اهاڻي پارئين.
 پر ۾ پڇي پرينءَ کي، مري نہ ڄاتو،
 ”موتوا“، منڏا نہ سو، ڪنڌ ڪهاڙ يا ڪاٿين؟

صوفين جو قول آهي تہ جڏھين ڌڻيءَ جھان خلقيو، تڏھين چيائين ”ڪن“
 يعني ٿيءُ؟ پوءِ ائين ٿيو پوي: ”فيڪون“. خدا جڏھين روح خلقيا، تڏھين اُنھن کان
 پڇيائين تہ ”الست بر بڪم“ يعني ”ڇا، نہ آھيان مان اوھانجو رب؟“ روحن جواب ۾
 چيو: ”هائو“ (قالوا بلي). قرآن شريف ۾ بہ ائين فرمايل آهي. شاھ جي ڪلام ۾،
 انھيءَ عقيدتي ڏانھن بہ اشارا آيل آھن:

”الست بر بڪم“، جڏھن ڪن پيوم،
 ”قالو بلي“ قلب سين، تڏھن تت چيوم.
 (سر مارئي)

* شاھ جي جدا جدا سرن جون تمثيلون اُنھن جي مهاڳن ۾ آيل آھن.

ڪلياڻ آڏواڻي

LIFE OF SHAH ABDUL LATIF BHITAI

In 1689 A.D., Shah Abdul Latif was born in Hala Haveli village of Hyderabad Sindh Taluka. Shah Abdul Latif was son of Syed Habibullah and grandson of Syed Abdul Qudus Shah and the great grandson of Syed Jamal Shah. Syed Jamal Shah was the third son of Syed Abdul Karim of Bulri on Tando Mohammad Khan to Mirpur Bathoro Road District Thatta near Jhok Sharif where Shaheed Inayat Shah was murdered by Mughals and buried there in a big and famous Mausoleum. Shah Latif was basically Syed whose mother belonged to Makhdoom Dayani Family. The tomb of Makhdoom Dayani is at the eastern side of old Hala. Some days after the birth of Shah Latif, his father Habib Shah migrated from Hala Haveli to Kotri, 9 miles away from Bhit Shah. Now both villages have ruined. Habib Shah sent his son for education purpose to the famous religious teacher Akhund Noor Mohammad Bhatti of Vaee village, 6 miles away from Bhit Shah and 2 miles from Udero Lal. People say that when the teacher started teaching to Shah Latif from Alif (A or الف), he did not accept or repeat the other word Be (B or بي). Whether Shah Latif remained uneducated or not, there are different views of different educationists of the day. Some say that Shah Latif was a unique educationist but some are of the view that Shah Latif was graced with the natural education. (God given or God inspired knowledge or education without teaching of a teacher.) Shah Latif always kept with himself three books i.e. (i) Quran (ii) Mathnavi of Molana Roomi and (iii) Risalo of Shah Karim Bulri. On these books, nothing is written anywhere to be recognized as the hand writing of Shah Latif. Mr. Ali Sher Quaniu Thattvi was disciple of Shah Latif and was a contemporary educated personality who has written in his book "Tuhufat ul Kiram" that although Shah Latif remained uneducated, but the universal education or the knowledge of the world he possessed in his mind. This Tuhufat ul

Kiram had been written only 16 years after the death of Shah Latif in 1768 A.D. It is why the educationists of those days considered this script an important source of authoritative information. Mir Ali Sher Quani describing about the God fearing people of those days, he himself became their lover and disciple for their miracles and natural actions. Therefore from his left out publications, historical book or publication has been found. It is commonly famous that when Shah Latif reached at the age of about 20 years, he was attracted by the worldly love. People say that the land lord of Kotri Mirza Mughal Baig had religious faith and respect with Syed Habib Shah, the father of Shah Latif and used to call him to his home for prayers when his any family member male or female fell ill. He was Arghoon and used to remain in curtain. Once his daughter fell sick so he called him for prayers but that day, his health was not balanced and asked his little son Shah Latif to accompany with Baig for necessary blessings and prayers for sick person. To see the beauty of Baig's daughter, Shah Latif was so much attracted that he himself felt love for the sick girl and taking her finger in his hand, he prayed that the finger of whom is in his hands, she will never suffer from any kind of disease and sickness. To hear these affectionate words of Shah Latif, Baig and all his family members showed annoyance and started oppressing the whole family of Habib Shah including Shah Latif. Consequently, Habib Shah shifted their village to northern side of Kotri village and settled at some distance away from there. After the shock of love, Shah Latif like dears and phoenix or bird of happy omen wanted to roam and walk in the deserted plains of the area near his village.

Once he could not turn up his home for continuous three days because he at some place fell unconscious so all the dust and sand flew over his body and fully covered with it and only one side of cloth was visible. A shepherd passed from there and saw him unconscious laying on the ground but recognized him so he went to Habib Shah and told him all the fact about Shah Latif. Habib Shah hurriedly and anxiously reached the place and seeing Shah Latif laying there in the sand uttered as:

“The wind blew and all limbs of the body are covered with the dust and sand”

Shah Latif heard these words of his father and awoke in unconsciousness and replied to Shah Habib his father as:

“Living or taking breathe only to see the beloved.”

People consider this plight of Shah Latif in this modern world as only “a saying or myth” which should be avoided and not believed.

One day, Shah Latif suddenly, without any information in the company of Jogis (hermits) left for Hinglaj. (Eastern mountains). It is clear that he went with them alongside the way or path to Ganjo Takar or (bald mountain) and lived there with them and walked along them for full three years. In the company of Jogis, he suffered many hardships and killed all his sensual desires and earned many natural treasures of spiritual ways of living, a pure and sacred life.

On the way to Hinglaj, he saw and visited the places, areas and villages, he has described about them in Surs of Sassui, Khahori and Sur Ramkali etc. When he returned from Hinglaj, perhaps he came via Thatta crossing the Indus River, he visited Mughalbheen, Lakhpat, Halar, Duwarka, Parrender, Jhoonagarah, Girnar and Khumbhat etc. In Thatta he got the chance to stay, exchange and discuss religious and other spiritual matters with Makhdoom Moeen and other saints and educated elites of the area. Makhdoom Moeen was also called as Makhdoom Taro. At the return to his village, he visited also Jessalmir and Thar areas. In the Sur Marvi, he has given a detailed account of the scenes and cultural and social living pattern of the people of the Thar (Tharies). Perhaps, he came to visit and see Ludano mountains, 5 miles away from Jessalmir and adjacent to it the Kak shore also, he might had seen. Sur Moomal Rano gives its testimony. “with memory, Syed says, give compliments from Ludano”, Coming to Nangar Thatta, he saw a man in the cave who was reciting as follows: “In loneliness, they will burry to Punhoon.”

He told when asked that he was a camel rider (Jatt) and walking through Hala, he had heard this line from the mouths of

some beggars or (Saints). Shah told him if he desired, the rest two lines he could hear from him. Shah told him these two lines as under:

"There were passages from the mountains, Gallows were hidden."

Hearing the second line, the Jatt got unconscious and stressed to hear the third line, Shah told him the third line:

"They are both together, if the pains of the beloved are accompanied with me."

As Shah ended the last line, Jatt died at once. Shah greatly shocked and also wondered to see this plight of Jatt. Then Jatt was got buried there. The passersby can still see this grave at present also walking through that place. Shah always used to express that he had never seen such an aggrieved person before.

The father of Shah Latif Syed Habib Shah became very feeble and physically weak in the separation and long disappearance of his only son and used continuously to pray God for early and safe return of his son Shah Latif. He used to visit the Mausoleum of Makhdoom Nooh and prayed for his son's early safe return. The day Shah Latif out of sudden appeared at his house. His father felt his eyes cool and became glad to see him. The years of separation went away with in a moment. After his return home, soon he was married with that girl for whom he had left his house to visit all deserts and sacred places. That was the daughter of Mirza Mughal Baig, Bibi Syeda Begam to whom after marriage with Shah Latif all disciples called her Tajul Mukhadarat (crown of all chaste women). How this marriage happened that is a wonderful story. One day some criminal people of Dal caste in the absence of male family members, attacked the house of Mirza Mughal Baig, they stole all the precious costly material available there. Then Mughal with weapons followed the dacoits and criminals and passed by the house of Shah Latif. To see them in this difficulty, Shah offered them all help for attacking them and returning the stolen material from them. But Mirza did not accept their help in hatred to consider it as his insult. Shah shocked very much over their such proud attitude. People say that Shah annoyed very much on them

and cursed them with the words of his misblessings. Mirza was killed along with his all people by the Culprits and criminals. That accident took place in 1124 AH or in 1813 A.D. All the women of Mughals came and apologized from Shah Latif family and agreed to marry that daughter of Mirza Mughal with Shah Latif. Bibi was very much chaste and sacred lady and suited to the saying of Sheikh Saadi of Iran who once narrated about the fortunes of the sacred and chaste ladies as:

“The sacred woman is wise, intelligent and fortunate enough who makes the beggar as a king”. Her sacred company really made Shah Latif as a Spiritual King. She had taken with her younger brother Golo after marriage but soon he died there. Shah Latif has no own child. There is a saying that once the wife of Shah Latif expected a child but later on was aborted. The reason there of was spread out by people that one day a senior disciple of Shah Latif was running towards the town bazaar in very hasty and perspiring condition when Shah asked him the reason of tiring condition he told him that Bibi Sahiba (Shah’s wife) was expecting a child so she desired to eat Pala Fish and hurriedly went to buy it for Bibi Sahiba. Shah then expressed that we did not need such a child who before his birth puts his disciples in trouble. Shah Latif always used to say that “his disciples were his children whose hearts were filled with the love of God.” It is really the disciples of saints are their natural sons or full with the light of God.

Now, Shah Latif passed a normal and peaceful life. He passed the usual time in prayers of God and revealing inspirational, natural and spiritual poetry in Sindhi language. He used to pray so much that he could observe the beauty of the creation of God. He always remained and lived unconscious to observe the various natural scenes and miracles. He used to live in deep thinking and thoughtfulness. What is the human being and the universe? He used to consider all the matters related to these facts. In the original Hindu scriptures, there is mention of such considerations on these facts and aspects of life. What are universe, creation and creator?

The kind nature of Shah Latif and his piety and pure qualities attracted many people of the time all around his living place. He was Syed at first and secondly, he was very noble in nature and behaviour so he was very much loved and liked by all and Sundry. He did not allow or like to be worshiped or praised as a saint or sacred and did not like to accept other people's flattery and greedy feeling for him.

"Worship and kindness for self-egoism oh Jogi (hermit) keep away from you". You make people as your servants, it is your great greediness."

But people themselves were attracted to him. The neighbouring Saints and Meers (lords or rulers) could not tolerate or bear such place of respect and reputation for Shah Sahib. It meant that all the jealousy with him was on account of this place of respect for him in the hearts of the people. All therefore, tried to harass and trouble him in different ways. Mian Noor Mohammed Kalhoro, the ruler of the time wanted to kill him by any means but all his enemies failed in their attempts due to all mercy and kindness of God Almighty. Shah Latif wanted to build up a tomb or mausoleum over the grave of Shah Abdul Karim of Bulri. So for that purpose, he dashed to Multan to Purchase Tiles. On his return, when he reached at Khuda Abad near Dadu, the Capital place of the rule of Kalhora dynasty, many people of the area hearing about his arrival there came to pay him homage and regards. Mian Noor Mohammad Kalhoro sent him a small box full of electuary or a tonic as a gift but Shah Latif taking it, threw it in the river and said that let whole the deep bottom of the water should get grace of it. In the tonic box, there was a killing poison so people say that at the very time, a good number of fishes were affected by the poison and died floating on the surface of the water. Next time, he gave him as a gift a good quality horse decorated with jewels of gold and diamond but Shah Latif taking the rein of the gifted horse threw it away and fastened it with rope and he himself fled away like a thunder storm and after short while he returned safely at the same place. Mian Noor Mohammad Kalhoro repented on his bad intention. People say

that Mian Ghulam Shah Kalhoro was born to Mian Noor Mohammad Kalhoro with the blessing of Shah Latif.

Now, Shah Latif could not be happy to live in Kotri in remembering God. During his travelling here and there, he was attracted by an area full of heaps of sand and in between the thorny and leafless Caper bushes or wood of Krir tree (*Capparis aphylla decidua*) at the distance of two miles (3 kilometers) near the Karar Lake which was according to his view, the peaceful place for prayers. He labored hard to collect the mud from the nearby areas and heaped there to make it a higher place to be looked as a mound and then he made a small hut for his living. A small mosque was also built up there and also a fully covered house for the residence of his family and parents. A boundary mark was also erected for the residence of his disciples separately. During the raining reason, Bhit became an attractive place to feel a happy and comfortable area full of greenery and scenery of plants and newly grown bushes there. Shah has pointed out such pleasant remarks in the Sur Sarang. People tell that once Shah Abdul Karim of Bulri had walked through this area and had offered his prayers there and had predicted also that one of his descendent who would be great saint and ever-lasting poet would build up his living place and settle there when once Shah Abdul Karim had passed from here to meet and have company with Makhdoom Nooh of Hala because they both had friendly relations. Still Shah Abdul Latif was busy with the preparations of his settlement there at Bhit Shah he knew about the illness and serious sickness of his father Habib Shah. Shah Habib through some messenger sent the message to his son as under:

“Who is faithful and if does not come during life, what you can do after death, please do that when I am alive.”

Shah became anxious to meet him and sent his message as follows:

“Don’t be sad or feel sorrow that I am away from you, in sight we are away but the destination or presence of both is one.” Habib Shah became happy to receive the message of his son Shah Latif who soon left for meeting his father at his village Kotri but

the soul of Habib Shah reached his Creator before Shah Latif's arrival there. Shah Latif became shocked and sad to hear about the death of his father. According to his will, he was then buried at the upper side of Mahmood Faqueer (Disciple). Now a big tomb has been built upon his grave. That tomb is only at about eight or nine steps from the mausoleum of Shah Latif. Shah Habib died in 1742 A.D that date of death has been derived from an Arabic Phrase of the writing of Mohammad Sadiq Naqashbandi as follows:

"The death is a bridge crossing from that a friend meets with his another friend". Shah Latif remained alive only for ten years after the death of his father and shifted from the Kotri village and settled permanently at Bhit Shah along with his whole family. Now he became very famous throughout the four corners of his living place, Bhit Shah and people in great numbers thronged to pay him their respects and get his blessings. The whole day at his residence, music on fiddle and songs continued without any gap or break. Two famous singers of Delhi, Atal and Chanchal also visited him and settled there in his sitting place along with all other disciples and singers. The song was life of Shah Latif. He was expert of music of fiddle and also song (Gain Vidya). He used to sing his own poems/poetry. People tell that before his death, he used to sing the following song (Kafee or Vaee) from his Risalo's Melody or Sur Suhni:

"What is the reason to live separate from my beloved?"

In the last days of his life, he desired to visit and see the places of Karbala (Iraq) where the family of Hussain R.A, the grandson of our Prophet Mohammad (PBUH) were slain by the army of Yazid and Ibn Ziad. Fortunately, on the way, a God fearing man met him who pointed out him that you (Shah Latif) wanted to be buried in the Bhit Shah, then in the last days of your life why do you want to leave it. He realized seriously these words of the God fearing man and then Shah Latif avoided to leave for Karbala and returned to Bhit Shah. He wore the black dress and in the memory of the martyrdom of Imam Hussain and other victims or martyrs of Karbala, Shah Latif revealed orally the Sur of Kedaro of the Risalo. He remained full twenty one days in

loneliness and during that period he took the meals equal to only two diets. When he came out, he got ablution and covered himself with the sheet of cloth and sat in cover. When the song ended, disciples went to see Shah Latif but they saw that the sacred soul of Shah Latif had reached to God. He died on the 14th of Islamic month of Safar in 1165 A.H. or 1752 A.D. His age was at that time 63 years, the age of both Prophet Mohammad (PBUH) and Hazrat Ali (R.A). According to his will, he was buried at the foot side of Mahamood Shah. In 1754 A.D, on his grave a beautiful and big tomb as mausoleum was got constructed with his own expenses by Mian Ghulam Shah Kalhoro, the Ruler of Sindh that time through the splendid Architect of the time. During the ruler ship of Meers (Talpurs) Mir Naseer Khan the ruler got repairs of the Mausoleum and the mosque near the mausoleum of Shah Latif. His cousin, Mir Mohammad Khan included a silver gate, at the main entry into the mausoleum which is still erected there. On the gate and all walls around, many Persian poems have been written with beautiful calligraphy from which, the date of death of Shah Latif can be known or calculated. The grave of Shah Latif is now a days highly respectable place as a monument for all and sundry, people get a spiritual comfort to see it or pray to God at the side of the grave. In Sur Srirag (Episode Poem) Shah Latif says:

*"Those who kept vigils remembering the Lord,
Their very dust, Latif says, honour got,
To pay their homage, countless gather in their Yard."*

(Muhterma Ameena Khamisani)

On every Friday night, at Bhit Shah, all disciples (Faqeers) sing jointly the poems of Shah Latif. Song is started at 10 pm and ended in the morning. The songs of the Risalo are all sung or revealed in the plight of meditation. Shah Latif when used to come in that plight, he revealed the poems naturally and mystically and his disciples (Faqeers) used to jot down or noted on some papers, Note books or other material available with them. Some people say that when Shah felt suffocation in breath or he felt his death appearing near, Shah threw out all his scripts

or written poems in the nearby Karar Lake so that the people should not be misguided with his philosophical views and secrets expressed in his poems. His disciples became shocked to see all this and felt very saddened to lose this oracle material or verses of guidance for the people. Shah Latif felt mercy on his disciples and instructed his one of the female disciple Niyamat (Niamat) to get all the verses re-written by his all disciples which were memorized by her as much portion of verses of Shah. Then the re-written script of verses was called as Ganj (abundance or treasure) and kept it in the protection and care of Tamar disciple (Faqeer) and still it is being kept protected in the hands of all disciples. The treasure of verses (Ganj) is a mirror of the biography or character of Shah Latif. What qualities of human beings have been described in his verses, he was the conglomeration of all those qualities and his character. His motto of life was to be balanced and kind hearted, "In all respects, the mind should be very merciful and God fearing." What he saw in the dust, he could not see in all other things anywhere else. "There is nothing in other things what is in the Dust." The nature of living of Shah was simplicity and nothingness and not of existence or being everything." He observed everything in being nothingness and destruction where he saw every thing of existence. Shah used to live, eat, wear and remain very simple but clean and pious. The God fearing people do not like splendid and life full of decoration so Shah was one of them. He never used perfume, combing and make up and costly shining and silky clothes. The dress of Shah was sewn with the black thread and like an orange coloured coffin or open cloth like Ihram used in performing Umrah (rounds of Kabatullah in Makkahtul Mukaram). On his head, he used to wear a big Cap (Kulah) with a black coloured cloth fastened around it. He also used to take a stick of Jogis (Hermits). For eating food, he had bowl (Kushto or Kishkol) of beggars taking charity in it. These above mentioned things or material is still available at the mausoleum of Shah Latif and kept under protection and respect under great care of disciples. If he needed, he used to wear shoes in his foot otherwise remained and walked bare footed. He did

not sleep on a big high bed but on very old cloth cover. He did not use any worldly comfortable material or thing to please himself. He slept not for long time but for very short while. Just as Shah passed in meditations, nobody did so at that time. He used to sleep on *Sandul* and not on cot or any *Palang* or *Messehry* (bed). Shah was greedless and had no any kind of desire for comfortable things to be used. He did not want to take any gratification of any sort from any one. He used to take water himself for drinking purpose because he considered to bring water for him included in the gratification. People say that every year, one of his disciples brought a woolen blanket for him as a gift. One year, due to poverty he could not purchase that blanket and could not visit him out of shame or his shortcoming. Next year, he came along with a blanket and paid his regards to Shah Sahib. Shah Latif, when asked him the reason of not visiting last year, he replied out of shame that he was not capable of purchasing the blanket so he could not come to meet and pay him his regards with empty hands. Shah Sahib answered him over his reply that such blanket is not needful which makes two friends separate. The heart of Shah was very kind and merciful. He was kind not only to the mankind but to birds and animals. During his life time, he never troubled or pained deliberately to any bird or animal. He tried to advise and instruct to prey makers and hunters to avoid killing suddenly with tricks to any animal or bird by memorizing the end of life to every breath taking creatures or animals (being an advice or guidance to human being also.)" you make prey with the falcon and falcon also hunts you." When he saw hunting cranes he felt great trouble and trembled his body. He used to feel pain in his heart to see all the birds being hunted by hunters. They all birds being hunted and caught up in their nets were paining to think that who will look after children left alone at their living places.

"Cranes are crying when they prepare for journey, their children rise up after their flying."

When he saw the cranes in very panic conditions, he also was feeling great trouble. Their worrisome cries, made his injuries for separation from beloved very painful and worrisome.

"The crane when cried yesterday, the beloved was remembered, as I am living here in great pain and difficulty". His heart was so much kind and graceful that he had tamed two little dogs with his own hands because their mother had left them alone in lurch. He called one as "Moti" (Pearl) and the other as "Khenhu" (Cotton ball).

Shah Sahib was very pious and chaste person. He enjoyed the worldly love but could not misuse it or involved in it hard. After his marriage, he used to praise for aloofness like his grand grandfather Shah Karim. He was so much fond of song and music that he lasted his breath while listening to it. The song and music used to be played at every moment at his sitting place and during the playing of music on fiddle, he remained unconscious. He perceived and felt spiritual secrets while the playing of wires, and tunes of the fiddle.

"Fiddle is not an instrument of wires but it's sounds have many secrets of nature."

Shah Latif has expressed the true value of song in his "Sur Sorath". According to the love of song, Shah was perfectly knowledgeable and expert of the rightful facts of the nature. No body dared any trespass in his presence. He lived life very seriously but sometimes he used to become free and made jokes with his dear disciple Wagand. Due to close attachment with him, Shah has revealed some poems in very jolly mood and manner. Wagand had been called in many joking names like *be-nimazi* (not offering prayers man) totally (Nirogi) lazy man, Klot (ugly) and Peturi (hungry or fond of eating food again and again). That disciple was belonging to Kotri village (his first abode), other disciples were Tamar Faqeer, his special follower disciple whose descendants are still care takers of the mausoleum, Mahamood Shah who had left out his wealthier position and remained his special disciple (Servant Faqeer). Shah Latif had respect for him so much so that he had indicated his will that his grave must be made at his foot side. Shah Inayat was son of a big land lord-Mewan Shah Alvi, Rehan Poto (son of son Rehan) who was singer also and used to write and compile his all writing work and Bilal

whom he loved so much that he used to visit him at his village as Shah had inclination to meet and exchange views with perfect saints and God fearing people to whom he used to go to meet them in their villages. In Shah's time, in Sindh there were many sacred and chaste people with whom Shah Latif always desired to meet and discuss some worldly religious and philosophical matters and affairs. He met many such pious persons in his life time. In his youth, he had met with Shah Inayat of Jhok. People say that Shah Inayat seeing Shah Latif said the following poem in which it has been advised to face all the difficulties bravely like a lion hearted man in the field of all religious affairs.

"All troubles be faced and defeated, lest you should show any weakness.

Some worldly women returned hopelessly, hearing the walk of the difficult way,

Put a garland of religious facts to the beloved, soon you will be taken care by the relatives of Punhun, says Inayat".

When Shah Inayat was martyred, Shah Latif was 31 years old. He also visited Khuwaja Mohammad Zaman of Luwari. Though Khuwaja Sahib was much younger than Shah Latif yet he was much impressed by Khuwaja Sahib's perfect personality so much that when any fact or event about Khuwaja Sahib would be talked of and discussed, then from the mouth of Shah Latif expressed the following poem.

"They saw everything, who had seen the beloved, I cannot tell story of anything about their facts and perfect position".

Shah Latif usually used to visit Makhdoom Mohammad Moeen of Thatta, the famous, perfect saint and God fearing personality of the time. Makhdoom Sahib had written a book titled "Avesia" that was on the advice and suggestion of Shah Latif as he was greatly inclined with the Avesia system of the religious sect or it can also be said that Shah Latif was himself belonging to the Avesia sect. NO body knows about the religious Guide of Shah Latif. He received all graces of Allah through continuous meditations, devotion, remembrance of Allah (God) and incessant struggles to reach the spiritual destination.

In Tuhufat ul Kiram, it is written that at the time of death of Makhdoom Sahib, Shah Latif advised all his disciples (Faqueers) to go to meet at the last time of breath of our friend. The disciples started music and sung religious poems and verses. Makhdoom Sahib was greatly affected by the music and was so much impressed and deeply felt spiritual attraction that he went into his sitting room and after some time his breath reached and met with his Creator God. Shah Latif met with the grandfather of Sachal Mian Sahib Dino who at that time remained busy to meditate and prayed to God in the cluster of the local Salvadoran trees or Salvadora Oleoides secretly. To see him busy in hidden prayers, Shah Latif expressed him that the friend should not be hidden or kept secret or invisible, but he should be exposed open. To hear this, he came out and met him. Next time when Shah Latif again visited Daraza village, he saw there a five years old boy namely Sachal and said that "The cover (Dhakan) of the pot which we have put on fire for cooking will be lifted by this innocent boy." People say also that Makhdoom Din Mohammad Siddiqui Sewhani had also close friendship with Shah Latif so he many times visited Sewhan and met with him there. They were so much familiar with each-others that once they had exchanged their turbans with each other and made themselves as turban exchanged friends. Whatever the religious sect was of Shah Latif, it is clear from his poems that he was above any religious difference, he was observer of Haq (God) in everything.

If you want to see, you will find God there in every place." Shah Latif was neither of Shia sect nor of Sunni sect. Once, he was asked, "Are you Shia or Suni"?, he replied that he was in between both sects. They again asked, "please in between the both, there is nothing." Then he replied them that he was also nothing "A close friend asked, keep aside the abstinence or any prevention, who saw the beloved, they forgot all other religious sects or other ways of the destination. Although Shah Latif was religious God fearing man, yet he tried to perform or to complete all formalities or duties of spiritual guidance of people. Secretly or openly, he was a perfect guide and reformist. His guidance is as under: "Adopt the

way of religious instructions and try to know all methods of religious sects, make your heart habitual of all religious facts, reach habitual of all religious facts, reach the religious destination, take with you always spiritual knowledge, then you will get freedom from all difficulties or

*"Recognize Shariat; adhering to Tareeqat,
Learn Ma'arifat; hooking heart to Haqeeqat,
Be firm in your faith; to prevent perversion".*

(Mushtaq Shah)

THE REFLECTION OF HIS PERSONALITY IN THE POEMS OF SHAH ABDUL LATIF BHITAI

"First I should go to my village or country, then I may lose my breath." (Marvi)

Shah Latif was the great patriot of his country. His life and poetry both are testimony of his patriotism. He had unending and everlasting love for his country Sindh which is very clear and open in his poetry or in his whole Risalo (Message). According to his language, poetry and philosophical views, the Risalo (Message) of Shah Latif is a record fraught with all his matchless patriotism. In the days of Shah Latif, the languages of Arabic and Persian were in vogue of being used as the medium of instruction in all educational institutions. Shah Latif attached poetical touches to his poetry in Sindhi his own mother tongue. Sindhi which has a spoilt shape of the Sanskrit language having no link and concern with Arabic and Persian but it has been given effect of these languages. Sindhi used by Shah Latif in pronunciation and grammatical structure, it has been closely closed to Prakarat and at the same time in his Sindhi language the beautiful and attractive structure has been shown of the Arabic and Persian languages, in his language the cultural and religious touches of Hindus and Muslims have been taken care of or they are indicated in his poetry which seems to be his great service to the Sindhi language for example Shah in his following poem has attached in

his views both structures of the Sanskrit language as well as of Hindu culture.

*"You have million manifestations; nay innumerable, soul resides in all; their appearance diverse,
Which of your illustrations; Oh sweet heart! Do I describe?"*

(Kalyan I-16, Mushtaq Shah)

Similarly, his following poem has attachment of Arabic and Persian languages but the view has the Muslim religion attachment.

*"Glories is Him; all grandeur is His, He is the image of beloved;
Himself ultimate beauty, Himself mentor, disciple and the idea indeed,
A glimpse in soul; can offer explanation to this secret."*

(Kalyan I-2, Mushtaq Shah)

Shah has maintained his patriotism in the composition of his poetry. Sindhi poets compose poetry on the basis of *Ilm Urooz* (Similar pronunciation vocabulary) but Shah has used in poem and Doha the local Sindhi version. In this way he has kept himself separate from the strange or non-local technique. In India famous prayers are written in first paras and Shah has also used the same method but in paras he has brought some new and attractive changes. People call Shah Sahib as Hafiz of Sindh just as Hafiz of Iran. Because of the fact that Shah is as much as dear to Sindhis as Hafiz to Iranis. Diwan Hafiz is Sacred or natural Book as Shah Jo Risalo to Sindhis otherwise Hafiz and Shah are not of the same views or philosophy. Shah did not say Ghazals like Hafiz said. Shah was follower of Roomi and his Masanwi always he kept with him. If he desired he could say his poetry in the shape of Masanvi but he did not do so because of his patriotism for his language Sindhi. In his poetry, there is much attraction of being Roomi's Masanavi. intoxication comes from wine and not from the bowl or cup but there is need of keeping a cup in hand for holding up the wine.

Poem is the water of the poet's heart which will not lose its value or effect in any cup or (Poem).

Shah has kept the splendid high ideals and attraction even in

paras of poems also just as Roomi has done in his Masanvi. Shah had so much love for Sindhi that he did not include any poetical line or any subject matter of the Persian poetry in his own poetry. Even from the Masanvi of Roomi, he did not take any phrase or quotation or subject even though he possessed great regards and love for Roomi. It is Roomi whose name has been taken or remembered in his poetry but his philosophy he has produced it in Sindhi as under:

*Seeker, profusion of Beauty spring; delighted Roomi,
Obliteration of self-image; essential to see Sweet heart.*

(Kalyan 2-9) (Mushtaq Shah)

In Sur Suhni, Shah has used a Persian Para as a subject but even that is said by Shah Inayat Shah who was very famous saint and sacred and God fearing man of Sindh and had been martyred in a war those days. Here also Shah has up risen the status and respect of his own country Sindh as he took a poetical Para of sacred Sindhi poet Shah Inayat Shah.

At one place only in his Risalo, he used the following Para of Persian:

*Bidah saqi berkhaiz, piyar khe piyandan,
(Get up, Oh Sommelier! Offer drink to drinkers)*

(Yaman Kalyan 6-18) (M.S.)

Shah has used Quranic verses and also Hadiths in his poetry due to his love for Sindhi, he has given their translation in Sindhi language.

Shah was fond of fiddle music and possessed deep knowledge of Indian Gain Vidya (singing songs). In the Risalo on his every SUR (TUNE) the names of Indian songs and Ragas have been put from which his patriotism is evident but on some Ragas (Surs) of the Risalo, their names have been put according to their subject matters but they are local names and clearly show the spirit of Shah Latif's patriotism for his country Sindh. Every Sur is divided into Episodes (داستان) and in the last of Sur, there is Vaee (Flatulence) (واهي) which is invention of Shah Latif having its

structure as an Indian (Thumri). In Sur Hussaini where Shah has described with great grief and pain of Sassui and other travellers, so it is a famous Arabic and Persian Sur (سر) which has also absorbed in the Indian Gain Vidiya (singing).

Shah used those similarities which are also composed in the local condition and positions. Shah had love for Sindh and all things of Sindh. He does not consider the love of flower and bulbul (Nightingale) but he sang the love of local birds Kounr (ڪوئنر) and Bhownr (پوئنر) a large black wasp) He prefers charm (fiddle) to Mutarab (چڑو) a bell hung round the neck of cattle)

In place of Bad e Saba (Eastern Breeze), he prefers to send his messages to his beloved through crows and the moon. He forgets wine and wine drinkers; he praises (ڪلاڙ) a wine merchant and (ڪڪره) a red wine)

Shah's beautiful brave ladies do not become the source of entertainment in all the gatherings but they sit in their courtyards of houses, sing their sweet songs like nightingale (بلبل). Every view of Shah Latif was fraught of the country's love and affection. There is no song or poetry of Shaikh Shibly and Shaikh Sanaau; he was lover of his country's Hermits and travellers.

Like Indian girl singers, Shah makes them lover wives, he has supported or represented their feelings and emotional desires. In the Persian poetry the stories of Majnoon and Farhad have been shown Moomal and Rano. In the characters of brave ladies in Majnoon also Shah has played the role in accordance to the Indian manners and has never shown the Persian poets' treatment. Many poets have described the beautiful ideas of patriotism but in case of Marvi he has indicated magical effects of patriotism. Shakespeare is calling England as invaluable hero which is linked with the Sliver like White Sea or ocean. Shah has considered the dust of the country as the musk of Tatar and the water of the country as more than the water of Kausar or water of paradise. To be buried in the earth or dust of the country, in his views is to live an everlasting life. In Sur Kapaiti, Shah has described the spinning cotton at their wheel which is the source of the prosperous life of the people. In comparison to the spinning of very thin threads, he considers

even the Pearls of little value.

*Precious is their yarn; who spin discreetly,
Not letting their soul; hear noise of the wheel,
Freaked they spin; says Latif, in confidence,
Theirs is too precious; more than the gems.*

(Kapaiti 1-22) (M.S.)

Malmal cloth (very thin cloth) is also a valuable product which makes the country full with gold and foreign exchange.

*Those spun a quart; with due diligence,
Churned fine yarn; says Syed, by their hands,
They made gold, Oh Mom! By weaving muslin.
(muslin means Type of fine cotton fabric)*

(Kapaiti 1-23) (M.S.)

Shah does not send message of spinning cotton to only Sindh and Hind but to all countries of the world at large. Shah likes the prosperity throughout the world.

*Some weave in Arabia; others spin in Kabul,
Their yarn is the best; who cherish M in mind,
Their spouse is pleased; even if they spin not.*

(Kapaiti 2-17) (M.S.)

In Sur Sarang he prays for the prosperity and well-being of the whole Universe. For his dear and sweet Sindh, he prays with his sweet and sacred heart. Shah praises Sarang and welcomes this season as follows:

*Spectacles in monsoon; Taras also twittered,
Farmers prepared ploughs; pastorals were pleased,
My friend made today; preparations to pour down.*

(Sarang 2-1) (M.S.)

Shah sees his beloved in Sarang Who is the sustainer of the Universe and does not deprive any country of His grace. Sarang is not raining in only Sindh but in all countries. Shah begs for the whole Universe but particularly for Sindh country as follows:

*Wet weather returned; with unremitting rainfall,
 Thunder bolt spread; full moon illumination,
 Some burst on Istanbul; others went westward,
 Flashing over China; focused on Samarkand,
 Many went to Rome; also Kabul and Qandhar,
 Some rumbled over Delhi; Deccan and Grinar,
 Some headed to Jesalmir; Bikanir and Bakaar,
 Others turned to Punjab; some came to Halaar,
 Some soaked Bhuj; a few descended on Dhatt,
 Pouring down also; on the plains of Omarkote,
 Bless Sindh; oh Sire! With prosperity all over,
 Dear Sweet Darling! Make mankind affluent.*

(Sarang 4-23) (M.S.)

Samarkand=Today's Uzbekistan

Deccan =Hyderabad Deccan (India)

Grinar = Near Karachi

Bikanir = city in Rajasthan India

Dhatt = Desert villages in Today's Sindh

Umerkot = The District place in Thar Sindh Province.

The basis of Shah's character learning is balanced and for every one, Balance is the main character amongst all. The quality of kneeling down, patience, thanks giving, truthfulness, Universal sympathy and love are the best characters of a good human being. Shah sees every thing of the nature with great regard and grandeur, in his view, what is in the earth or dust, is not in other things.

*On what grounds do I exist; without Friend,
 Avoid sin; oh Maid servant! No good is virtue,
 Nothing else so precious; like dust particles.*

(Suhni last Vae) (M.S.)

The main and important guidance or instruction is that every human being lives a simple, humid and humble life. He should pass life under control of his conscience. By doing as such, he will neither commit any sin nor will leave this world or die in

curses or misblessings.

*Adopt modesty; and live with modesty,
Live in humility; with modest disposition,
Keep a "Lawyer" within; to avoid reliance on "Judge".*

(Asa 7-15) (M.S.)

*Seek no retort; let them affront you,
Aggressor would; definitely blunder,
No malicious ever; earned anything.*

(Asa 7-14) (M.S.)

One should try to be away or avoid the company of proud and characterless man otherwise he will be in great loss or danger of life. To be envious is to be failure or taken to downfall but Patience is full of success or makes successful. People of patience are respected every where but disgrace is for stubborn and envy keepers. Do not reply or be in front of any man in rage or who abuses but be quiet in anger and anguish. There is pain or grief from anger or rage but Patience is like a fragrant perfume or Musk.

Shah is the kindest man. He does not narrate negative words but only trust in God. The man's duty is to be kind and generous whole heartedly and its conclusion or result may be left over to God.

While to act kindly brings any difficulty, do not be disheartened or disappointed but face it or continue it bravely. Then success will surely kiss your feet or you will be surely successful in all your actions. Sleeping people never enjoy graces and gifts of God Who helps those who exert or make efforts with their true spirit and interest.

*He who collects spiritual knowledge, knows rock's tribulations,
It gives no gifts to the unawakened ones.*

(Khahori 1-9, A. Kh)

It is the duty of human being to be courageous and face all the odd times, the gracious result of such concerted efforts will be

brought by God with His support and help.

*I swan, by my own efforts, you helped too,
Love! Let no hindrance come to me from you.*

(Suhni 9-10, A. Kh)

Success is in walking or movement ahead but in sitting there is defeat and failure. Neither support for sitting nor sympathy with sleeping. Those achieve the objective, who make struggle and strive bravely.

*Indolent unruffled; sleepy keep no kin,
Hikers found Hoat (friend); hauled by hooks,
Toeing eerie trail; reached right track.*

(Sassui Abri 7-8, M.S.)

In front if you see desert or mountain, river or forest, you should not fear and stop walking or moving further but do not care for your head and breath, go ahead and dash further. Then you will enjoy fragrance of musk and diamonds from mountains, pearls from oceans or sea and also green bushes, fruit and flowers from forests will be received. Those who dive in waters of ocean, they get diamonds and jewels but standing on shores, they get only shells.

*They would gather jewels, who esteem the ocean,
Those who fish with rafts; would find shells and pebbles.*

(Srirag 6-8, M. Sh.)

The world is place of kindness or the Product of the future coming consequences or triumphs where in all doubts of heart are forgotten or omitted. One has to fight like a brave warrior for achieving success.

*If you want to triumph, oh Warrior! Remove all qualms,
Attach with spear; grapple enemy; do not wear armour,
Strike your sword on enemy's; to be known as a knight.*

(Kedaro 5-5, M. Sh)

Nature is also against the careless and indolent people. The

lazy and sleepy man should look at the natural things and should take lessons from them or from their continuous and punctual activities. The human being himself is the part of the Nature. Then in that position, rivers, canals etc. are busy working, similarly how it is possible for him to sit careless and pass his life or ruin his life sitting idle.

*Stars do not rest; nor waves know respite,
Take the lot that comes your way; as a blessing,
How could you count; when you slept whole night?*

(Srirag 5-5, M. Sh)

The man has come in this world to sow the seed of kindness, mercy and usefulness in every field of this world. If he could not carefully perform his job in time, he will fall in the dark pond or heap of burnt coals from where it will be impossible for him to get rid of.

*Night is over, Stars dimmed; dawn has emerged,
Every thing is lost, oh loser! Much would you repent!*

(Dahar 3-10, M. Sh)

The Human being has brought with himself the heroes of breaths and pearls. If carelessly, he lost all such precious things or jewels and become empty hauled, then at his death time, he will stand before the real goldsmith (God) in a very derogatory and helpless condition.

*Million moments of life; have gone waste,
If you evoked Allah; you would attain Sweetheart...*

(Vae 1 Poem 12-13, M. Sh)

Man has brought from there gold and jewels but here he puts his hand in the trade of glass and lead. Forget the gain, he will lose also the principal amount. Have you ever from the trade of salt, earned musk? The human being's condition is the same also. He loses his precious items on useless bargains and then how will he be able to demand for true gifts or gains?

The human being should therefore use the true and real

thing which should not get old and fade out. Then he will be fortunate enough to earn laurels and rewards of blessings and praises.

*Trade in products; that may not perish,
Selling it abroad; should not bring you loss,
Use such currency; that is easily encashed.*

(Srirag 1-17, M. Sh.)

Shah feels grief to see the human being as the enemy of others. The character of people has mitigated or worsened and every one eats the flesh of other people.

There is unity or union in birds in place of people as birds endear themselves and fly together in flocks and love one another while man hates man and keeps away from others.

*They always fly in flocks; never break bonds,
See! Birds cherish warmth; more than mankind.*

(Dahar 5-5, M. Sh.)

In the world, every man is boasting of unreality and exaggerated friendship but one knows others response or affection when he needs his help in some action or matter for solution or benefit.

*Every one boasts friendship; darling by paroles,
Easy to affirm; but confirmed when needed.*

(Barvo Sindhi 3-2, M. Sh.)

Not to only birds but even the straws and reeds possess more recognition or knowledge than human beings have. The bushes and straws grown at the sides of the river have also so much shame or modesty that when any drowning man is not seeing other source of safety, he puts his hands in them and take their support and eventually he gets out from the river or otherwise they losing their roots, come out from the earth and go with the drowning man in the flow of water without any cry or complaint! The human being should also take lesson of faithfulness from these straws and bushes.

*Some prudent grip sedges; while they drown,
Look at grace; that straws demonstrate,
They either glide drowning; or sink with them.
(Comparison of human being to the non living beings)*

(Suhni 8-1, M. Sh.)

Alas! Every thing is mortal so how he feels proud! When even great and brave people are buried into the earth! That the earth on which we walk, under it are many dear and near ones have been buried. The human being therefore try to find out the real beloved.

*The earth under my feet, is above many loved ones,
Many brave and strong ones are covered with dust,
Life lasts for days few, get up and seek.*

(Moomal Rano 5-2, A. Kh.)

Either one should be king or beggar, he has to be buried in the dust. The world is just for a moment, so one should not be misled and lose the true bargaining.

*Mortal world is mortal, not more than a moment,
Friends would bury you; stamping on the grave,*

(Barvo Sindhi 2-7, M. Sh.)

Shah was the first Poet in Sindhi, who revealed the poetry of Nature. He was fond of travel and journey. He deeply and spiritually analysed every point of natural activity and miracle, and then produced the similar picture in his poetry. Shah described about Lakes and Ponds, Deserts and Oceans, Mountains and Rivers, Valleys and Plains of Sindh. In his poetry nowhere he mentioned about Ser o Shamshad. (kind of big tree in Persian). He was lover of bushes and trees of Thar desert. In the natural scenes, Shah never exaggerated but he described their main qualities with the sufficient sincerity. His other quality is that he connected all secrets of Nature with the hearts of human being. In Sur Sarang, he depicted the wonderful scene of rain. In the rows of clouds, he sees colourful and wonderful scenes, in nature every where he

hears the pleasant and sweet sounds of fiddles and fringed musical instruments. The clean water of the rain remembers the goblets or long necked flask of Persian Poets.

*Clouds sprouted pleasant colours; in their crested spirals,
Enthusiasts played in desert, fiddles, harps, flutes and "Chang",
Clouds last night; poured goblets of rain over "Padam" (Lake).*

(Sarang 2-5, M. Sh.)

With the start of the Summer season in the sky, the musical instruments are playing. The real beloveds freshly decorate themselves and appear with their pride and blandishment. In the heavy speed of clouds, there is loving attraction. In Sansakirt language, the beautiful beloved's movement is called "Gaj Gaman" or the elephant like movement. Shah's view is also that it is such a movement that even the elephants with great interest like to learn.

From the shining of lightening, the reddishness of the lips of the beloved is visible. Galal like red rains also see such reddishness with wonders.

*Elephants eager to learn; grace of gliding clouds,
Clouds 'gliding movements, teach graceful walk to elephants.*

(Sarang 3-1, M. Sh.)

The clouds have beloved's black hair and to the lightening have roses like dresses of the beloved. Before these red things of nature, the Poet meets his beloved.

*Today too in north; clouds emerge like black braids,
Lightening flashes; wearing red robes,
Rain reunited me; with sweet heart far off.*

(Sarang 1-6, M. Sh.)

In such circumstances, the hearts in love become more delicate, fragile and tender and long for seeing their beloved with anxiety.

*My beloved sweet heart! May God bring you close,
Longing for you; forlorn soul wails aloud.*

(Sarang 3-4, M. Sh.)

The condition of women away from their husbands is very sorrowful. Remembering their husbands, they grow more slim and thin.

*Clouds rekindle memories of husbands; in hearts of widows,
Rumble of lightening; sends shudders down spine,
Young wives suffer in silence; without their husbands.*

(Sarang 2-8, M. Sh.)

Shah prays for them that may their poor huts not get any loss or destruction.

*May shacks not be soggy; that
Widows built without help!*

(Sarang 2-7, M. Sh.)

The Sun has been over powered or closed by clouds but the lightening felicitates lovers that soon you will meet with your beloved.

*Sun does not appear full; through clouds,
Flickering lightening; felicitates people,
Do not sadden; my Soul! You would see sweet heart soon.*

(Sarang 4-3, M. Sh.)

Seeing clouds in the sky, the clouds emerge in the eyes of lovers because the dress of the beloved becomes of the same colour as of the Sarang (clouds). When beloved smiles, all worries go away. Not only lovers but all animals are anxious for Sarang (cloudy season or rainy season).

*Men, deers and buffaloes pant for rain,
Coots and rain quails for clouds eagerly wait,
Oysters in the ocean daily watch for it,
Let herdsmen drink rain water, that they may be fit.*

(Sarang 1-17, M. Sh.)

The herdsmen and women are happy to see rainy season because due to rains, grass for animals and crops for people are growing abundantly and people and animals (figs) are fed fully.

Sarang is blissful for prosperity. Grain becomes cheap and butter also becomes cheap and abundant. One the grain became cheap and secondly the butter due to grass for animals also became available. The herds women have garlands of flowers in their necks and walk happily. The miser people and famine creators or hoarders of grains are in loss but other Universe is happy and satisfied. The hoarders had hoarded the grain in the hope of earning money due to costly grains and increase their income from 5 to 15 thus they had looted the people, now they have been caught up by God and express cold sighs of sorrows, repent and hit their brains and foreheads. They say: "They collected or purchased costly and now sell very cheap." May such misers and looters vanish from the earth.

*Grain hoarders, hoping for dearness, wring their hands,
Five would become fifteen in their pages they had planned,
From the land may perish all the profiteers.*

(Sarang 4-8, A. Kh.)

How Shah has described the evil intention of such evil minded people with the human beings! The main quality of Shah is that he depicts the natural scene and at the similar time, he sympathises with the poor and vulnerable people of his country. No doubt, the hearts of people are affected by different events of the Nature. Even the Sun or the Moon or even the beautiful rainy season does not match the beauty of the beloved of Shah Latif. Shah has not left any shortcoming to praise the attraction and pleasant greenery scenes of the Sarang but he has not equated it with the beauty and delicacy of his beloved and various times more considered higher and higher. If tremendous rains fall but without the beloved, there is no comfort and peace. Only to glance at the beloved is more than many Sarangs (rainy seasons).

*Clouds' beauty in no way equals to beloved's grace,
Seasons charms without His sight are of no avail,
When Beloved enters the hut, sounds and sights of rain become
great joy.*

(Sarang 1-3, M. Sh.)

It means any attractive natural scene cannot match with the beauty, delicacy and attraction of Shah's beloved. In the Sur Suhni, Shah has described the fearful position of the ocean. To see the dangerous and fearful position of the Sea or an ocean, the expert swimmers even flee away from it. Its "Cobra like cries and voices" at the whirlpools in the water at shore sides make very frightful scene. The fearful animals in the sea, make very tragic voices and show their force of frightfulness. The crocodiles and dangerous animals are in great number there. No body knows the deepness of water, even big boats and ships sink and drown in it. In such fearful sea or ocean, there is need for the grace of the Protector to protect from all odds.

*Dread and surge in river; aquatics' docile,
Fishermen couldn't find depth; gush beyond gauge,
Vicious beasts swim; rumbling in river,
Ships sink deep; leaving no trace,
Nothing could be found; plank nor pole,
Some hell is lose in vortex; no one come back,
There, oh "Sahar"! Help this amateur sail through.*

(Suhni 2-5, M. Sh.)

In Sur Ghatoo, the killer whirlpool of Karachi has been described. Who entered into the ocean, he will not return.

*Any one who entered "Karachi" vortex; is lost to its cataclysm,
No one returned to tell; why their fishing nets entangled.*

(Ghatoo 1-3, M. Sh.)

The flow of sea make the wise people mad, the brains of the greatest experts are perplexed and forgot about today and tomorrow.

*Experts were baffled; sage bewildered,
They entered river; and were besieged by waves,
Experience and future plans; were erased from their memory.*

(Ghatoo 1-1, M. Sh.)

In Sur Sri Rag, the dangers and fears of oceans have been

described. The ocean has hundred dresses, some where it is noise, some where waves of flows and currents of water and somewhere it is flash, some where land and island but no knowledge about its deepness and bottom.

*Ruckus, waves, whirls, swathe and surge, no bounds to deluge,
Protect my boat; oh lord! From hitting hidden reefs,
May the ship be safe, its planks remain unharmed,
May the vessel of this abject; remain unscathed.*

(Srirag 1-8, M. Sh.)

The journey of Sea requires brave heart. At its shores there are thunders and sounds of flows of water of seas which when heard injure and badly affect the chests of listeners.

*Keep sailing; oh vessel! Flanking large Liners,
Take requisite tools, before beginning voyage,
Ratting is loud, in the rowdy ocean.*

(Srirag 3-8, M. Sh.)

The fishermen should remain alert at every time because the dangerous whirlpools of ocean have drowned many ships and boats. The experts know that how much the sea is mad.

*Voyagers report; of crazy water's commotion,
They always speak truth; never seek falsehood,
Humble vigil they keep; past midnight,
Safely they sail; with every one on board.*

(Sri Rag 5-5, M. Sh.)

The outer shape of the sea is very dangerous but who bravely jumps or enters into it, he gets favour because if the ocean has rage, it has sympathy also. Its outer shape is dangerous and fearful. But internally it is merciful and generous. It is liable to be worshipped and praised. From the ocean's praise and care, the precious pearls and jewels are obtained.

*Devotees become affluent; that looked after the "ocean",
They brought from its depth; piles of pearls,*

*They found treasure, diving in high tide,
No price tags on them; they are valued too high.*

(Srirag 2-4, M. Sh.)

If you have to get precious treasures, do not fear from the outer shape of the ocean. On the surface of it, the Crocodiles and whales are swimming, but in the bottom there are precious and invaluable pearls and jewels are shining. The divers are knowing this information who put glass on their face and collect pearls from the bottom.

*Divers alone know, art of exploring ocean,
Diving in depths; they collected pearls,
They brought pearls and jewels; in their hands.*

(Srirag 2-7, M. Sh.)

The wife of the traveller remembers or needs the company of her husband to see the attractive and beautiful tree of Loheero and also the green ground. In Sur Kamod, Shah described the pleasant scene of the Keenjhar Lake. In the bottom, the white and clean water of Keenjhar and on the surface, the shadows of trees and also the breeze of the North, the Keenjhar becomes cradle. At the shore side, the rows of the Lotus flower, in the spring season the whole lake turns into a wonderful and pleasant, sweet and fragrant place.

*Clear water below, boughs dangle overhead, Beloved under arm;
Millions of my wishes granted; none remained un-realized.*

(Kamod 2-3, M. Sh.)

*Clear water underneath; boughs dangle overhead; foliage nearby,
Enjoying ambiance; Noori and Tamachi cruise,
Northern breeze blows; Keenjhar rocks like cradle.*

(Kamod 2-2, M. Sh.)

In Sur Khunbhat and Sur Moomal Rano, Shah has indicated some silky sky's beauty of Sindh. In the white and clean sky, the fourteenth night moon, rise with entire decoration and bloom and shining Star, in the morning time shines with full beauty. In the

comparison or match, they have no similarity with his beloved.

*'Pleiades' glided down; 'Orion' arose,
'Rano' did not return; as night elapsed,
Doomed be night; I pass without sweetheart,
Having censured me; Darling reposes at home.*

(Moomal Rano 3-3, M. Sh.)

Shah is fond of all nature's colours but he has more attachment with his beloved. Shah has depicted both sides of the Nature. (1) Non pleasant (2) Pleasant or attractive. Nature is killer and also saver from pains. In the Surs of Sassui, the hardships of mountains and their victimization have been described. The cursed people could not see a little sympathy in Nature. Their hearts are red in blood but the nature does not have a very little mercy on them.

*I shall complain; oh Mountain! First to Sweet heart,
Rocks fissured feet; you blistered my souls,
You had no mercy; nor valued my toil,
I would cry loud; Ouch! Mountain is brutal on me.*

(Kohiyari 2-3, M. Sh.)

The walk in the deserts and mountains in Sindh is just like hell. Some where the forests trees stop and some where hot sand makes disable to move ahead, some where blue snakes (Cobra) are disheartening.

*Large green trees; where blue snakes abound,
There, says Latif; Lonely are striving,
No kith or kin; oh Mentor! Come to my succor.*

(Sassui Abri 2-5, M. Sh.)

The journey is so much dangerous that even the healthy and strong camels are fearful of the travelling difficulties.

*Dokks, shuddered, 'Goras' dithered, on this track,
She eyed ravines; where 'Chaussal' wouldn't toddle,
'Pancharees' would hardly negotiate way; says Syed,*

*Only 'Nesh' would navigate, rough Corridor,
Hats off to 'Sassui'! Who embarked on this journey!.*

(Sassui Desi 1-6, M. Sh.)

Just as the wise people seeing the fearful sea have been helpless or un-wise, so to see the dangerous mountains, the experts get wonders.

*Rugged mountains; grueling journey; formidable terrain,
Wise lost wisdom, nimble were bewildered,
'Sassui' traversed terrain, with passion, says Syed,
'Punhun' being her guide; no peril she perceived.*

(Sassui Desi 6-3, M. Sh.)

In the deserts, Cobras walk and move freely. Their children looking very thin but as much poisonous as even the big animals like elephants die within no times when stung.

*Consider them not, little worms; they are baby pythons,
If bitten by them; an elephant would collapse.*

(Karayal 2-2, M. Sh.)

In the trees the nests of owls and reddish spotted birds and the fearful voices of animals and birds. The walks in the mountains make the feet bloody and the hot air blows the whole day. At such places, the loneliness is more difficult and hard than the death itself. The movement in hot passages make weak and feeble the waist.

The matchless poet was lover of the Thar country's straw and leaf. Each word of Sur Marvi, stands its testimony. The simple and characterful life of Tharies and on the natural structure of Thar country, he has magically described its attraction and beauty. The different kinds of flowers, Grasses, friends, grains and crops of the Thar desert have been mentioned with attractive and amusing words by Shah Latif. After rain, Thar becomes flowery and full of greenery scenes and on the heaps of sands, such greenery appears that human's brain wonders to see it attractive and charming nature of God. The Tharies (habitants of Thar) who are very poor

economically and live on grasses and bushes for whom a drop of rain is very great grace, so why not they feel happy and contented at the arrival of Sarang (the rainy season)! The poor residents of the desert Thar construct or build up their huts (straw houses) near the sand hills. Not only the People of Thar are anxious for the arrival of rainy season but birds and jungle animals like figs await this season. The Thar Babiho bird (sparrow) dies when the hot air blows in the Thar. Shah Latif has called this Sarang anxious bird, as a real lover of Sarang (rainy season). It means that no any attractive scenic detail of the Thar country (desert) which has not been touched or described by Shah Latif. Shah has examined and analysed the natural scenes of Sindh philosophically, scholarly, lovely and ecstatically. In his natural poetry, the biggest quality is that he has painted a detailed account of loneliness stricken hearts. Seeing the nature's different scenes, in the grief stricken hearts emerge the sorrows, convulsions and pangs, Shah has narrated them in very sorrowful and horrible manner. Shah himself is maker of the demand or Seeker and himself sought or (Beloved) so he is wondering on his own beauty. His both these persons in him, he has filled in the hearts of his heroes and heroins. In the shape of lover, he is himself Suhni and Sassui, Moomal and Leela, Noori and Marvi. The love of Suhni and Sassui has the deepest reflection of Love, that love makes silent the danger of the Sea and the fear of the desert. For real beloved, he cries in the shape of Moomal and Leela, in the name of Marvi, he weeps for his original hidden country and being in the company of the beloved, he bends down his neck like Noori because of the fact that :

"I saw them weeping, at this door very dear darling."

(Kamod)

By painting such pictures or plights of dedication and humbleness, he has disclosed his real qualities and characteristics. He has observed his hidden beauty and charm in their loving shapes or figures. In real sense, the heroes of Shah become Lovers (Seekers) and then beloveds (Sought). By seeking the real love, becoming true moth of truthfulness and sincerity, he has devoted

himself as much over lover and the beloved that his beloveds have turned themselves as his lover. Shah, in the real shape of the beloved has disclosed himself as Punhun, Rano, Chanessar and Mehar. He is such a lover that due to his abundant devotion has turned as loving beloved." Lovers are those whom he himself loved, they obtained such destination where they turned themselves from Lovers to beloveds (Saami). This is the real secret that Shah has disclosed through his Heroes. Shah is himself Sassi. The struggles and strides of Sassui are reflecting the real efforts of Shah. The great flames of the fire of Love attacked in the heart of Shah have emerged as Sassui's cries and sounds but they are only flames when the fire is burnt in the chest of Shah. So Shah says:

*If I disclose; a speck of my torment,
Boars would be shocked: mountains would crack,
Trees would all die; grass would never grow.*

(Kohiyari 4-3, M. Sh.)

But the little fire Shah has disclosed in the disguise of Sassui, even that also falls on the heart of the reader as the lightening of clouds. Crossing from the plains and deserts, Sassui goes ahead showing heart pain and loveable emotion. She herself is wounded of love and caught in the pain of separation but with her grief, she cuts the soulless and already dead goods. The figs and other animals which see her, are mourning and dying.

*Shattered scythed trees; that could not bleed,
whoever saw Distraught; embraced death voluntarily!*

(Maazoori 5-8, M. Sh.)

Shah colouring his heroines in real love, has enlivened them for ever. In reality, even Noori was Shah himself, Suhni, Leela and Sassui, were himself. Describing their durability and permanent status, actually, he has pointed out his own permanent position. If Noori had not been favoured by Tamachi, her name would have remained missed from the record, Suhni jumped into the water for Sahar (Mehar) and devoted her life for him, today her name would have also been written on the record of non-existence or

her name would he been non-existent from the record of history, Sassui also died in the road of love, so her name got fame through out the world otherwise even in Sindh her name would not have been recognized.

*I am known in distant lands; for kinship to Noble,
Who would else know; this Brahman maid!
Sindh did not know her; now known to the World.*

(Maazoori 7-7, M. Sh.)

Shah passed days of his life in simplicity and poverty but today the whole Universe has been fragrant with his sagacious and pious wisdom. Sassui died in the love of Punhun and Shah in the love of God. With the Poet, his heroines will remain alive also for ever. Every poet is lover, no poet in the world has born in the world whose shirt was not burnt by the flame of the fire of love. In the world, no poetical record is empty of the praise and admiration of love. The poet of the East, gets ecstasy taking his name only. Roomi says:

"Love has such an electrical effect that hearing his name, even mountains tremble and come into movement and dance". Shah had the experience of both the worldly and Natural (real) Love. What ever, he has expressed in his poetry, it is full of emotion of love. Like Roomi, Shah while praising love, he also came into ecstasy.

*I am unable to extol; traits of torment,
Very word 'Love'; I would eagerly spell and study.*

(Maazoori Vae, M. Sh.)

I have no words to praise or express the quantity of pang of love. If there is 'love', I must do it with fondness and learn the lesson of longing with great interest. Shah was an ideal lover and in his poetry, for lovers, he has expressed high standard instructions and ideals. Every shape of love is painted in his poetry and every secret of love is included in it. Shah takes the expression of love since the start or beginning but love is such a thing which has no end. The love of Shah is also endless. Shah

thinks love as a wonderful thirst which cannot be quenched. In Sur Suhni he Says: "In the heart, for the beloved, I have such a thirst that if I drink the whole ocean, for me, it will be like a sip".

*I suffer; I sear; I toil; I struggle and strive,
Gulping does not douse; my thirst for love,
Even I guzzle oceans; it hardly equates a sip,*

(Suhni 6-6, M. Sh.)

In Sur Sassui Abri, the same wonderful thirst has similarly been expressed. As much as the wine of love will be drunk, so its thirst will increase. The thirst of lover will be quenched when his beloved will also feel such a thirst in his heart. Then both will get eternal gathering and thirst will go away with thirst.

*Those who cherish love; are profusing thirsty,
Drink glass of thirst; to boost thirst by thirst,
Give me peg, oh 'Punhun'! So I quench thirst by thirst.*

(Sassui Abri 1-3, M. Sh.)

Before love, even no hard mishap will exist, river and canals are nothing which can bear the pressure of love or mountains and deserts have no strength to exist before the everlasting strong longing of Sassui.

River is a simple walk; for Thirsty of love.

(Suhni 3-4, M. Sh.)

*'Sassui' navigated; where men would not dare,
Passion made plain, all the lofty mountains.*

(Sassui Desi 5-4, M. Sh.)

This was a river but before the true lover like Suhni, even many oceans would have shown their strength, they could not have discouraged her. It means, the true lover cannot fear from such big and terrible hardships.

*Let hundred oceans rumble; 'Suhni' would not budge,
Love would never snap, by whatever challenge.*

(Suhni 6-2, M. Sh.)

Shah is lover of Love. He does not expect for meeting of the beloved but he desires that he should long for meeting the beloved for ever. The separation keeps the memory of the beloved green and fresh. The meeting or contact lays down the longing for the beloved on the bed of the death. Shah does not even go near to the meeting but he always welcomes the separation.

I am troubled by separation; not so fretful for reunion.

(Suhni 9-4, M. Sh.)

*All of you return, you are wives of husbands,
They may trail hills; who live in inferno.*

(Abri 4-4, M. Sh.)

In Sur Hussaini, in the praise of separation, how beautifully he expresses his views! What is in separation, is not in the contact when the beloved meets, the longing for him goes, so the beloved comes near to the lover, he keeps him away. The meeting brings separation between the beloved and the lover because in the position of meeting, the burning injuries of the Lover are cured and the lover feels relief from the pain and pang of love. If the pang for the beloved is not felt, then the love ends and the enjoyment of love will vanish. The poet, welcomes the separation whole heartedly.

*What you gain from separation, Union cannot give,
When He came to my resort, subdued was my yearning.
Come back sorrow, joy has taken away my zest,
The wounds that sored, joy has brought them rest.*

(Hussaini 5-7, A. Kh.)

Shah was lover of generous people which is clear from his admiring poetry. The real generous is such a God fearing person (Faqeer), whose greatness is sung by the perfect God fearing people. The generosity of the generous, is a natural ever lasting flower, whose fragrance is spread out every where. For the sake of the generous, Shah revealed the admiring poetry. "In Sur Pirbhathi, the Great Sagar Sakhi (Generous) ruler of Lasbela and in Sur Bilawal, the famous Sakhi Jam (The Samo ruler of Sindh Jadam

Jakhro) have been praised and admired with the open heart. The Persian Poet Firdousi, in the hope of a reward, has admired small kings in his Poetry and so much that they were taken to the sky in their admiration. When Shah has admitted those rulers, they were not alive those days. Shah has expressed that admiring poetry for the purpose of keeping the generosity of those generous ruler ever lasting famous in the world and the rulers should make it their habit and quality of being generous. Really, to see any generous is like a pure and chaste sight of God fearing people and his admiration to be considered as the "wonderful worship and prayer."

Rai Diyach delivered his head to a perfect singer as a prize, on the other side, Sapar Sakhi (the generous) gave as a prize one hundred young horses to an inexperienced weak instrumentalist beggar. Rai Diyach cut his head in the honour or shame to protect his status because he considered Beejal's fiddle or violin had more than hundred thousand tones or tunes or melodies and crores of Cranium or foreheads or skulls. Sapar Sakhi (generous) highly favoured an inexperienced instrument beggar as he covered his inexperience or unmelodious voice or singing voice but he exchanged his own sorrows with him that "oh singing beggar! You went to other doors and did not come to my door (in shame of your weaknesses and shortcomings) you saw many very difficult days of poverty".

*Munificent Lord; sent reproaches to Bards,
Why beg at other doors; oh Bard! Leaving mine!
You endure days in distress; because of that.*

(Pirbhati 1-13, M. Sh.)

He praises the generosity of Jam Samo this way:

"The liable to praise is only one Jam Samo where as other rulers, are examples of 'Ani Rai' (who got cut the head of Rai Diyach through Beejal. The place where this generous ruler had grown, there no other man was born because there the earth (dust) was not more than this. Seeing this ruler no other ruler is appearing on the mind because where there is a fountain of sweet water, there is no need of digging other wells!

*Praiseworthy 'Jakhro'; others 'Ani Rai',
They were not moulded; like 'Jakhro' was,
Perhaps God's clay; was only enough for 'Jakhro'.*

(Bilawal 2-2, M. Sh.)

*Having seen 'Jadam Jakhro'; you find no favourite,
Who would sink a well; if he found a fountain head!*

(Bilawal 2-3, M. Sh.)

May the generosity of generous, live long! Without generous, there is darkness in the world. The generous in the desert of this world ,are like cold and sweet wells from which the desert crossing people or walkers drink a sip of water, cool their hearts or minds ,May they get eternity.

*May such valiant live long; they are my safe haven,
May that well never dry; thronged by every one,
Your aura relieves me; oh Cheerful! I am blessed.*

(Bilawal 3-2, M. Sh.)

Shah, praising Jadam Jakhro, gets ecstasy and exaggerate to express: "I do not match others hundreds of rulers with this ruler. Oh generous ruler! Your generosity is like the rain. Your cloud or generosity has covered or hidden eighteen thousand Hatims".

Shah was lover of God so he was Lover of Lovers of God. He has described the whole account of the martyrdom of Imam Hussain in very panic and sorrowful way. Imam Hussain sacrificed his head in the religious war or fight. Shah like lover, how he stated the whole account of this tragic and painful event with his spiritual strength and the poetical conscience?. Lovers deserve the martyrdom.

Like Firdousi the Persian poet of Iran, Shah due to historical fact has not revealed the (Razmi) Poetry although "Sur Kedaro" is based on the historical facts and events. The poetry like this, Shah has narrated with the spirit of the real love." Hardship of martyrdom is entirely a Pride". Kedaro is the spoilt or fighting position of "Kedar" the word of Sanskrit language, which means the ground of war or "field of fight". In the Sur Kedaro, the

emotion and inspiration of war, the bravery of the brave people, the game of the tragic swords moving, the dance of lions shoulders and necks in the desert, the painful noise of the wives of brave warriors and the mourning of martyrdom of the love's of the Universe etc. have all been described in water emerging words. In the eyes of Shah, the "brave" is that who jumps into the army of war without any fear and hesitation. He wears neither armour on his body nor for his safety or protection puts shield before him. He does not care for his head targeting arrows and swords and not exerting war and fighting, he keeps no other worry in his mind. The soldier who cares for armour and shield in the ground of war, he has got still care of his body. Such soldier is not liable to be called a brave warrior or soldier. The true brave soldier is one who has no little care for his living more.

*He who wears armour; in the battle field,
Shows that he desires; to live some time more,
Gallant is he ;who enters bare-chest in battle field.*

(Kedaro 5-4, M. Sh.)

Shah admonishes brave warriors this way:

*If you want to triumph; Oh warrior! Remove all qualms,
Attack with spear; grapple enemy; do not wear armour,
Strike your sword on enemy; to be known as a knight.*

(Kedaro 5-5, M. Sh.)

It is the duty of Princes to be fond of war and till they are alive, they should keep desire in their mind of drinking the cup of iron or fight with the sword of iron and in the last drink the cup of martyrdom in the ground of war.

*Oh Prince! Keen combatant! so long as you live,
Swoop on lances; swig the essence of steel,
Be nosh of vultures; which waited for human flesh.*

(Kedaro 6-1, M. Sh.)

But Shah reveals that to be brave in the ground of war is not the quality or duty of every one. Here that man is jumping into

the war who thinks the fleeing away from the war as a shame or reproach, taunt and sarcasm.

*Every one is not gallant; who comes to wage war,
They would fall in battle field, for whom going back is scorn.*

(Kedaro 5-3, M. Sh.)

Shah was a true Sufi (Free thinker). No any point of free thinking has been left out by Shah. That Sufi way is not left out, which he has not touched or studied. In his Risalo (Message), different stages of Sufis (free thinkers) i.e. Shariat, Tariqat, Maarifat, Haqiqat and principles of free thinkers like Ziker (Remembrance) and Fiker (Thinking), Qaza (Occasional), Raza (Agreement), Toukal (Believing) and Tasleem (Peace), Tajli (Light) and Istaqalal or Istar (Continuity) are pointed out like the example given below:

Ziker and Fiker

*Pitch covert tent of 'Jabbar'; inside your crops,
Let your tongue affirm; His praises all day long,
Search His big name; carefully in Quran,
Knock at no other door; priceless pearl is in there.*

(Yaman Kalyan 5-8, M. Sh.)

Qaza

*I did not know; perils that water held,
Who could escape destiny; ordained by Merciful!
Love and destiny both; brought me in cascade.*

(Suhni 9-6, M. Sh.)

Toukal

*Waves could not assault them; who evoked Benign Lord,
They surmounted storms; with strength of atonement,
Having faith in God; they crossed the oceans with ease,
Some perfect 'Sailor' came to their succor; at high Seas.*

(Sri Rag 2-5, M. Sh.)

Raza and Tasleem

*Entrust all your errands, to Benign Lord,
Submit to His will; ignoring despair and doubts,
Attain your goals; with assistance of 'Omnipotent'.*

(Sri Rag 4-1, M. Sh.)

Tajli and Istatar

*Sometime doors are bolted; sometimes wide open,
At times refused admittance; at times called over,
At times I long for a call; at times secrets shared,
Of such nature; is my Noble Sweet heart!*

(Barvo Sindhi 1-8, M. Sh.)

The different stages of Sufism are given above.

Struck by "He is One"; they keep rehearsing "None but Allah"

*Their soul submerged in 'Haqeeqat'; they tread path of 'Tareeqat',
With claim of 'Maarifat'; they explore spiritual world,
They never sleeping tranquil; nor do they hunt sitting home,
Lovers, says Latif, are keen to chop their heads from neck.*

(Ramkali)

*Oh Devotee! Do not consider one flower as many flowers,
Identify that which it is alone or same.*

(Devotee means Jogi) (Ramkali 9-27)

The traveller, a saint or a devotee has to build up a firm foundation or base, then over it, a safe and strong building can be constructed. In the Spiritual field or walk of life, there are many fears and dangers and till a lover (Seeker) gets a perfect leader, he has to cross many difficult ways. Such points Shah has narrated at many places. Sufis say that "who has no religious leader, his leader is devil."

In Sur Desi, Shah has guided the devotee that with out leader, there is darkness.

*All is gloom; without 'Ari Jam's
None could see light; without beacon of guide,
Remove rust from heart; Darling! Make it clean,
One who has no guide; would be guided by Satan,
She who embarks alone; is misguided by conceit,
Going without guide; is like sailing without raft,
Many are misled; who embarked without guide.*

(Desi 2-3, M. Sh.)

The Devotee has to die before the death which means he has to sacrifice all his desires. "Die before Death" (Hadith-saying of the prophet (PBUH).....According to this in Sur Maazoori, Shah has depicted in one Dastaan, "Die before death". Before death to die means, sacrifice all desires and greedy wishes, put your self in troubles or to get cut your head.

*Re-live after having died; to behold beloved's beauty,
You would be blessed; if you abide by this axiom.*

(Maazoori 3-1, M. Sh.)

*You did not learn to die discreetly; for Sweet heart,
Have you not heard; "die" why wait to lose head!*

(Maazoori 3-7, M. Sh.)

Sufis say that when God created the world or Universe, God said, "Kun" meaning be and it became (Fayakoon). When God created souls, He asked them "Alast Birabkum" (Am I your Creator"? The Souls replied "Yes" (Qaloo! Bala). In Quran also, it is revealed. In the poetry of Shah Latif, there are given also these points.

*When "Am I not thy Lord" ? fell on my ears,
I replied whole heartedly; "Indeed Thou art",
At that moment I made; a vow with my folks.*

(Marvi 1-1, M. Sh.)

Note: All similarities or comparisons have been described in each forward or preface of all Surs (Tunes) and Dastaan Episodes in the Risalo.

Real Love

*"Come to inhabit my eyes; I shall close them,
So world may not see you; and I see none else".*

(Sur Asa 3-6)

Kalyan Advani

شاه جاسر

SURS OF SHAH

سرڪلياڻ

”ڪلياڻ“ سنسڪرت لفظ آهي ۽ معنيٰ اٿس سک يا شانتِي. هي سر من کي آندڻ جو بخشي. ڳائڻ وديا موجب هي سر، ڊيپڪ راڳ جي اٺن پٽن مان هڪ آهي ۽ سنجها جو ڳائبو آهي. ڪن صاحبن جو رايو آهي ته هي سر اُسر جو به ڳائڻ ۾ ايندو آهي، ڇو ته سنجها ۽ اُسر، ٻئي سڳوريون مهلون آهن ۽ بندگان لاءِ رٿيل آهن. رسالي ۾ هي سر ڌڻيءَ جي ساراھ سان شروع ٿو ٿئي. شاھ صاحب، پيغمبر صاحب اڳيان سر ٿو نوائي ۽ کيس ”ڪارڻي“ ۽ هيڪڙائي جو پيغام رسائيندڙ ڪري ٿو مڃي.

رسالي ۾ هي سر ڌڻي جي ساراھ سان شروع ٿو ٿئي، شاھ صاحب پيغمبر صلعم اڳيان سر نوائي ۽ کيس ”ڪارڻي“ ۽ هيڪڙائي جو پيغام رسائيندڙ ڪري ٿو مڃي. رسالي جي هر هڪ سر ۾ روحاني مطلب رکيل آهي. هن سر ۾ شاھ صاحب پهرين ”وحدت مان ڪثرت“ وارو صوفيانو راز سمجهايو آهي: ڌڻي هڪ آهي ۽ سندس ڪو ثاني ناهي. هيءُ سموري ظاهري گهڻائي سندس هيڪڙائيءَ مان نڪتي آهي. هو ”سونهن جو سر“ آهي. پاڻ ئي سهڻيون شيون پيدا ڪندڙ آهي. ۽ پاڻ ئي پنهنجي سونهن تي حيران آهي. هي سمورو ماندڻ سندس ئي منڊيل آهي. هيءُ ڪائنات هڪ محل آهي، جنهن کي سهسين دريون آهن. دريءَ دريءَ منجهان سندس ديدار آهي. هر هڪ روپ ۾ پاڻ سمايل آهي. جيءَ جيءَ ۾ سندس درس آهي. جيڏانهن پرک ڪر، تيڏانهن صاحب سامهون آهي: ڪوڙين سندس ڪاڀائون آهن.

ڌڻيءَ جا عاشق ساڻس هڪ ٿيا پيا آهن. هو سن ئي سن ۾ روحاني ولايت جا سير پيا ڪن. هو سوريءَ تي سرها آهن. ۽ چوچ مان سر ڪلهن تان لاهي ٿا ڏين. هنن لاءِ سوري سڀج آهي ۽ مرڻ مشاهدو. نينهن جو نالو ڳنهن آهي سيخن ۾ ماس پچائڻ. ڌڻي به جن کي چاهي ٿو، تن کي ڪوئي، ڪهي ٿو. جنهن کي پنهنجو ٿو ڪري، تنهن کي خوب خنجر ٿو هڻي. هو پنهنجن عاشقن سان ”ڪاسائڪي ڪار“ ٿو ڪري ۽ سندن ”جيرا، جگر، بڪيون“ ڪباب ٿو ڪري. هو سندن رڳون به ٿو سوجهي.

شاھ، مرشد يا گروءَ کي ڪاسائي جو روپ ڏيئي، وري ڪلال جو روپ ٿو ڏئي. سندس شراب، زهر جهڙو قاتل ۽ ٽوھ جهڙو ڪوڙو آهي. سندس عاشق انهيءَ ”ڪڙي“ ۽ قاتل ”جا هيراڪ آهن. هي اهڙو منڌ آهي، جنهن جي پيئڻ سان رڳن مان ساھ نڪريو وڃي، پر عاشق ان کي ڏسي وهن ٿا. هو سر ڌڻي انجي سر کي ٿا وٺن. حقيقت ۾ هن

آملھ شراب جي ھڪ پڪ بہ سر جي عيوض سستي چڻبي. جنجي پاڳ ۾ لکيل آھي،
تنکي ئي انجي سرڪي ٿي ملي. شاھ، ڪامل مرشد کي ”مھيسر“ ٿو ڪوٺي. سموري
تمثيل سڄي سائينءَ توڙي روحاني رھبر سان ٿي لڳي.

TUNE (SUR) KALYAN

The word Kalyan has been taken from the Sanskrit language which means peace and comfort. According to "Gyan Vidya" this Sur is related to one of the eight sons of "Deepak Rag". It is sung in the early and last hours of the night because both times are meant for prayers of God Almighty.

Then the Prophet has been considered and believed as messenger of Oneness of God. He has no partner or having equal entity. Spiritual meaning is also apparent in this Tune like in other all Tunes.

The first concept recited is about from oneness to plurality or monotheism to polytheism. God is one and His equal or partner is none.

This Tune is related to true beauty. The whole Universe is like a Mansion having many windows from each window, God is seen in different shapes or actions. From each window, He Himself is clearly seen. From every side, He is visible.

His Lovers are ready to go to gallows. For them Gallows are soft beds and to die is not their sign of cowardness. They feel pride to die for sake of God Who cuts them with big knife or iron cutter.

The Spiritual Leaders are given first the status of killers or cutters and then wine keepers or takers. Lovers become habitual of taking sour and killer wine which is called Mandh (In perpetual intoxication) and all veins of breath of wine drinkers are closed. It becomes great luck or Fortune to receive a sip of wine. The complete spiritual Leader has been called and considered as "Mahessar" (brave).

داستان پھريون

ساراه، هڪ ڌڻيءَ جي جڳائي، جو پنهي جهانن جو والي آهي ۽ جنهن جو ثاني ٻيو ڪوبه نه آهي. جي سندس هيڪڙائيءَ کي مڃڻ ٿا، سي ڪڏهن به راه تان ٽڙن نه ٿا ۽ کين ڪوبه ڏک نٿو رسي. سڄي ڄاڻ وارا صاحب هميشه سن ۾ ٿا گهارين ۽ سارو وقت روحاني ديس جو سير پيا ڪن. ڪٿڻ ۽ هارائڻ جو هنڌ هيءَ دنيا ئي آهي. هتي ئي ”جنت جو جام“ حاصل ڪري ٿو سگهجي. هيءَ سموري ڪثرت ”گهڻائي“ هيڪڙائيءَ مان پيدا ٿي آهي. هي سمورو مانڊاڻ هڪ محل آهي جنهن کي سهسين دريون آهن. دريءَ دريءَ مان هڪ ئي دلبر جو ديدار ٿو پسجي. هونءِ آهي عاشق، نه معشوق، نه خالق، نه مخلوق، پاڻ سونهن جو سر آهي ۽ پنهنجي حسن تي پاڻ حيران آهي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 1

Praise is for God only Who is creator of both worlds this and to come. None is like Him. This world is considered as the source of pleasure for the coming next world after death. what is produced in this world, will be harvested in the next world after death. From the Oneness, the plurality or from Monotheism, polytheism has been achieved or obtained.

The whole universe has been considered as a Mansion which has many windows. From each window, one beloved is seen, He is neither begotten, nor does He beget. He Himself is beautiful and Himself wonders all His creation

1

اَوَّلَ اللّٰهِ عَلَيمٌ، اَعْلٰی، عَالَمٌ جَوَ ڌڻِي؛
 قَادِرٌ پَنهنجي قُدَرَتِ سِين، قَائِمٌ اَه قَدِيم،
 وَالسِي، وَاِحْدٌ، وَحْدَهُ، رَازِق، رَبُّ رَحِيم،
 سَوَسَارَاه سَجَوَ ڌڻِي، چَئِي حَمْدُ حَكِيم؛
 ڪري پاڻ ڪَرِيم، جوڙون جوڙَ جِهَان جي.

First God, the Knower, the great, the owner of the World, creator with His creation in existence since past (aeons old), the

caretaker, the single, the alone, the sustainer, the Merciful, Praise be to God, pray, remember Him with submission, the kind, the creator of the world.

2

وَحْدَهُ لَا شَرِيكَ لَهُ، جَنُّ اُتُو سَيْنِ اِيْمَانِ،
تَن مَجِيوُ مُحَمَّدٌ كَارِثِي، قَلْبَ سَانِ لِسَانِ،
اَوَّهَ فَاثِقُ ۾ فَرْمَانِ، اَوْتَرُ ڪَنهن نَه اُولِيَا.

Alone, He is one, who declared Him with belief, they accepted the creation of the world for the sake of Muhammad (PBUH) with heart and tongue, according to Allah, he (PBUH) is the great, never misled, misguided and strayed.

3

اَوْتَرُ ڪَنهن نَه اُولِيَا، سُوْتَرُ وِيَا سَالِمِ،
هِيڪَاڻِي هِيڪُ ٿِيَا، اَحَدَ سَيْنِ عَالِمِ،
بِي بَهَا بِالِمِ، اَگِي ڪِيَا اِگْهِيَن.

Being never strayed, the great people went straight to the sea water, they became together with one having true knowledge, since beginning, God made them invaluable.

4

اَگِي ڪِيَا اِگْهِيَن، نَسُو رُوئي نُوْرُ،
لَا خَوْفَ عَلَيْهِمْ وَلَا هُمْ يَحْزَنُوْنَ، سَچَن ڪُوْنهي سُوْرُ
مُوْلِي ڪِيُو مَعْمُوْر، اَنگُ اَزَلُ ۾ اَن جُو.

Since long, God made them purely shining, they neither fear nor worry (Quran), nothing mishap to truthful people. From very beginning, God made them lucky or made their good fortunes.

5

وَحْدَهُ جِي وِڊِيَا، اِلَالله سَيْنِ اوْرِيَن،
هِنِيُوَن حَقِيقت گڏِيُو، طَرِيقت توْرِيَن،

معرفت جي ماڻ سين، ڏيساندر ڏورين،
سڪ نه ستا ڪڏهين، ويهي نه وورين،
ڪلهنئون ڪورين، عاشق، عبداللطيف چئي.

Who believe in oneness, they repeatedly pray one God, Their heart is together with the real nature, do in accordance with the law of Nature. According to the principles or directions of nature loving people, pass the spiritual days or live in the spiritual world, they never sleep peacefully, and do not pass sad life or worry for future, the nature lover, Abdul Latif says, they cut their heads from shoulders or end their entity.

6

وَحْدَهُ لَا شَرِيكَ لَهُ، بُدءِ نَه پوڙا،
ڪر تو ڪنين نه سئا، جي گهٽ اندر گهوڙا،
گاڙيندين ڳوڙها، جت شاهد ٿيندءِ سامهان.

Who believe, God is only one, Oh dumb! You did not hear with ears, having horses in your heart or conscience, tears will come out, before witnesses.

7

وَحْدَهُ لَا شَرِيكَ لَهُ، اهو وهائج وي،
گتئين جي هارائئين، هنڌ تنهنجو هي،
پاڻان چوندءِ پي، پري جامر جنت جو.

Who believe, "God is only one", this idea should be adopted. This is the place where you will win and lose or get defeat, automatically, they will say to drink the cup of (spiritual) wine of paradise.

8

وَحْدَهُ لَا شَرِيكَ لَهُ، آي هيڪڙائيءَ حق،
بيائيءَ کي ٻڪ، جن وڌو، سي ورسيا.

Who believe, "God is only one", this is truth of oneness, who

believed in polytheism or in two gods, they strayed or lost true path.

9

سِرُ ڏُونڊيا، ڏڙ نہ لھان، ڏڙ ڏُونڊيان، سِرُ ناھ،
هَٿَ ڪَرايُون آڱريون، ويا ڪڇجي ڪانہ
وَحَدت جِي وِهانءَ، جِي ويا، سِي وِڊيا.

When I want to find neck or head, I find only the body, when I want to find the body, the head is not available, hands, wrists, fingers were cut sometime or somewhere, who believed or married with oneness, they were cut or found no more.

10

عاشق چَئو مَر اُن کي، مَر کي چَئو معشوق
خالق چَئو مَر خاَمَر تون، مَر کي چَئو مخلوق
سَلج تنهن سُلوك، جو ناقصا نِگيو.

Do not call as lover and beloved to him, neither call him Creator nor maiden or new and creature, converse the secrets of heart with them who are pure minded or sacred people.

11

وحدتان ڪثرت ٿي، ڪثرت وحدت ڪُل،
حق حقيقتي هيڪڙو، ٻوليءَ ٻيءَ مَر پُل،
هُو هُلاچو هُل، باالله سندنو سڄڻين.

From one to many, or from monotheism to polytheism, many and oneness became all, truth is fact of oneness forget all other idea or language. All other noise or matter by God is for beloveds or dear ones.

12

پاڻهين جَل جَلالَ، پاڻهين جان جمال،
پاڻهين صورت پرينءَ جِي، پاڻهين حسن ڪمال،
پاڻهين پير مُريد ٿئي، پاڻهين پاڻ خيال،
سڀ سڀوئي حال، منجهان ئي معلوم ٿئي.

Himself is the Great, Himself is beautiful, Himself is the shape of beloved, Himself all full of beauty, Himself is discipline, Himself is self picture or idea, He knows everything about the secrets of all hearts.

13

پاڻهين پسي پاڻکي، پاڻهين محبوب،
پاڻهين خلقي خوب، پاڻهين طالب تن جو.

He Himself is beloved and Himself sees His own beauty, He Himself creates beautiful things, and Himself loves them or Himself demands them.

14

پڙاڏو سو سڏ، وَرَ وائيءَ جو لَهين،
هُئا اڳهين گڏ، بُڌڻ ۾ به ٿيا.

If you can understand the meaning of the tongue or language, the call itself is echo. In fact both call and echo are one but in hearing, they are two or they are heard separately as two in numbers.

15

ايڪ قصَر، دَر لَڪَ، ڪوڙين ڪٽيسِ ڳڙ ڪيون،
جيڏانهن ڪريان پرک، تيڏانهن صاحب سامهون.

The palace is one but it has lacs and crores windows, where I see, Sahib (God the Creator) is in front or before me.

16

ڪوڙين ڪاڻائون تنهنجيون، لَڪَن لَڪَ هزارَ،
جيءُ سڀڪنهن جيءُ سين، دَر سن ڌارون ڌارَ،
پريرِ تنهنجا پارَ، ڪهڙا چئي ڪيئن چوان.

Your shapes are in lacs and crores, in each physical body, You live there or one can see You in each physical body, Oh beloved! Your shapes, what and how, I should describe or explain.

وائِي

سڀڪا پريان ڪون پوڄي
 نينهن نيڙين، ڳڻ ڳالهه وو
 جا چتايو ڇت ۾، سڄڻ سا ٿو بجهي
 لات جا لطيف جي، سڏ تنهنجو سڄي.

VAEE (Flatulence) 1

Every body worships his own beloved, the quality of love is observed from tears coming from eyes, What I have kept in mind, that the beloved knows or it is heard/known by him, the sweet expression or the statement of Latif is clearly heard.

داستان پيو

پرينءَ وٽ نيٺ پير جي آڳهائي آڳهي ٿي. ويجهن جون ستيون، پيچون ۽ ڊپ هن آڳهائيءَ ۾ ڪوبه اثر نٿا ڪن. عاشقن لاءِ سوري سينگار آهي ۽ مرڻ مشاهدو. جنڪي سڄي شراب جي طلب آهي، تنڪي پنهنجو سر ڪلال جي هٿ تي وڌائڻو آهي. جي سڄي شراب جي سرڪي، سر جي عيوض ملي ته به سستي چڻبي. هي هڏو ۽ چر، پرينءَ جي پڪ برابر نه آهي. سپرينءَ سان گڏ هڪ ساعت گهارڻ سو سرن کان مٿي آهي. سڪڻ جي معنيٰ ئي آهي سر ڏيڻ. هي بي بها شراب لکڻي سان ٿو ملي، نه سر ڏيڻ سان.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 2

The beloved likes love. No medicine is available with the physicians for the worldly patients. For lovers, wine of love is considered necessary so they go near to the shops of wine. To live with beloveds only for a while is equal to hundreds of years. To love the beloved is like to sacrifice of heads of lovers. It is Fortune to get such wine not obtainable for sacrifice of heads.

1

اگهي اگهائي، رنجُ پريان کي رسيو،
چڪيم چڱائي، سورانگهي سُوريءَ تان.

My weakness or my mistake was excused and He realized sympathy for me, or He showed sympathy for me. On gallows, I enjoyed very much or when I was hanged, I got great happiness.

2

انڌا اُونڌا ويڄ! کَل کُڄاڙيا کانئئين،
اسان دُکي ڏيل م، تون پيارئين پيڄ!
سوري جنين سيڄ، مرڻ تن مُشاهدو.

Oh blind and unwise physician, or Doctor! Why do you cut my skin and scratch my body? We are very weak and feeble in physique, you drink them liquid food or liquid boiled rice, for whom gallows are soft beds or sleeping place, for them death is meant as having sight or meeting with their beloved.

3

سُوري آه سينگار، اڳهين عاشقن جو،
مُڙڻ موٽڻ ميهڻو، ٿيا نظاري نروار،
کُسن جو ڦَرار، اصل عاشقن کي.

For true lovers, gallows are the already enjoyable place to live. It is very bad or great defect to leave them or be away from them, they are openly fond of to be murdered and it is their firm belief or promise to get the status of martyrs.

4

سُوريءَ مٿي سين، ڪهڙي ليکي سَنرا؟
جیلھ لڳا نين، تي سُوريائي سيڄ ٿي.

Why lovers are happy at gallows? Because since they have loved their beloved, their soft bed for sleeping has been gallows.

5

سُورِيءَ تِي سُوَ وارَ، ڏهاڙو چَنگ چڙهين،
جَمَ وِرَجي چڏئين، سِڪڻ جي پَچارَ،
پَرَتِ نہ پَسِين پاڙَ، نِينهن جُٿان ئي نَگيو.

Even if you stand on gallows hundred times daily, you do not hesitate and leave loving your beloved. From where your love started, why do not you consider the secret from that place.

6

پهرين کاتي پاءِ، پچج پوءِ پريتڻو،
ڏکُ پريان جو ڏيلَ ۾، واجتَ جئن وڄاءِ،
سيخن ماہُ پچاءِ، جي نالو گيڙو نِينهن جو.

First cut your head with knife or cutter, then ask for the origin of love or liking. In veins of your body, play music of liking or loving the beloved. When you love, you must roast your flesh of body or burn your whole body.

7

کاتيءَ کونهي ڏوهَ، گَنُ وڍيندڙ هتَ ۾،
پسيو پَرِ عجيبَ جي، لِجيو وڃي لوهُ،
عاشقن اندوهَ، سدا معشوقن جو

There is no fault of cutter or knife because its handle is in the hands of the cutter. The behaviour or attitude of the beloved is so much peaceful or attractive, the iron knife or cutter itself is trembling or shirking or avoiding to cut or to kill. Lovers are always yearning for beloveds or lovers always plan for happiness or satisfaction of their beloveds.

8

کاتي تڪي مَر ٿئي، مَرُ مُنيائي هو،
مانَ وِرمَن توهَ، مُونَ پريان جا هٿڙا.

The cutter should not be sharp, it must be even blunt, so that

the hands of beloved should take more time to kill me and stay some time with me.

9

اڳيان اڏن وٽ، پوئين سر سنباهيا،
ڪاٺ ته پوئين قبول ۾، مڃڻ پائين گهٽ،
مٿا مهايڻ جا، پيا نه ڏسين پٽ؟
ڪالڪي هٽ. ڪسڻ جو ڪوپ وهي.

The head of first lovers are at cutting places, the back lovers are preparing for getting cut their heads, you should also get cut your head so as to get yourself accepted, lest others should think it low or of less value, you do not see the heads of lovers cut on the land or plain? (On the shop of spiritual leaders or wine sellers or shops, the cutting of heads of lovers is continuous).

10

جي اٿئي سڌ سُرڪ جي، تونءُ ڪالڪن ڪاتي،
لاهي رک، لطيف چئي، مٿو وٽ ماني،
تڪ ڏيئي پڪ پي تون، منجهان گهوت! گهاتي،
جو ورت وهاڻي، سو سِر وٽ سَرو سهانگو.

If you want to sip the wine, then you should go to the shop of wine seller. You should put your cut head near the earthen vessel. Oh bride groom! You should take sip of wine. That wine intoxicates very young drinkers or makes them unconscious but it is cheaper than the head of drinker.

11

جي اٿئي سڌ سُرڪ جي، تونءُ ڪالڪي ڪوءِ
مهيسر جي منڌ جي، هٿ هڏهين هوءِ،
جان رمز پروڙ ڀروءِ، تان سِر وٽ سُرڪي سڳئي.

If you are interested to drink, then go to the street of wine shop. There always is heard the advertisement of spiritual leader's

wine. When the secret became open then it was understood or known that if in place of the head, the sip of wine is received, it will be profitable.

12

ناٿي ناهِ ڪڪو، ڪي ملهه مهانگو منڏ،
سَنبَاهِج، سيد چئي، ڪاٿڻ ڪارڻ ڪنڏ،
هيُ تنين جو هنڌ، مٿن پاسِ مَرَن جي.

This wine is not exchangeable for money or it is not priced or it is not purchased for money but it is very costly or invaluable, says Syed. You should get ready your neck or head for cutting or killing. This is the place of those lovers who sat near the earthen vessels and died or they got death.

13

عاشق زهر پياڪ، وهِ ڏسي وهُسن گهڻو،
ڪڙي ۽ قاتلِ جاءِ هميشه هيراڪ،
لڳين لنوءَ، لطيف چئي، فنا ڪيا فراق،
توڻي چڪن چاڪ، ته به آه نه سلن عامر ڪي.

Real lovers are habitual of taking poison and they become happy to see the poison. They are always accustomed to take very sour and killer wine. They have been so much intoxicated in love that the fear of separation has made them vanished or killed them. If they are so much ached or pained but keep silent or do not complain before the public.

14

مَر ڪر سڌ سري جي، جي تون تارئين ٿو،
پيتي جنهن پاسي ٿئي، منجهان رڳن روح،
ڪاٿي چڪ ڪڪو، لاهي سر، لطيف چئي.

If you feel danger or fear from the sourness of bitter apple then do not demand or yearn to take that wine which makes the

wine takers' veins unable to live more or become dead. You first of all cut your head and keep it on the shop wine, then take that wine, says Latif.

15

سَدِّتِيا شراب جون، کُ پَچارون کَن؟
ح کات کالَن کِديا، تہ موتيو پوءِ وِجَن،
پَکُون سي پيَن، سِر جن جا سَت مِر.

Why empty lovers desire for or talk of wine? When wine sellers have shown their iron cutters, the empty lovers shirk and leave the spot or disappear and go away. Sips of wine may be taken or drunk by those whose heads are ready or available for cutting in this business or affair.

16

سِر جُدا، دَڙ ڌار، دوڳ جنين جا ديڳ مِر،
سي مَرُ ڪن پَچار، حاضر جن جي هَت مِر.

Whose heads are cut or separated, bodies dead or unable to move and their flesh or skin are in the big cooking vessel and their heads are in their hands, they only should demand or desire for a sip of wine.

17

اصل عاشقن جو، سِرُ نہ ساندينُ ڪمُ،
سَوُ سِسنئان اڳرو، سَندو دوسان دَمُ،
هي هڏو ۽ چمُ، پَڪَ پريان جي نہ پَڙي.

To keep head protected is not a duty of real lovers, only a moment of company of friends is better than one hundred heads or more valuable than one hundred heads. With a moment in the company of sweet beloved cannot be matched or compared with the pleasure or happiness of bones and skins or this bone and flesh can not be compared with the spit of the beloved.

18

جي مٿي وٽ مڙن، ته سيڪنهن سڌ ٿئي،
 سر ڏني سٺ جُڙي، ته عاشق ائين اچن،
 لڏا ئي لپن، ملهه مهانگا سڀرين.

If for the sake of head, real beloveds meet, so everybody will try to love or will be fond of loving. In the bargaining of giving the head is profitable or becomes useful, many lovers will be ready to come there. The real beloveds meet only for fortune or luck.

19

ملهه مهانگو ڦڙرو، سڪن شهادت،
 آسان عبادت، نظر ناز ڀرين جو.

A drop of real love is very costly or valuable. To desire for love is like to be a martyr. Our duty is to pray, it is therefore the utmost duty of beloved to look after us or see to us mercifully.

وائي

منڌ پئنڊي مون، ساڃن سهي سڃاتو،
 بي پيالو عشق جو، سڀڪي سمجهيو سون،
 پريان سنڊي پار جي، اندر اڳ آئون،
 جئن ناهي جڳ ڀر، ڏينهن مڙئي ڏون،
 آلا! عبداللطيف چئي، آهين تون ئي تون.

VAEE (Flatulence)

Drinking wine of love, I recognized my beloved fully or completely. After having a cup of wine of love, every thing was understood or the secrets of love were known. We have fire or warmth of the love of beloved. To live in this world is short because life is for two days or it is known that the memory to pass this life is for two days birth day and the day of death. Shah Abdul Latif says, "Oh God! You are the owner of this world or Creator of our life."

داستان ٽيون

پرين پاڻ ئي پيڙا ڏيندڙ آهي ۽ پاڻ ئي ڏک لاهيندڙ آهي. ويڄ اُن ۾ رتيءَ جيترو به فرق آئي نٿا سگهن. هو جنهن جو دوست ٿئي ٿو، تنهنڪي خوب خنجر ٿو هڻي. هو مجلس ۾ منو ٿو لڳي، پر اندر ۾ نهايت ظالم آهي. هو پنهنجي عاشق جون رڳون ٿو سوجهي. زبان تي میناج اٿس، هٿ ۾ کاتي. جنهن کي ڪهي ٿو، تنهن کي ڪوئي ٿو؛ جنهن کي ڪوئي ٿو تنهن کي ڪهي ٿو. چنڻ توڙي ڳنڍڻ سندس وس آهي. عاشق جون رڳون رباب وانگر پيئون وڃن، پر جانب پاڻ خاموش آهي. سندس طرفان جيڪي پڙهي، سو منائي آهي. نينهن وارن لاءِ ڪسڻ قرب آهي ۽ مرڻ مشاهدو.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 3

The real beloved himself puts into trouble and himself provides protection from all odds and gives comfort. They have no medicines to relieve from the disease to the patients. Visibly the beloved is physician, very kind and sweet but secretly, he is cruel and killer. He has knife in his hands but very polite in dealings and behaving. It is he who calls the lover and kills or cuts him. He provides comfort to whom he likes and kills whom he dislikes. The veins of lover are trembling and feeling weakness and feebleness but he himself is silent and in patience. Every thing bestowed by him is very sweet and tasty. For faithful lovers killing is very rational and dear and death is the outcome or success in their lives.

1

اُٿياري اُٿي ويا، منجهان مون آزار،
حبيب ئي هڻي ويا، پيڙا جي پڇار،
طبيبن ٽنوار، هڏ نه وڻي هاڻ مون.

Beloved arising in my heart, the pain of love, left me in lurch. Beloved putting me in weakness or feebleness of love went away or disappeared. Now I do not like the treatment or medicine of physicians.

2

اُور ڏکندو اُو ٿئي، هاڏي جنهن حبيبُ،
 تر تفاوتُ نه ڪري، تنهن کي ڪو طبيبُ،
 رهنما رقيبُ، سائرِ صحتِ سپرين.

The beloved advises whom, he is attacked by a different disease or disability. The Physician then is unable to get him rid of it or he cannot provide any medicine for removal of that disease. The beloved is a suitable guide and caretaker and for health he is a helper and healer of the disease.

3

سائرِ صحتِ سپرين، آهي نه آزارُ،
 مجلسِ ويرِ مٺو ٿئي، ڪوٺيندي قهارُ،
 خنجرُ تنهن خوب هڻي، جنهن سين ٿئي يارُ،
 صاحبُ ربُ ستارُ، سوجهي رڳون ساهِ جون.

The beloved is healer of health and he never puts in trouble or gives any pain. He is very sweet in company or meetings but generally he is considered cruel or an oppressor. Whose, He becomes friend, he uses iron cutters to him or he cuts him with iron cutters. The cover provider or sustainer, clears the veins of breath or provides breath to live long more.

4

رڳون ٿيون ربابُ، وَجَنَ وِڪَ سَپَ ڪنهن،
 لُچُن ڪُچُن نه ٿيو، جانبُ ري جبابُ،
 سوئي سنڌيندمِ سپرين، ڪيسِ جنهن ڪبابُ،
 سوئي عينُ عذابُ، سوئي راحتِ رُوحِ جي.

My veins have been like the instrument of music, every time they sound like it's wires or iron lines. For real lover, there are neither trembling nor crying or the lover neither trembles nor makes voice or cries because the beloved himself remains silent or keeps silence. The beloved who has roasted me, he himself will

come and keep me healthy or will heal me up or make me happy and healthy. He Himself puts in trouble or gives pain or ache and also He bestows with comforts and relieves or happiness.

5

سوئي راهَ رَدَ ڪري، سوئي راهنماءُ
وَتُعِزُّ مَنْ تَشَاءُ، وَتَذِلُّ مَنْ تَشَاءُ.

He misguides the way or path and He provides the guide or shows the proper path. He makes the respectable or honorable to whom He likes and degrades or disrespects to whom He dislikes

6

سڪين ڪُهَ سَلامَ ڪي، ڪَرين ڪُهَ نہ سَلامَ؟
بِيا دَرَ تَن حَرامَ، اِي دَرُ جَنِينِ دِڪِيو.

Why do you yearn for greeting the beloved? Why not you visit him to pay your regards to Him? Who have visited or seen this place or door, for them other doors or places are unknown or not honorable.

7

مِنايان مِنو گهڻو، ڪَڙو ناهَ ڪَلامَ،
سُڪوٽُ ئي سَلامَ، پَريان سَندي پَارَ جو.

The conversations or dialogues of the beloved are very sweet and pleasant and are never baseless or false. The beloved's silence is great greeting or regard.

8

پَريان سَندي پَارَ جي، مِڙِيئي مِنائِي،
ڪَانهي ڪَڙائي، چَڪِين جي چِيٽُ ڪَري.

Which thing has been received from the side of the beloved, it is very sweet and valuable. There is no sourness in it if you take it with clear mind or with purity.

9

تو جنين جي تات، تن پڻ آهي تنهنجي،
 فَاذْ كُرُونِي اِذْ كُرْ كُمْ، اِي پَرُوڙجِ بات،
 هَتِ ڪاتي ڳڙ وات، پُچڻ پَر پرين جي.

Whom you take care, they also are faithful with you or they show their sympathy with you. God says in Quran, "Remember Me, I shall remember you or take your care." Understand fully this quotation. Iron cutter in the hand and sweetness in the conversation, that is the pleasant manner of the Beloved.

10

پاڻو هي هيڪار، مون کان پُچيو سَجَڻين،
 اَلَسْتُ بِرَبِّكُمْ، چيائون جنهن وار،
 سندي سور ڪنار، تَن تَڏاهڪون نه لهي.

Once my beloved asked me with smile or politely, "Am I not your God?" Yes! when the souls said. Since that time, the pain of love of hook or iron staple, has not left or drawn out.

11

پاڻو هي پُچڻ ڪٿي هَتِ حبيبِ جو؟
 نيزي هيٺان نينهن جي، پاسي پاڻ نه ڪن،
 عاشقِ اجلِ سامهون، اوچي ڳاتِ اچن،
 کُسن قُربُ جن، مَرڻُ تَن مشاهدو.

The lovers ask happily, where is the hand of the Beloved? They do not go away from the arrow of love. They stand with a straight head before the death. For whom to cut or die is like to be faithful for love or to be near or close to the Beloved, for them to die is equal to see the Beloved or to meet with the Beloved.

12

ڪوئي ڪهي سُپرين، ڪوئي ڪهن ساڻ،
 نيزي هيٺان نينهن جي، پاسي ڪر مَ پاڻ،
 جُلُ وڃائي ڄاڻ، عاشقِ اجلِ سامهون.

The Beloved cuts or kills by calling or calls by killing or cutting (after killing, He meets with Himself) You should not leave or go away after leaving the side of the arrow of love. O Lover! Lose your personality or entity, go further or move on ahead towards death.

13

ڪوئڻُ قَرِيبَنِ جو، عَيْنُ تَرُونِ آه،
اِي اُتِي ڳالهڙي، سڪَ وَرَندي ساه،
آسَر هَڏَمَ لاه، چَنَن ڳَندين اُن جو.

To leave or forget or run away the lovers from themselves, is like calling of the beloveds. The opposite or reverse meaning of this action or behavior is itself sign or response of love. You do not be disappointed or lose hope because their separation or leaving is like their meeting or their connection.

14

ڪُهَن تان ڪَر لَهَن، ڪَر لَهَن تان ڪُهَن،
سيئي، ماءُ! مُهَن، سيئي راحت روح جي.

If they cut or kill is equal to their caretaking and when they take care is like cutting or killing. O Mother! They cut or kill means they themselves provide comfort or rest.

15

ڪُهِي سو ڪَر لَهِي، ڪوئي سو قَرِيبُ،
اها عادت سِڪِيو، هَر زَمان حَبِيبُ
تِڇي سو طَبِيبُ، سوئي راحت روح جي.

Who kills means he takes care. That who kills or cuts after calling, he is the real or faithful friend or dear darling. The beloved has ever learnt to adopt this manner or behave properly. Who cuts or kills, that is the true physician or expert doctor or experienced medicine prescriber as well as spiritual leader who always provides comfort and easiness.

وائي

ٿيندو تن طبيبُ، دارُون منهنجي دردَ جو،
 پُڪي ڏيندُم ٻاجهه جي، اچي شالَ عجيبُ،
 پرين اچي پاڻَ ڪيو، سندو غورُ غريبُ،
 ڏکندو سڀوئي ڏور ڪيو، منجهون تنَ طبيبُ،
 اديون! عبداللطيف چئي، هاتڪُ آه حبيبُ.

VAEE (Flatulence)

The Beloved will be Physician of my healthy body and will also provide medicines of my disease or illness or pain. My Beloved may come and provide graceful or effective medicine. My Beloved himself came and took care of me (poor lover). My Physician relieved me of all pains from my body. Oh sisters or girls friends! Shah Abdul Latif says, "My Beloved is an expert physician or provider of health care medicines."



سُريمن ڪلياڻ

يمن ڪلياڻ به ”ڪلياڻ“ جو قسم آهي. ”يمن“ جي معنيٰ آهي ”من کي روڪڻ“. هن سر ۾ شاه صاحب من کي وس ۾ آڻڻ لاءِ هدايتون ٿو ڏئي. ڏمر ۾ ڌڪ آهي ۽ صبر ۾ سک. سڀني سان من ماري ميٺ ڪرڻ گهرجي. چونڊڻ چيو وسارجي ۽ اڻ چونڊڻ کي ڪجهه نه چئجي. اٺ ئي پهر ادب سان اهي پر پاڙڻ گهرجي، جنجي صحبت ۾ من جو آزار وڌي، تن کان ڪنارو گهرجي؛ ۽ جنجي سنگ ۾ دل جو درد دُور ٿئي، تن جي ويجهو پڪا اڏجن.

هن سر جي پنجين داستان ۾ شاه صاحب سمجهايو آهي ته ”صوفي“ ڪنهن کي چوڻ روا آهي ۽ صوفي ٿيڻ لاءِ ڪهڙيون وصفون گهرجن. صوفي اهو آهي، جو سموريون سڏون ساڙي ۽ وجود جو ورق ڌوئي صاف ڪري. صوفيءَ جو ڪم آهي ذڪر فڪر ۾ گهارڻ ۽ سموري ڪثرت کان ڪنارو ڪرڻ. هن سموري ڪثرت جو ”سُر“ هڪ الڪ آهي ۽ ساري ڪائنات سندس ڳولائو آهي. اهو روميءَ جو رايو آهي. روميءَ کي شاه روحاني رهبر ڪري مڃيو آهي ۽ سندس مثنويءَ جو سار ٿورن بيتن ۾ سمائي ڇڏيو اٿس.

شاه صاحب، ويدانيت وارن وانگر، هن دنيا کي ”مانڊي“ جو منڊ“ سڏيو آهي. هرڪو خوديءَ ۾ گرفتار آهي ۽ ائين نٿو سمجهي ته هي مڙيوئي طلسم آهي. علم وارا مس سان ڪاغذ پيا ڪارا ڪن، پر منجهن ڪهڙيءَ سان گذ رهڻي ناهي. جئن جئن هو پنا ٿا ورائين، تئن تئن پاڻي نوان نوان ڏوهه پيا ڇاڙهين.

جن ست ڏني آهي، سي ڪڇن نه ٿا. ساجن هر هنڌ پيو وسي ۽ ڪو به هنڌ هن کان خالي ناهي. اٺ ئي پهر الڪ پوڄڻ سان ئي هرجا صاحب سامهون ڏسڻ ۾ ٿو اچي ۽ نه چاليهن رکڻ سان.

هن سر ۾ پرينءَ جي باري ۾ جدا جدا تمثيلون آيل آهن. ڪٿي هو شهنسوار آهي، ته ڪٿي ڪامل تير انداز؛ ڪٿي ويڇ آهي، ته ڪٿي ڪلال ته ڪٿي لهار. مطلب ته روحاني راه تي هلندڙن لاءِ سوين سختيون آهن. ويچارو پانڌيڙو هڪ بي حال رنڪ مثل آهي، جنهن کي ”شهنسوار“ پنهنجي گهوڙي هيٺان ٿو لتاڙي. ڪٿي ”تير انداز“ سندس جيرا، جگر ۽ بڪيون چيري ٿو ڇڏي. ڪٿي ”لهار“ کيس پچائي رک ٿو ڪري. ”قاتل ڪلال“ وري سرڪيءَ جي عيوض سر ٿو وٺي. اهي سڀ صورتون ڪامل رهبر (گرو ۽ مرشد) جون آهن، ۽ اهي مڙئي عذاب، طالب (پانڌيڙي) جي حق ۾ ڄاڻايل آهن. مطلب ته رهبر سولو سرچي نه رهرو (پانڌيڙو) سولو منزل تي پهچي.

TUNE (SUR) YAMAN KALYAN

Yaman Kalyan is also a kind of Kalyan. Yaman means to improve your mind or protect your inner feelings. In this Sur Shah Sahib has guided the human being to control your all desires and greedy sentiments. He suggests that Arrogance has sufferings where as in Patience blessings. The human being should make his mind pure and polite. Do not say anything to impatient who are talking rough with you and be silent when there is any arrogance or abusiveness. Pass your time in respect and reverence with all. For eight parts of the day remain in the company of pious Pure people. Have company of those who provide you comfort or peace of mind. Leave those companions who put you in disgrace and dejection. Shah teaches to be Sufi who remains always in the remembrance of God and does not harm any body. He says praise is for God only Who is the creator of both worlds, this and to come. None is like Him. This world is considered as the source of Pleasure for the coming next world after death. What is sown in this world, will be harvested in the next world. The whole Universe has been considered as Mansion which has many windows. From each window, one beloved is seen. He Himself is beautiful and Himself wonders all His creation. No medicine is available with the physicians for the worldly patients. For Lovers, Wine of Love is considered necessary so they go near to the shops of wine. To live with beloveds only for a while is equal to hundreds of years. To love the beloved is like to sacrifice of heads of lovers. It is a great fortune to get such wine. The physicians have no medicines to relieve from the disease to the patients. Visibly the Beloved is very kind and sweet but secretly, He is cruel and killer. He has an iron knife in His hands but very polite in dealings and behaving. It is He who calls the lover and kills or cuts him. He provides comfort to whom He likes and kills whom He dislikes. The veins of Lover are trembling and feeling weakness and feebleness but he himself is silent and calm. Every thing bestowed by Him is very sweet and tasty. For faithful lovers

killing is very rational and dear so the death is the outcome or success in their lives.

داستان پهريون

ڏاتا، پاڻ ئي پيڙا ڏيندڙ آهي ۽ پاڻ ئي لاهيندڙ آهي. ستيون تڏهن اثر ڪن، جڏهن سندس امر ٿئي. پاڻ ئي حبيب آهي، پاڻ ئي طبيب. ويچارا نينهن جا وڍيل سنجهي ۽ صبح ڪرڪن ۽ ڪنجهن پيا. هو پاڻ کي پاڻهي پٽيون پيا ٻڌن ۽ پٺيون پيا هڻن. ڪنهن ويڄ جو وٽن وڃڻ ناهي. پرينءَ جي پاڻوہ ئي هنن لاءِ شفا آهي. مٿن اهڙي ڪا اگهائي چڙهيل آهي، جو پٽ تي اونگهه ٿي اونگهه پيا آهن ۽ پاسو به نٿا ورائين. هو سارو وقت گجهو پيا روئن ۽ پاڻ کي پرين کاتر ڪباب پيا ڪن. جي پڌري پٽ هنجون ٿا هارين، تنجي پرت تي ڪا پٽ ناهي. جي درد جي ڄاڻ لهڻي اٿئي ته واڍوڙن وٽان هڪ رات رهي اچ.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 1

God Himself puts in trouble and also Himself provides relief. Medicines cure when ordained by Him. He Himself is kind (merciful) and Himself is Physician. The lovers who are in pains are crying in the evening and morning. They themselves make their bandages and apply balm and ointments. They don't go to the physicians. The love and longing of their Beloved is the source of their cure and health. They have been so much weak and feeble that they do not make sound of their breath and cannot turn their side. They every time are weeping secretly and they for their beloveds roast themselves. Who openly weep, one cannot trust their faithfulness in love matters. If you want to know the pain of love, then you may visit real lovers and stay with them one night in order to make yourself aware of their real love.

1

تون حبيبُ تون طبيبُ، تون دردَ جي دوا،
جانبُ! منهنجي جيءَ ۾، آزرَ جا انوا،
صاحبُ! ڏي شفا، ميان! مريضن کي.

You are dear, you are physician, you are physician of disease. Oh beloved ! there are many pains and aches in my body. Oh creator! You keep the ill people well and give them relief from the disease.

2

تون حبيبُ، تون طبيبُ، تون داروُن کي ڏرڻ،
تون ڏٺين، تون لاهين، ڏاٽر! کي ڏکندڻ،
تڏهين ڦڪيون ڦرڻ ڪن، جڏهين امر ڪريو ان کي.

You are dear, You are physician, You provide medicines for disease. Oh creator! You give pains and you provide relief from them. All medicines given by other physicians give relief as per Your orders, ordains or instructions.

3

هڻُ حبيب! هٿ ڪڍي، ٻنگان لهي پاڻ،
ماڳهين مون منهن ٿئي، جهوليءَ وجهان پاڻ،
ان پر ساجن ساڻ، مان مقابلو مون ٿئي.

Oh dear beloved! With your kind hands, take proper point and strike me an arrow so that purposely I may fall in your lap and meet my dear beloved in this manner.

4

جت حبيب هڻن، ناٿڪ پري نينهن جي،
تتي طبيببن، وڃا وڃي وسري.

When dear beloved taking proper point at me, throw an arrow with his liking, then the Physicians forget their medicines or treatment.

5

هڻين جي حبيب! محبتي ميا ڪري،
پڇان ڪين طبيب، هوند گهاٽن سين تي گهاريان.

Oh dear beloved! If you with love strike me an arrow, I will not ask the physicians about the injuries and will pass the painful life with patience and with coolness.

6

ڪاناريا ڪُٽڪَن، جنين لوهُ لُگَن مَ،
مُحبت جي ميدانَ ۾ پيا لال لُجَن،
پاڻهين ٻڌن پَتِيُون، پاڻهين چڪيا ڪَن،
وَتان وايوڙن، رهي اچجي راتڙي.

Those who are injured by the arrows and their bodies are stricken by points of iron weapons, they are crying. Those who are successful in love or who are blessed with love, they are trembling. They themselves do their own treatment. Hoping one night must be passed with them.

7

رهي اچجي راتڙي، تن وايوڙن وِٽاءِ،
جن کي سورُ سريرَ ۾، گهٽ منجهاران گهاءِ،
لڪائي لوڪاءِ، پاڻهين ٻڌن پَتِيُون.

One night must be passed with those injured and wounded lovers whose bodies have pains and injuries. They hid themselves from the public and made their own treatment.

8

اڄ پڻ ڪَنجهو ڪَنجهه، وايوڙڪي مَنهينءَ،
جُ پڻ پيڻ سَنجهه، هو پَنِيُون هو پَتِيُون.

Today also cries and noises are heard from the huts and grassy sheds of those injured lovers. Even at the midnights, they make their own treatment of their wounds and injuries.

9

سَگهَن سُدَ نہ سُر جي، گهايل ڪيئن گهاريَن،
پَيلَ پاسو پَتَ تان، وايوڙ نہ واريَن،

پَر ۾ پَچَن پَرينءَ لِي، هِي! هَنجُون هارين،
سَڄُنَ جي سارين، تن رويو وهامي راتڙي.

Healthy people do not know about their pains and sorrows even they do not have information about the welfare of the injured lovers. The injured lovers do not change their sides lying on the grounds of land or plots. They for their beloved parch themselves in the love of their beloveds and weep with their tears coming out from their eyes. Who have love for their beloveds are passing their night in weeping.

10

سَڳهن سُنَ نہ سُوَرُ جي، ٿا رُنڪَن رنجوري،
پيا آهن پَتَ ۾، مَتَن ماموري،
لڳين لنوءَ، لطيف چئي، سدا جي سوري،
پَرَتَ جن پوري، تن رويو وهامي راتڙي.

Healthy people have no knowledge of their sorrow and pains but they cry and weep in pain. They are lying on the grounds and suffer from chronic disease. They are fully attached by love and always feeling on gallows. Who are real and true lovers, their night is passed in weeping and tears.

11

آيل! اُن نہ وسهان، هَنجون جي هارين،
اُٿيو اَبُ اَگين ۾، ڏيهه کي ڏيڪارين،
سَڄُنَ جي سارين، سي نڪي روئن نہ چون کي.

Oh mothers! I do not trust those who openly weep and show tears from their eyes. The real and true lovers neither weep nor say anything about their love.

وائي

ورسيا ويڄَ ويچارا! دل ۾ دردُ پرين جو،
اُٿيو ويڄا! مَرِ وهو، وِجو دَبَ کڻي،

هُڪي ڏيندا ٻاجهه جي، آيا سورَ ڏئي،
آيا جيءَ جيارا، دل ۾ دردَ پرين جو.

VAEE (FLATULENCE) 1

The physicians come again and again but they go back because we have pains of love of the beloved. So dear physicians do not sit here but go back to your clinics. The beloveds in whose longing we suffer from pains, they have arrived and we have only the longing and attachment of our beloveds.

داستان ٻيو

ويجن کي ڀرت جي ڀيڙا جي پروڙ نه آهي. پرينءَ جو درشن ئي انهيءَ لاءِ ستي آهي. روحاني طبيبن کي اڳهن دنياوي حرصن ۾ ورتلن (لاءِ گهڻو ئي ترس آهي، پر ڪريءَ بنا کي ٿيڻو ناهي. هنن پاڻي پنهنجي ڪايا سان ڪئي آهي. سڄا ويڄ هڪيا حاضر آهن، پر سندن مت تي نه هلڻ ڪري ويسرن جي اکين ۾ موريسر (موتيا) پئجي ويا آهن. روحاني ويجن کان، سر ڏيئي به ستي وٺجي. هو ناڙون نهاري، ٻاجهه جي هڪي ٿا ڏين، ۽ سموري ڀيڙا کن ۾ لاهيو ڇڏين. عاشقن کي جڳائي ته چورن جا گڻ پرائين؛ انهن لاءِ جاڳڻ جشن ۽ سوريءَ تي چڙهڻ مرڪ آهي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 2

Physicians have knowledge of the pains of love. For lovers seeing beloveds is a source of treatment of disease or pains. The spiritual physicians have great care for weak lovers for whom prevention and abstinence is necessary. They have put themselves into trouble. True physicians are available but no advice given by them has been taken or implemented so their eyes have got cataract in their eyes. From those spiritual Physicians, medicines may be purchased even at the cost of their heads and necks. So their disease will surely vanish or go away. Lover should leave tricks of thieves, one should not sleep and be ready to go to gallows.

1

تَنَ طبیب نہ تُون، سُد نہ لھین سُورَ جی،
ساندِ پنھنجا دَبَڑا، گد کُٹی ۾ پون،
کان گھرجی مون، حیاتی هوتن ری.

You are not physician of my disease because you don't know the pain of my disease. You should burry your all medicines digging a pond.

2

ویجن سین وائیءِ پیا، کری نہ کیائون،
جی پندِ پاریائون، تہ سگھا ئی سگھا ٿیا.

They didn't act according to the prescriptions of physicians and did not do prevention and abstinence. If they had taken the advices of the Physicians, they would have been healthy and strong.

3

آھی گھٹو آگھن جو، ترسُ طبیبن،
کیو وُس ویجن، تان کریءِ ری کین ٿئی.

Physicians are very kind to patients. They have made efforts for the relief of their disease but without prevention and abstinence, they have not received any relief of their disease or pains. (When people do not act according to the advices of spiritual leaders, they suffer from all pains and diseases).

4

پاڙي ویج هئام، تان مون مُر نہ پُچیا،
تیلاهین پیام، موریسر اکین ۾.

Many physicians were living near my house or they were my neighbours, but I could never ask them or never met them for medical check up. So I suffer from cataracts in my eyes.

5

هاريآ تو هري، ڪُڀُ ڪايا سين ڪيو،
ڪرئين جي ڪري، ته تون توانو ٿئين.

Oh idiot! You made bad habit in you and suffered from bad health or became patient of disease. If you had taken care and done prevention and abstinence, you would have been healthy and strong.

6

جي پائين پرينءَ مِٺان، ته سڪُ چوران ڪي ذات،
جاڳڻُ جُشنُ جن ڪي، سڪُ نه ساري رات،
اُجهي بُجهي آئيا، وائي ڪن نه وات،
سلي سوريءَ چاڙهيا، بيان ڪن نه بات،
توڻي ڪُنن ڪات، ته به ساڳي سَلن ڪين ڪي.

If you are fond of meeting your beloved daily then try to adopt the habits of thieves. One thing is that they do not sleep the whole night and do not have rest. They deliberately go out but not tell anything to anybody. They together go to the gallows without telling anything to anybody. They are cut with iron knife but they do not say anything. (This quality is also with the spiritual leaders or people of God).

7

تڙي طبيبنَ، گهايلُ گهران ڪڍيو،
چڪيا چاڪَ چيهون ڪري، ڪڙيون مور نه ڪن،
دوستَ جي درسَنَ سين، پئي نارُ ٺپن،
ورچيو ويڄَ وِجنَ، آءُ ته پريمِ! اُبهان.

The Physicians have refused to treat the patients and have disallowed to remain with them. The injuries of the Patients have risen and are not healing or drying. Only with the seeing of beloveds, they feel well and better. Therefore, the physician leave them alone. Oh Beloved! You come and show me your face then only I shall be alright and healthy.

8

وڏي جن وڌياس، وري ويڄ ٿي سي ٿيا،
تُرتُ ٻڌائون پڙيون، روز ڪيائون راس،
هينئر! تنهن پاس، گهار ته گهايل نه ٿين.

Who had cut my body and injured me, they are making my treatment. They have dressed my wounds and healed me quickly. Oh my heart! Stay with these physicians so that they treat you immediately in case of any recurrence of pain or disease.

9

ويڄ! مَر ٻُڪي ڏي! آلا چڱي مَر ٿيان!
سڄڻ مان اچي، ڪر لاهو ٿي ڪڏهين.

Oh Physician! do not treat me and give me any medicine so that I should remain in pain and my beloved should come or visit me to know my condition of health.

10

هئين ته ويڄن وٽ، تون ڪئن جيءَ جڏو ٿئين؟
سرُ ڏيئي مَر سٺ، ڪه نه ڪيءَ ڊڄرا؟

Being with the physicians, Why you became weak and feeble? Why not you took medicines or treatment from physicians at the cost of yourself or your body?

11

ڪُنيس ڪُويڄن، تَن طبيبَ نه گڏيا،
ڏيئي ڏنپَ ڏڏن، پاڻان ڏيلُ ڏڪوئيو.

The inexperienced physicians badly injured my body and added my pains? I could not meet expert physicians so the new physicians wounded my body and injured me badly.

12

ترسُ طبيبَن جو، جڏن ڪيو نه جات،
جو ويڄن جي وات، دارو نشان تنهن دور ٿيا.

The patients did not follow the medical prescriptions of the physicians. They did not take the medicines suggested by them and are still suffering from pains of disease.

13

داورُن ۽ ڪارُون، جان ڪي ڪيا ويڃ مون،
 ٻُڪي ڏيندا ٻاجهه جي، نهاري ناڙُون،
 جن جون سين لهن سارُون، تن تان ڏگندو ڏور ٿئي.

Physicians have used and tested many medicines for recovery or relief of my disease and made efforts to get rid of my pain. But my beloved will give me medicines of their blessings and kindness because whose care is taken by their beloveds, they get relief and pass happy lives.

14

اڳهن مڙي اڄ، ڪيو سڏ صحت ڪي،
 ڏور ڏگندا! ڀڄ مِهريءَ منهن ڏيڪاريو.

All patients have met together today and called and cared their health and advised their disease of go away and leave them because their beloveds have kindly shown them their face.

واڻي 2

اچي سار لهيڃ، ساجن! سور تماري آئون ماري!
 سور تماري جي مران، تان مون ڏوه مر ڏيڃ،
 ڊبن پري هٿڙا، ڏارون، دوست! ڪريڃ.

VAEE (FLATULENCE) 2

Oh beloved! Take my care. I am in your great attachment of love and dying to see you. If I die so do not blame me. Oh dear! Treat me with your kind and lovely hands.

داستان نيون

عاشقن جي اندر ۾ هميشه پرين جي ڦوڙائي جي ”هيءَ هيءَ“ پيئي پوي. سندن جيرا، جگر ۽ بڪيون ٿيئي سيخن ۾ آهن، ڀڄڻ جي سڌ پتنگن کي آهي. عاشق کي به گهرجي ته مڇ پسي، پنتي نه هتي، پران ۾ ٿي پوي. ڀڄڻ گهڻن کي پڇايو آهي، پر کيس گهرجي ته خود ڀڄڻ کي پڇائي. عشق جي تنور کي صبر جي چنڊي سان چمائڻو آهي، روحاني رهبر لهار مثل آهي. جن جي ڏيٽ ساڻس آهي، سي رک مثل ٿا بهڪن، ۽ مٿن ڪڏهن به ڪٽ نه ٿي چڙهي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 3

Lovers always long for beloved. Their livers, hearts and kidneys are parching for meeting their beloveds. Moths only know their parching. The lovers should not fear from the fire and runaway but they should jump into it because parching has parched many and therefore they should parch the parching itself. They should cool down the oven of Love. The spiritual leader is like an ironsmith who has friendship with each others and shine like steel which does not get rust at any time or moment.

1

هيءَ هيءَ وهي هاءِ، مَنَ ۾ محبوبين جي!
جيرا جوشِ جلاڻيا، بُڪين ٻري باه،
پسو مڇ مٽاءِ، جي ويساهُ نه وسهه!

Lovers long for meeting their beloveds. They feel parching of their livers and kidneys in their love. If you do not trust, visit me and see the blaze of fire of love which burns my body.

2

کاندين تاندين ٻاڙين. پڇان مَر پيئي!
جيرا، جگر، بڪيون، سيخن ۾ ٿيئي!
ويجنئيئون ويئي، ٿي ٿي وهيئي سَهڻين!

Let me parch on the burning coals of the Kandi and Babal trees. Now Physicians are unable to give me relief from the disease of love flames except meeting with the beloveds.

3

سِرُ جو سَجيُو سَڄُڻين، پِيَهَرَ پاڻ پَري،
چِمڪِيُو سو چوَه مان، ڪَڙ ڪَڙ ڪان ڪَري،
جِيرا، جِگِر، بُڪيون، لَنگهي پيو پَري،
لڳو جيءَ جَڙي، تائيان تيرُ نه نڪري.

The arrow stroke by my beloved at me has gone with high sounds and wounded my body's livers, kidneys and heart and pierced as much deep as I am unable to take it out from my body.

4

پُڄ پَتَنگن کي، سَنديُون ڪامڻَ خَبَرُون،
آڻيو وَجَهَن اڳ ۾، جِيءَ پَنهنجو جِي،
جيري جَنِين جِي، لڳا نيزا نِينهن جا.

You should ask moths about the burning into fire. They put themselves into the fire and in their livers arrows are spotted.

5

پَتَنگَ چائين پاڻ کي، تہ اچي اڳ اُجهاءُ!
پَچَن گهڻا پَچائيا، تون پَچَن کي پَچاءُ!
واقف ٿي وِساء، اڳ نه ڏجي عام کي.

If you think yourself as a moth, you put off the fire yourself. The fire has burnt many people but you should burn the fire itself by enclosing yourself into the fire. First learn the techniques of catching the fire and do not tell any body those secrets.

6

پَتَنگَ چائين پاڻ کي، پَسي مَچُ مَر موٽُ!
سَهائيءَ سُپيرين جِي، گهڙ تہ ٿئين گهوٽُ!
اڃا تون اروڻ! ڪوري خَبر نه لهين!

If you call yourself as a moth, then do not fear from the flames of the fire and runaway. You should jump into the flames and be red like blazes of the fire. You are still raw and not fully parched because you still are not aware of the burning oven.

7

پتنڱن پھُ کيو، مڙيا مڙي مڇ،
پسي لھس نہ لڇيا، سڙيا مڙي سڇ،
سندا ڳچين ڳچ، ويچارن وڃائيا.

On the flames of fire, the moths gathered and did not fear from the burning force of the fire but they lost and sacrificed their necks and heads on the point of truthful fact of the fire.

8

جي تتو تنُ تنورَ جئن، تہ چنڊي سانُ چماء،
آئي اڳ ادب جي، ٻاري جانِ جلاء،
برقعان اندر بازيون، پنهنجيون سڀ پڇاء،
لڇڻُ لنوءَ، لطيف چئي، پڌر هڏِ مر پاء،
مٿان لوڪ لڪاء، وصالن وچ پئي!

When like oven, You feel warm or hot, it should be cooled down with patience. With humbleness, burn your body feeling heat. Secretly, you should find spiritual matters. Do not tell any one these secrets to avoid possibility of separation with your beloved.

9

اڃا تنوران، ڪالهه ڪڍيا سون سڄڻين،
پڻ تايائون تڪڙو، وحدت جي وڌان،
محبتين مٿان، مڇ مُورائين نہ لهي!

I was relieved from the heat of oven yesterday by my beloved. The heat of love has increased or risen to reach me at the destination of Oneness (WAHDAT). The heat of love is never decreased.

10

پَچائي پَهاڻ، جن رسائيو رُڪَ ڪي،
تنين سندو ڄاڻ، آهي اڳڙين ڪي.

Who have changed the position of the raw iron into real steel, they know the status of iron Smiths. (The learners who have parched themselves, they have knowledge of complete or Sacred people).

11

ڌنءُ ڌنءُ ڌمڪَ وارَ، اُڄ پڻ اڳڙين جي،
باري مڇ مَجاز جو، اوتيائون اڱارَ،
ڏوڏا! ٿي مَر ڌارَ، ڄمَر ڪَچو رُڪَ ڪَٽيون ٿئي.

The noise of striking the iron by iron Smiths is heard loudly. The heat has been boosted up by putting new coal in the fire of Love. Oh iron Smith! do not be away from the heat of fire otherwise the raw iron will change into pieces.

12

ڏوڏا! تون نه ڏٿين! اڳ اوڏو نه وڃين!
اُلا جي عشق جا، سي تان تون نه سَهين!
اُپو ائن چَئين، ته ائون اڳڙيو آهيان!

Oh iron Smith! You do not blow the pair of bellows and do not touch the fire or go near to the fire. You cannot bear the flames of the fire of love. You only claim that you are the Iron Smith. (Being raw hand, you consider yourself the complete an expert iron Smith).

13

سِر سانداڻ ڪري، پُڇج گهرُ لهار جو!
ڏڪن هيٺ ڌري، مان گڏينئي رُڪَ سين!

First you make yourself as iron Smith's pair of bellows, then reach at the door of his house so that with their blows you may convert as real steel.

14

سَهِين جئِن ساندان، ڏڪن مٿي ڏڪڙا!
وَهَرِ وِجائي پاڻ، ڏي ڏٻائون ڏُگريَن.

You bear striking of the pair of anvil. In the depth of Love, burry yourself or destroy yourself and then you will be able to strike or blow the hammers themselves.

15

اڄ اڳڙيا آئيا، سُودا سِراڻي،
پياري پاڻي، تيفُون ڪندا تڪيون.

Today expert iron Smiths of blowing the pairs of whetstones have arrived. They will after heating the steel take the water to it and make the swords more sharp and swift.

16

اڄ اڳڙيا آئيا، ساڻو ڪي سڄاڻ،
لاهيَندا مُور پاڻ، رُڪُ ڪريندا پڌرو.

The expert Iron Smiths have come today. They will clean the steel and make it clear and visible.

17

سَرها ڏنر سي، جن ساڃاءِ سِراڻ سين،
تيغِ تنين جي ڪي، ڪٽُ نه لڳي ڪڏهين.

They are happy and delighted who have knowledge of the pair of grinding stones/whetstones. So their swords are never rusted.

وائي 3

جيءُ جياريو، جيءُ جياريو، ڪين منهنجڙو هاريو،
پرين جيءُ پچار، سين جيءُ سنپار، جڏڙو جيءُ جيارو،
اُچيو تن عميق مان، پرين پوڄ پياريو،

مرضُ مريضن تان، اِشاري سان اُتاريو،
 ڪَرمَ ڪريمن جي مون کي، اُھڪيءَ مان اُڪاريو،
 سنئون مُنھن ڪري، سپرين! ائين نرمِل نورَ نہاريو،
 سائين جئن سڏ ڪري، ائين طالحن کي تاريو.

VAEE (FLATULENCE) 3

Make me alive as dead body is breathed and made living.
 Do not disappoint my heart. I long for meeting my beloved. Oh dear! quench my thirst and drink me water of the deep gracious ocean. With signals or allusions, redress the pains of weak patients. With the grace of gracious people, I have got rid of all odds and woes. Oh beloved! Look at me with your merciful eyes. Just as beggars are called and given charity, in this way unfortunate people may be graced with your generosity.



داستان چوٿون

پيالو هڪ ۽ ڄڻا ٻه هجن، اهو محبت ۾ روا نه آهي. محبت جو خنجر دوئيءَ
 (ٻيائيءَ) کي ڪپيو ڇڏي. جي ڪامل ڪمائي ڪري، زهر کي به ماڪي ڪيو ڇڏين، تن
 وٽان پيالون پيئجن. ڪلال اهڙي ذات جو آهي، جو پيئندڙن کي ڪهيو فنا ڪيو ڇڏين.
 پياڪن جي اُڄ به عجيب آهي؛ هڪ ڇاڙهين، ٻئي جي طلب ڪن. سندن قبرون به بنيءَ جي
 ڀر ۾ آهن. افسوس جو اهڙن پياڪن جي هينئر اثاٽ آهي. جي متارا مٿا ته موڪلي رهي ڇا
 ڪندو! هينئر نه پياڪ رهيا، نه پياريندڙ.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 4

One cup and drinkers two is not accepted or liked in the society or company of lovers. Dualism is killed with the knife of love. The perfect man changes poison into honey with the graciousness of his love. Such cups of honey may be demanded and drunk frequently. The wine sellers also kill the drinkers. Drinkers of wine have different habit of drinking wine. If they are

drinking one cup, they demand another cup also. Their graves are near Wine sellers or Wine makers. Alas! Only some of such drinkers are left or are alive. If drinkers are dead what the wine sellers will do. Now there are neither such drinkers nor wine sellers or keepers.

1

ايڪ پيالو! ٻه چٽا! عشق نه ڪري ايئن!
ليڪيا جي لڳڻ ۾، سي قرب رسندا ڪيئن؟
هئن ڪيا هيئن، وانجيا، پَس! وصال کان.

It is uncommon in Love that there should be one cup of wine for two drinkers. If there are two, how they will meet with one? See that One entity has separated them or deprived them of its company.

2

ايڪ پيالو! ٻه چٽا! عشق نه ڪري ايئن ڪري!
آئي سي ايڪ ٿيا، جي گستا نينهن ڳري،
دوئي ڌار ڌري، جُه خُلت خنجر آئيو.

It is not allowed in Love that cup should be one and two drinkers. (In Love, it is not allowable that the beloved and lovers should be separate entities but they should be one). Who are reached at the destination of Love, they have been one. When true love is climaxed, then duplicity or dualism vanishes away.

3

ايڪ پيالو! ٻه چٽا! عشق نه ڪري آڏا!
اي تان، ساعر! سَدَ، ڪَيءَ جا قَوال سين.

One cup and two drinkers, it is not practicable in Love because Love does not separate or make two halves from one cup of Wine. Oh Poet! You have dealt this division of wine with the singer (QAWAL).

4

قاتل ڪمائي ڪري، وه ماڪي جي ڪن،
وتان ويهي تن، پيچ ڪي پياليون.

Who control their sensual desires, make strife to change the poison into honey. You should be close to them and drink cups of that wine (Spiritual).

5

هوندو هڏ مَر سَنَدِ، پياڪن لاءِ پانهنجو،
پوچ پيارج پنهيزا، ويندا ونيو ڪندِ،
ته هٿ تنهنجي هنڌ، موڪي! ڪو مان لهي.

Preserve and keep it safe the wine you have from the drinkers. The passers by on the harbor of the ocean of the sea, may be provided with the sips of wine so that Oh wine seller! rise your status in the public.

6

هوندو هڏ مَر ڪُ، لاءِ پياڪن پانهنجو،
وٽي وائڙڻن ڪي، تاب پياري پَر ڪُ،
سا لڪ لهي ٿي لڪ، جا تو ايندي ان سين.

Do not hide the available wine from the drinkers. Drink a cup of it to the passers by and thus the value of that wine will increase tremendously.

7

گهٽن ۾ گهٽڪن، وٽيون پيڻ وه گاڏيون،
برخيز بده ساقِي! پيار ڪي پرين،
پڪين نه پرچن، مٿ تڪيائون منجهان.

The drinkers feel sour or pain in their necks because they drink cups of wine mixed with poison. Oh wine maker! give wine to your friends. They do not want to take only sips of wine but they look at the large earthen jar, vessels or pots or pitchers full of wine.

8

آئي اُتر واءِ، موڪيءَ مٿ اُٻتيا،
مٿارا تنهن ساءِ، اڇن سر سَنباھيو.

The southern wind is blowing, the wine sellers have opened their earthen pots of wine. For having sips of wine, the drinkers are ready to cut their heads or necks.

9

وجهج واناڙئن تي، ميخاني جي ماڪ،
ٿيندي سُد سِڪنهن، هنڌ هنڌ پوندي هاڪ،
پرہ جا پياڪ، جُ سي اڱڻ آتيا.

Oh wine seller! shower the drizzling or drops of dew of wine on the travelers. All will know and smell of the wine and in the midnight the drinkers will enjoy it and praise you.

10

جُ سي اڱڻ آتيا، تہ سرو ڪندا سُج،
سائي ٿيندين اُج، هي پيتو! هو اڻ ڪي!

When the drinkers will gather in the courtyard, they will drink all the wine and then will clean the pots. But they will show that they need more wine and demand more cups.

11

موڪي چوڪي نہ ٿئي، اصل اوچي ذات،
وٽيون ڏيئي وات، مٿارا تنهن ماريا.

Kalal (Wine Seller) is not gentle because of his origin or his basic behavior. He over drinks the drinkers cups and they thus vanish themselves.

12

مٿارا مري ويا، موڪي! تون نہ مَرين!
ڪيهيءَ پَر پَرين، ڏکي! ڏاتارن ري؟

Oh wine Seller! the drinkers vanished themselves. But it is desired that you should not die because you have become habitual of drinking and cannot live without these generous wine sellers.

13

مَتَارا مري ويا، موڪي! تون بي مَر،
تنهنجو ڏوس ڏمر، ڪون سهندو ان ري!

If the drinkers are no more, Oh the wine sellers! you should also die because your pomp and rebukes nobody will bear. (the pressure and power of spiritual leader cannot be tolerated or borne by anybody other than his disciples.

14

سَري ڪين ڪيون، ويڻ موڪيءَ جي ماري!
ڪو جو سخن ڪلال جو، پتي تي پيون،
تهان پوءِ ٿيون، مرڻ مَتارن ڪي!

Drinkers were not killed by wine but the reproaches of the wine sellers or providers compelled them to die or they could not bear the pressure of the reproaches of wine sellers. (This is a point to the anger of spiritual leaders for their disciples because the anger of spiritual leaders can not easily be vanished or reduced or pardoned).

15

ڪَنڌ ڪتارو، مُنهن وٽي، عادت سَنديڻ اِيءِ،
تَنِين تَڪُون ڏنيون، جُنبي منجهان جيءِ،
سَرو تن سَبيءِ، جن حاصل ڪيو حال ڪي.

Iron knives on the necks and a cup of wine on their mouth is their engagement or practice of daily life. They warmly and zealously make sips of wine. Who have been unconscious, for them wine is destination or saviour or booster to receive the beloved. (For true lovers, there is always gracefulness).

16

موڪيءَ مَنو نہ گُھريا، وَ نہ وھاتيا،
 سُركيءَ ڪاڻ، سِيَد چئِي، اُتي ٿِي آتيا،
 جي ڳالھين ڳنڳاتيا، تَب بَنِن پاسي بُنِيون.

Wine sellers did neither rebuke them or disappoint them nor the sourness of wine killed them. They for sips of drinks gathered there and suffocated themselves. Who remained busy in spiritual dialogues and ended themselves, their graves even are near the wine making places which means Wine is their final abode.

17

سِرُڏيئي سَتَ جوڙ، ڪنھن پَر ڪالڻ سين!
 ڪاتي ڪَرڻ ڪپار ۾ خنجَرُ آڻي ڪوڙ!
 مَرڻان مُنھن مَر موڙ، وَتي ٿِي وَڏ لھي!

Complete your bargaining after sacrificing your head. Strike knife, dagger, cutter in your head, do not fear from death because the value of a cup of wine is more than your head. (If grace is obtained on account of your head, it is cheaper than the value of your head).

18

وَتَ وَتَ وَتيءَ ۾، مَتَ مَتَ مَنڌُ پيو،
 قدر ڪيف ڪال جو، پياڪَن پيو،
 اُچن دُرُسَ دڪان تي، ڪَنڌَ قبول ڪيو،
 سُرھا سِرُڏيو، چڪَن سُركَ سِيَد چئِي.

In every cup, there is different kind of wine and every pot is full of the different wine. The drinkers know the value of the wine seller's intoxication. They do not care for their head and dash to come to his shop. They come to have a sip of wine even at the cost of their head.

19

ڪَلالُڻُون ڪاءِ، مَتَ نہ سِڪِين مون ھينئان!
 روئيندي رات وھاءِ، چڪائيندي بَنِيُون!

Oh my heart! you don't get guidance from wine sellers. They pass their whole night in making wine burning hearths and weeping. (you should also awaken and weep tears).

وائِي 4

دوسُ پيهي در آيو، ٿيو ملڻ جو ساعيو،
ڏينهن پُڄائون آئي اسان کي، مولي محبُ ملايو،
ويو وڇوڙو، ٿيو ميلاپو، واحد واءُ ورايو،
هو جَنهين جو دُڙسُ ڏوراڏو، اوڏو اڄ سو آيو،
عبداللطيف چئي، اچي عجيبن پاڻ فضل فرمايو.

VAEE (FLATULENCE) 4

My dear has come to meet me himself. The creator has graced his company after many days. Now there is no sort of separation but continuous association. God has favored with His kindness the company of beloved. The remote and far away distance has reduced to nearness and closeness. The dear and kind God has graced me with His blisses and favour.



داستان پنجون

صوفي سڄو اهو آهي جو ڪثرت کان ڪنارو ڪري، روحاني مستي ۾ ٿو رهي، هو لاکوفي آهي، هو سارو وقت پنهنجي نفس (من) سان ٿو جنگ جوئي ۽ جيڪي پڙهي يا پروڙي ٿو سو ڪنهن سان به نه ٿو سلي. صوفيءَ جو سر هر هنڌ ائين آهي جئن رڳن ۾ ساھ. صوفي اهو نه آهي جيڪو رڳو ڪلاه (توبي) سر تي رکي، ۽ تن تي دلچ پھري. هو جڏھين اھي ٻئي آگ ۾ اچلي، تڏھين صوفي سڏجي. صحيح معنيٰ ۾ صوفي ٿيڻ آهي زھر جو ڀر پيالو پيئڻ. صوفي گجھو توڙي پڌرو ڌڻيءَ جو اسم ڀيو اچاري ۽ ٻيو ڪو به در نه ٿو وڃي ڏوري. هيءَ دنيا طلسم جو گھر آهي، پر هر ڪو خوديءَ ۾ غرق آهي ۽ انهيءَ پروڙ کان پري ٿو ڏسجي. هيءَ ڪاڍائي پوڄا جو گھر آهي. صاحب تڏھن پسندين، جڏھين ان ٿي پھر الڪ پوڄيندين. چاليھن رکڻ مان ڪجھ ورتو ناھي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 5

True free thinker or God fearing man is opponent of polytheism but remains busy in spiritual activities. He is a symbol of Sufi (God fearing) La Koofi (greedless). He wages war against his worldly desires to favour his soul only. He does not tell about his secret activities. He is fond of traveling and see the natural sights. He likes journeys and keeps safe these habits in tact like his breath. He does not like to cover his head putting on a cap on his head and attractive dresses for show or exposition. These activities expose him as Sufi (clean, clear, crystal or shining). The main objective of being Sufi is to have a cup of poison. He does not worship others rather than God alone. He thinks this world as a magic or duality. He remains busy in his own world and prays to God and does not go astray to attend others doors of worship.

1

صوفي سالم سي ويا، جي اڪثر سين اڏيار،
 بازي بازندن کي، آهي اويسار،
 پريان سين پهڪار، رنديءَ رسائي ڪيا.

Those Sufis (God fearing people) reached the destination or completed their journeys who are opponent of polytheism. Those racing players do not forget the play of Love. The spiritual secrets took them to their beloved and met with them. (Sufi likes atheism or oneness and dislikes Polytheism and he lives a selflessness life.

2

صوفيءَ سيرُ سين ۾، جئن رڳن ۾ ساه،
 سانه ڪري ڳالهڙي، جئن پويون پروڙي پساه،
 آهس ائي گناه، جي ڪا ڪري پڌري.

Sufi travels everywhere just as breath is being taken in all veins of the body. He does not disclose his prayers and all his thinking or feelings. If at any time he makes any show of his

prayers, it is considered as a sin for him.

3

ڏني ڏکوياءَ، اُن ڏني راضي ٿيا،
صوفي تي ٿيا، جئن ڪين ڪنيائون پاڻ سين.

They do not please with giving but they are happy when nothing is given to them. They are Sufi because they have nothing with them.

4

صوفي لاکوفي، ڪون پانئيس ڪير،
منجهان ئي منجهه وڙهي، پڌر ناهس پير،
جنين سائس وير، ٿئي تنين جو واهرو.

Sufi is not bound with the religious conditions or limits. No body can understand his philosophy. He secretly fights with his worldly desires and does not expose his secrets. Who oppose him, he keeps them dear or he favours them.

5

صوفيءَ صاف ڪيو، ڌوئي ورق وجود جو،
تهان پوءِ ٿيو، جيئري پسڻ پرينءَ جو.

Sufi cleaned his all weaknesses or blemishes or spots because of this he has been lucky enough to see the glimpse of his beloved in his life.

6

صوفي چائين، سڌ ڪرين! صوفين اي نه صلاح؛
ڪاٽي رک ڪُلاءَ، وجهه اُچلي آڳ ڀر.

To call Sufi is your desire. It does not suit him to be a Sufi. Put off your long cap on your head and throw it into the fire.

7

جي ڪلاه رکين ڪنڌ تي، ته صوفي سالر ٿي،
 وه وٽي هٿ ڪري، پُر پيالو پي،
 هنڌ ٽنن جو هي، جن حاصل ڪيو حال ڪي.

If you wear God fearing cap on your head, then you must live as a true Sufi (God fearing). Take a cup of poison in your hand and drink all of it. This destination has only been received by spiritual wanton, lustful, people. (Sufi remains always lustful and wanton).

8

جُسي ۾ جَبَّار جو، خُفي خِيمو ڪوڙ،
 جَلِي تون زبان سين، چار ٿي پهر چور،
 فِڪر سين فُرکان ۾، اسم اعظم ڏور،
 پيا در وڃي مَروڙ، اِي اُمَل اِٿائين سَڄي.

Secretly, erect the tent of God in your heart (Remember God in your heart). For four parts of the day remain busy remembering your Allah (God). Find out in Holy Quran (Book of God) the Great Name (Ism-e- Azam). Take this name secretly in your heart so that others should not hear. Do not go to other doors. You can find this invaluable jewel from here or you can reach the destination from this place or practice.

9

عالم آئون سان، پَريو ٿو پير ڪري،
 پاڻ نه آهي ڄاڻ، مانڊي مَنڊُ پڪيڙيو.

The whole universe is intoxicated in this idea that we have we have no knowledge but it has been created by God Himself.

10

طالِبُ ڪَثر، سونهن سُر، اِي روميءَ جي روءِ،
 جنين ڏٺي جُوءِ، تني ڪُچيو ڪين ڪي.

The whole universe (majority of people) do not know that this universe is His beauty or shows His beauty. This idea is given by Molana Roomi of Iran. (It means every one wants to know about this real beauty of God). Who have reached at this destination are silent and do not expose this secret.

11

طَالِبُ كَثَرُ، سَوْنَهَن سَرُ، اِي رُومِيءَ جِي راءِ،
ماڙهُوَ اِتَ كِياءِ، مَنڊُ نَه پَسِين مَنڊِيو.

Molana Roomi says, the entire universe is in His search and Allah (God) is its beauty. From where the people have appeared. The creation is His charming miracle. (Incantation means power of God or wealth).

12

طَالِبُ كَثَرُ، سَوْنَهَن سَرُ، رُومِيءَ چِيو آهي،
تاڙِي جِي لاهي، تَه مَنجِهِين مُشاهِدو تئي.

According to Molana Roomi, "the whole universe is in his search and it is all His beauty. If cover or curtain is taken away from the heart, the whole charm will be open and can be seen clearly.

13

ظاهِرُ ۾ زانِي، فِڪَرُ مَنجِهَه فِنا تيا،
تَنِينَ کِي تَعْلِيمَ جِي، کُڙَه اَنڊرَ کَاني،
حَرْفُ حَقانِي، دَوَرُ کِيائون دِل ۾.

Apparently, they are busy in bad habits or in sexy activities with women but in reality they are busy in spiritual actions. They are stricken an arrow of Love by God. They remember God Almighty every time.

14

جَن کِي دَوَرُ دَرَدَ جو، سَبِقُ سُوَرُ پڙهَن،
فِڪَرُ فَرهِي هِتَ ۾، ماڻَ مُطالِعَ ڪَن،
پَنو سو پڙهَن، جَنهَن ۾ پَسَن پَرِينءَ کِي.

Who remember pain of their heart, they read only the lesson of pain and ache. They have alphabet slate or board or a wooden board for writing in their hands, they always remain silent. They turn the page of that lesson where in they see their beloved crystals.

15

سا سَت نہ سارین، اَلَف جنهن جي اڳ ۾،
ناحَقُ نهارین، پنا ہیا پرینءَ لئ.

The learned scholars of the world do not read the line of the lesson which does not precede the letter (Alif) or A. For having the sight of or seeing the beloved, they do not see other pages or read other lessons.

16

سا سَت ساریائون، اَلَف جنهن جي اڳ ۾،
”لَا مَقْصُودَ فِي الدَّارَيْنِ“ اِن پَر اتائون،
سَگَرُ سونائون، تیا رَسِیلا رحمان سین.

They learnt the line of lesson which started with a letter A (Alif). In both worlds, for them is the name of God or both worlds have been created by Allah (God), they repeatedly said this phrase. They crossed the narrow path safely and met with God, the merciful.

17

اَکَر پڙهي آيا ڳيا! قاضي ٿئين ڪيا؟
پير ٿين ۽ پاڻ ٿين، ايڏا اٿن نہ آءُ!
اِن سُرڪيءَ سندو ساءُ، پڇج عزازيل ڪي.

Oh unfortunate! how you became Qazi reading only one letter of alphabet. You thinking on this argument or reasoning, were caught in selfishness. Being inexperienced, do not come to the spiritual path. The result of this argument, ask the devil Azazil (Satan).

18

عاشق عزازيل، بيا مڙئي سڌڙيا،
منجهان سڱ سبيل، لعنتي لال ٿيو.

Lover is devil (Satan), others only keep empty desires. His limitless desire converted him from real worshipper to unblessed and unfortunate entity.

19

جو مون پڙهيو پاڻ لئه، سبقُ سابقُ جو،
پهرين سُڃاڻم پانهنجي، نفسَ جو نهو،
جت عرفانُ اصل ۾، ٿي رُوحن روزِ ڪيو،
وري وَرَقُ پيو، گڏيمر وڏُ وصال جو.

When I read the original first question (who is your creator or sustainer), then I knew about the original living place of the Rooh (spirit) at Arish (sky) where all spirits talked about the universe of God. Then fortunately, I opened the page of the lesson and the question of being separated did not arise.

20

پڙهيو ٿا پڙهن، ڪڙهن ڪين قلوب ۾،
پاڻان ڏوهَ چڙهن، جئن وَرَقَ ورائين وٽرا.

The knowledge seekers go through many books but they do not act upon the instructions they study. They increase their sins by reading more and more but not making any compliance of the instructions.

21

اڪر پڙه اَلِف جو، وَرَقَ سڀ وسار،
اندر تون اُجار، پنا پڙهندين ڪيترا.

You must read a letter of "Alif" (A) only and forget all pages. Cleanse your inner mind, how many pages of the Holy book you will read or study?

22

جئن جئن وَرَقَ وَرَائِيْن، تئن تئن ڏنُو ڏوهُ،
تنهن ڪهڻي ڪيو ڪوهُ؟ جي رهڻي رهيو نه سڀرين.

Only reading without compliance will increase your sins. If one lives richly or comfortably and does not act upon instructions he studies, how one can consider him trustworthy or one can believe him or trust his versions or expressions.

23

ڪَاتِبَ! لِكِين جئن، لايو لَامُ اَلْف سين،
اَسَان سَجُنُ تئن، رهيو آهي روح ۾.

Oh writer of the book! As you write Alif (A) jointly with Lam (L =LA), in the same way or manner, in our mind our beloved is attached with us.

24

تَهْڙا چَالِيهَا نه چَالِيهَ، جهڙو پسڻ پرينءَ جو،
ڪهڙي ڪَاتِبَ! ڪَرُئِين، مٿي پنن پيهه،
جي ورق وارين ويهه، ته اکر اهوئي هيڪڙو.

Fasting for forty days have no such blessings as you get more attraction from the sight or seeing of your beloved. Oh writer! from counting of many pages, you will find only one letter.

25

تَن ڪڏي، مَن حُجرو، ڪيم چَالِيهَا رَڪُ،
ڪو نه پُوڄيو پُوڄئين، اُنئي پهر اَلڪُ؟
تان تون پاڻ پَرَڪُ! سِيڪَنهن ڏانهن سامهون.

The body is mosque, heart is the room of meeting or contact. Why not you remember God for eight parts of the day? First you know yourself, then you will find God in all shapes or figures.

26

سَيٰڪنهن ڏانهن سامهون، ڪو هنڌ خالي ناه،
 اَڏا جي آرڪ ٿيا، سي ڪانئر ڪبا ڪانه؟
 مُحِبُّ منجهين مَن مانھ، مون اُڃا نڌي اُجھيو.

God is everywhere or in front of all, no place is vacant from His light or shining or without His light. Who changes their faces from Him, they will remain of no use. The beloved is in our heart, I being innocent, have learnt this philosophy now.

وائي 5

وسارج مَر وين، جوين ٻہ ٽي ڏينھڙا،
 لونڙيون سَهَن لوڪ جا، وھائي ٿيون وين،
 اصل اَساريُن جا، سُتي ويڙا سين،
 جيڏيون! جي مان وسهه، ننڊ مَر هيريونين،
 راتڙيون جاڳن جي، سي ائون ڪنڌڙي سين،
 آڏيءَ رات اُٿي ڪري، جهل تون ننڊان نين.

VAEE (FLATULENCE) 5

Do not forget that youth is for two or three days. Shameless women get reproaches or misblessings of people very early in the morning. The relatives or beloveds of lazy women leave them while they are sleeping. Oh my dear friends! take my advice that avoid more sleeping or do not make your eyes habitual of more sleeping or drowsiness. I shall make dear to whom who are sleepless in the night. Awake in the midnight and do not sleep or close your eyes for rest. (who by sleeping and having rest in the night do not remember their God, they are according to God fearing people or lovers of God are considered as lazy and shameless. So they always receive misfortunes.

داستان چھون

پرڻ شھسوار آھي، جو جلوا پيو ڏيکاري، هيڏانهن عاشق رنڪ مثل آھي، جنھن ۾ نہ رنڪ آھي نہ سرت. شھسوار، فقيرن کي بي پرواھيءَ سان لتاڙيندو وڃي. جانب جي اکين ۾ تير آھن، جي وڏا زيان ٿا ڪن. محبت جي ميدان ۾ سر جو سانگو نہ ڪرڻو آھي، ڇو جو عشق ڪاريھر آھي ۽ محبتين کي اوس کائيندڙ آھي. عشق ڳيرن جي راند نہ آھي، پر جيءَ، جسي ۽ جان کي جدا ڪندڙ بازي آھي. سر سوريءَ تي ۽ ڌڙ ڪنگرين تي ٽنگيل ھجي تہ بہ پٽيءَ ڪچڻو نہ آھي. سڄا عاشق پھرين ئي تير سان نشانو ٿيو وڃن؛ ڪڙا وڙ وڙ ڪري تير گسايو ڇڏين. جي تون عاشق آھين تہ سيني کي سپر (ڍار) ڪري، محبوبين جا گھاءَ منھن ۾ سھڻ ۽ ڪچ پٽيءَ نہ.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 6

Beloved is very attractive, charming and beautiful appearing to every lover. On the other hand, the lover has no attraction and charm. The beautiful beloved injures the non-attractive lover. The beautiful beloved has arrows in his eyes and strikes the lovers. No care of head is taken in the love because love is like a cobra snake which stings lovers and puts its poison in the body of lover. The love is not done by the inexperienced and new lovers because it is not the game of new lovers, so it ruins them. If the head on the gallows and the body is hanged on the minarets, no noise is to be made or no cry is to be voiced. True lovers are killed with the first arrow but the unfaithful lovers save them or protect them by avoiding the arrow. If you call yourself a true lover, open your chest and suffer from the injuries of those arrows but do not say anything or cry any more. Do not doubt to go on gallows. Be a true and faithful Lover and achieve all success.

1

دائودي ديُون ڪري، رَنڪَن ڪونهي رنگُ،
گهوڙيءَ هيٺ اِينگُ، ڪاهيو پاڪرئين هڻي.

At one side, like Daud Shah (the beloved) shows his beautiful

face on the other, this poor Lover has no attraction or colourful or charming look. The mighty King or beloved throws his servants the carriers armours under his horses.

2

دائودي ديُون ڪري، رَنڪَن ڪونهي چيَتُ،
گهوڙيءَ هيٺ سُچيَتُ، ڪاهيو پاڳرئين هڻي.

At one side, Daud Shah like beloved shows his beautiful face, on the other, poor lovers have no courage and attraction. He tramples his clever armour holders under his horses.

3

او قابيل! اکين ۾، توکي باري بان،
اُيو اڳرائون ڪرين، ماڳ هڻيو مَستان،
جانب! تون زيان، اکين سين ايڏا ڪرين!

Oh Qabeel! (the second son of Adam A.S.) who was the killer of Habel (his elder brother), you have arrows in your eyes. You attack the weak and poor lovers at their residences or resting places. Oh dear! you put them in trouble with your eyes.

4

جي هو پائين ڪان ڪمان ۾، ته سينو سپر رکُ،
منهن ۾ معشوقن جا، چاڪ چَڪڪا چَڪُ،
سوري پانءِ مَر شڪُ، عاشقُ ٿي تہ اُبهين.

If the beloved puts arrow on the arch or steel Spring, open your chest or make it shield. You should face all the injuries and troubles given by your beloveds. Do not doubt to go on gallows. Be a true and faithful lover and achieve all successes.

5

جي هو پائين ڪان ڪمان ۾، ته سينو سپر ڏيچ،
منهن ۾ معشوقن جا، جهاڻو ٿي جهليچ،
پاهان پڳ مَر ڏيچ، عاشقُ ٿي تہ اُبهين.

If the beloved keeps arrow on the arch or steel spring, make your chest as a shield and stand before him. Be brave and tolerate all injuries. Do not show your back to him and then you will be successful.

6

پائي ڪاڻ ڪمان ۾، ميان! مار مَ مون،
مون ۾ آهين تون، متان تنهنجو ئي توکي لڳي.

Oh dear! do not put an arrow in your arch or steel spring and strike it to me to kill me. You, yourself are enclosed into me, lest it should not kill you.

7

ڪيو ڇڏين ڪاڻ، هڏَ نه هٿائين ٿا،
ٿيا جي نيشان، تہ پهرئين سان پورا هئا.

Unfaithful or untrustworthy lovers save them by avoiding all the arrows. Who were stricken by arrows, they died and vanished with the first injury of the arrow.

8

لوري جت لڳوم، اُت اُپو ئي آهيان،
سوره پرين سَندوم، مانَ ٻاجهائي ٻيو هڻي!

Where the arrow has stricken me, I am standing at that place. I hope, my beloved will surely strike me another arrow.

9

محبت جي ميدان ۾، ڪر پڙاڏو پَٽُ،
سُر سوريءَ، ڏڙ ڪُنڀرين، متان ڪُڇين ڪُٽُ!
عشق نانگ نِپَٽُ، خبر ڪاڏن ڪي پوي.

In Love, you should raise such a slogan that from the plain the echo should come out. It means you should not echo. Neither the lover should say anything nor echo should come out. Your head should be gallows and body on minarets but your voice

should not come. The love is entirely a snake, this is Known to only those who have been bitten.

10

محبت جي ميدان ۾، سَر جو ڪر مَر سانگُ،
سوريءَ سَپيرين جي، چڙهَ تہ ٿئين جانگُ،
عشق آهي نانگ، خبر کاڌن کي پوي.

In love, no care is being taken. Go on the gallows then your health can be improved. Love is cobra snake. Only the bitten lovers know this fact, or are aware of this fact.

11

عشق نہ آهي راند، تہ کي ڪَنسِ ڳيرو،
جي جُسي ۽ جانِ جي، پڇي جو هيڪاند،
سسي نيزي پاند، اچل تہ اڏ ٿئي.

The love disconnects the relationship of body, heart and head. Love is not a simple play and cannot be played by inexperienced. Put your head in the point of arrow, so that it can be in two pieces.

وائي 6

عشق تمام، برہ تمام، وو! مٿن لُونِي يارَ لوڪو!
سيجُ سَتي نُون جَھپَ نہ آوي، نيٺين نندِ حَرامُ،
راتيان جاڳڻ، صاحبُ سنڀالڻ، اي فقيران دا ڪامُ،
مَتَ عقلَ دي مُنجھہ گُئي، آيا عشقِ اِمامُ.

VAEE (FLATULENCE) 6

Love complete, body lost, my love so much climaxed that my beloved has looted me. I cannot sleep on the warm and soft bed. In my eyes, there is no sleep. In the night with no sleep to remember Allah (God) is the function or duty of poor lovers. When the love appeared as guide or spiritual leader, the wisdom disappeared and all conscious or feelings vanished.

داستان ستون

عاشقن کي ڪڏهن به ڏٺي نه ٿو وسري. هو سندس وره ۾ ايتري قدر ته ماندا آهن، جو ڪنهن وقت به آه ڪندي پساه پورو ٿي ويندن. عاشق سڄي لڳين نه ٿا ٿين. هو هر روز پرينءَ جي در تي ويڃي روتون. جيسين عاشق جي جسم ۾ رت جو قطرو آهي، تيسين نينهن جي دعويٰ نه ڪري. نينهن جو شرط آهي سائو منهن هئڻ. سڪڻ ۽ سُوري هڻي هڪ ئي آکر آهن. جيءَ ڏيڻ کانسواءِ انهن جي پوري نه ٿي ٿئي. جي تون چاهين ته سڪڻ کان سڪان ته انهن کي هلي پس، جي سڪ سڃاڻن. انهن وٽ نه لڪ، جي نينهن نه سڃاڻن. متان ورڇي محبوب جي گهٽي ڇڏين ۽ ڪلال جي مٺ کان پاسو ڪرين. سر جو سودو ڪري پيالون پيءُ.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 7

Lovers do not forget God. They are so much busy in the remembrance of God that at any time they will die. The body organs of lovers are not well and in order. They sit at the doors of the beloved and weep the blood. Till they have a drop of blood in their body, they are unable to claim themselves as true lovers. In love, the body remains too weak and feeble or looking yellow. To Long for and to go to gallows are synonymous. Without their sacrifice, they cannot claim to be true lovers. If you want to long for, go to look at those who are aware of true longing. Do not visit those who do not know to be loyal or faithful. Do not miss or forget the street of your beloved and be away from the earthen pots of the wine venders. You should sip the cups of wine therefore or drink cups of wine.

1

عاشقن الله، ويروتار نه وسري،
آه ڪريندي ساه، ڪڏهن ويندو نڪري.

Lovers always remember God, they keep His name in their heart and take His name alive. In the pressure of true love, they at

any time vanish or die or loose their breath.

2

عاشقِ ائين نه هون، جئن تون سڄي اڱرين،
ويجي در دوستن جي، رتُ ڏهاڙي رُون،
پي پر ڪنهن نه پون، ماکر محبوبن سين.

As you are alright with all your healthy organs of body, so the lovers cannot ever live. They weep blood in their eyes at the door of their beloved daily. In other way, they are not acceptable to their beloved.

3

جان عاشق مٿي رتُ، تان دعويٰ ڪري مَرِ نينهن جي،
سائو منهن، سُونهن گئي، سڪن اِي شرط،
نڪي گوڏ گرتُ، مٿا سر سڙدا ڪري.

Till lover has blood in his body, he should not claim for his love. Yellow face and losing beauty is the first condition for longing and love of the beloved. Being financially poor, he is ready to bargain for his sacrifice of his head.

4

اڃا تو منجهان، ڪڪ چُتي رتُ نڪري!
منهن ۾ محبوبن جا، ڪئن جهليندي گهاءَ؟
سو تون ڪُهاڙيا، سڪن جون سڏون ڪرين؟

Still the blood gushes out from your body when hurt by any straw. How will you tolerate the pains of injuries you receive on your face. Then how you have empty desires of love.

5

سڪن ۽ سوري، پئي اڱر هيڪڙي،
وهن وائڙين تي، ڪارنُ ضروري،
پنهني جي پوري، جيءَ ڏني ري نه جڙي.

Longing for and going to gallows are synonymous words. For the sight of beloved, sitting and waiting on his way is must. Seeing the beloved, without sacrifice the body or life is impossible. (SHAH LATIF BHITAI AR) has expressed that *Sikan* (longing for) and *Soori* (gallows) are two words with the same meaning because of the fact that without the compliance of the both acts, martyrdom is impossible.

6

جيڪي سڪڻ سڪڻ، نات پَس سڪندڙين،
پاسي تنين مَر لڪُ، نينهن نہ سڃاڻن جي.

Long for or go to those who are longing for. Do not be close to those who are unaware of the odds of love.

7

عاشق! معشوق جي، وٺي ويهه ڳري،
جر ورجي ڇڏڻين، سنڌي دوست ڌري!
ڏيندا ٻڪي ٻاجه جي، ويندڙ ٺپ ٺري،
آسان تان نہ سري، تون ڪئن سري سڀرين؟

Oh Lover! You must sit in the street of the beloved. Do not hesitate to look at the window of your beloved. They will give you the herbal medicine to heal up your injuries. Oh beloved! We cannot live without you but it is wondered to observe that how you pass the days without our company.

8

عاشق! معشوقن جو، وٺي ويهه ڏڪاڻ،
پئڇ پيش پريڻ جي، پٽيءَ وجهي پاڻ،
تہ تون تنين سان، سدا رهين سرخرو.

Oh Lover! take side of the beloved's shop. Bow down before the beloved keeping cloth in your neck so that they should have gracefulness for you. (lovers should have humbleness for beloveds).

9

عاشق! معشوق جو، وٺي ويهڃ گهٽ،
جَمَ وِرڇي ڇڏئين، موڪيءَ سَندو مٺ،
ڪري سِرَ جي سَٺ، پيڇ ڪي پيالِيُون.

Oh Lover! sit in the gate of the street of your beloved. Do not show anger and leave the earthen pots of wine. Sacrificing your head, drink sips or cups of wine.

وائي 6

سُپيريان جي سونهن جي، ڳالهه ڪين وڃي،
وڃي ڌرِ دوستن جي، سُوريءَ سِرُ هڃي،
عاشق اُنڱن چڙهيا، ٻيو سِڪو پڇي،
پُڇڇ پوءِ پريتُون، پهرين سِرُ سڃي،
عاقِل ئي اوڇُون ٿيا، پورو ڪين پڇي.

VAEE (FLATULENCE) 6

The remembrance of the beauty of the beloved can not be forgotten. Go to the door of beloved and sacrifice your head after hanging on gallows. Lovers are stricken arrows but others trouble and flee away. First be prepared for sacrificing yourself and then start loving the beloved. The wise people are piercing on account of the confusion of Love. This secret is not understandable. (the spiritual secret is confusing secret).

داستان انون

دوستن جي در تي هر هر وڃڻ هاڪائي آهي. گجھي رهاڻ ڪري، پاڻ ۾ ڀرت
ونڊڻ گهرجي. ماڻهن کي ڪيميا جهڙي روحاني رمز آڙي نه ٿي. اها سون جهڙي ڳالهه
انهن کي هٿ ٿي اچي، جنجو لکيو سڻائو آهي. نمرتا ۽ ڪيميا سان هل، ڇو ته ڏمر ۾ ڏولاڻو

آهي. صبر مشڪ سمان آهي. صبر وارن جي گهر ۾ خير آهي. جو اڳرائي ٿو ڪري سو خطا ٿو ڪائي. ڪيني وارو ڪي به پلانڊ ۾ پائي نه ٿو وڃي. منهن مونن ۾ وجهي گهار ۽ سنگ انهن جو ڪر. جن وٽ ويٺي ڏڪندو ڏور ٿئي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 8

To go to the doors of friends again and over again is self insulting act. Love secretly. The spiritual destiny is hard to achieve. Do not be angry because of pains in it. Behave politely and treat the people humbly. To be balanced and have patience will get sixteen and in haste or anger only thirteen or lower points will be received. In patience you will get sweet smell and in houses blessings and prosperity will be available. Malicious mind can not be successful. So have humble looking appearance and sit in the company of those who can give you relief and pleasure.

1

هَر هَر هَر اِي، وِجڻ دَر دوستن جي،
پاڙي ڏانهن پرين جي، اُج مَر آواڻي!
اَلرُّڙي اُچ مَر تون، واتاڙن وائي،
لائيندءَ، لطيف چئي، سوران سرهائي،
گجهو گالهائي، پرت وڃي پاڻ ۾.

Do not go to friends again and again. This is not considered as good activity. Oh greedy man! Do not walk quickly in the streets of your beloved. Do not be inexperienced, to exchange your secrets to the passers bye people. The beloved are pleased with the troubles and hardships. Love be secret and it should not be done openly.

2

سُورُ جنين کي سَريو، سَري تن صحت،
مِني مصيبت، آهي عاشقن کي.

Who loved, they became happy and healthy but lovers

become happy in pains and difficulties. (It means true health is in pains and true happiness is received in troubles).

3

جي پياري پاڻ، تہ ڪَڙهو ٿي پاڻي پئين،
اڳي اِنَ نِياڻ، اُنَ ڪوٺيو ڪونَ گهڙي.

If the beloved drinks you water himself, you should drink it like a camel or much water should be drunk. The uncalled does not enter into the reservoir or cistern.

4

اُنَ ڪي عَيان نہ ٿئي، ڪي پروڙي ڪونَ،
سڄي جيهي سونَ، منهن نہ پيئي ماڙهو ٿين.

The untold story is not disclosed but the told story is not understandable to them. This precious story can not be understood to the people.

5

اُنَ ڪي عَيان نہ ٿئي، ڪي پروڙي ڪونَ،
سا سُونهين ٿئي سونَ، اَمُرُ عطا جنهن جو.

The untold story is not opened and told story is not heard by anyone. This golden costly story will be understood by that man who is favoured with spiritualism or spiritual secrets.

6

چَنَنِ تَوءَ مَرِ چَنُ، پاءِ اُميري اِنَ سينَ،
جي هو اوڳنَ ڪَنِي، اَسُونهين! تہ تون ڳڻان ئي ڳنُ،
پاند جھليو تون پَنُ، هن سُونهاري سڱ پر.

If they divorce you, you should try to connect it like a broken thread. If they do not see good character in you, Oh dirty! You must consider it as your quality. Humbly you should try to request them to continue your sacred relations or you should beg for continuance of your relation.

7

نَمِي گَمِي نِهَار تون، دَمَرُ دُولَئو،
تِيئي ساجائو، جِي اُپئين انهيءَ پير تي.

With humbleness, you should bow down your eyes and walk because in anger and wrath, you will suffer from troubles and hardships. If you stand firm in these qualities you would be genius and gentleman.

8

گَمَر! گَمَندين ڪٿيو، هارايو هوڙن،
چڪيو نه چوندين، هو جو ساءِ صبر جو.

Live patiently because with the adaptation of patience, one can get success but the stubborn and angry people will lose and face defeat. Who talked roughly, they could not have benefit of patience or silence.

9

گَمَندڙن گهر ڪين، چوندڙ چڱا نه ٿيا،
ويئنهنون ويد پئي، هٿ نه اچي ڪين.

In the house of patience adopters, there is always peace and piety but no good result for those who talk too much. They achieve nothing from baseless talking.

10

هُوَ چَوَنئي، تون مَر چئو، واتان ورائي،
اڳ اڳرائي جو ڪري، خطا سو ڪائي،
پاند ۾ پائي، ويو ڪيني وارو ڪين ڪي.

If anyone talk to you roughly, you having patience, do not reply to him. Who aggressively talk, he will surely lose and cannot succeed. Malicious is vicious. Who has malice, he will receive no price.

11

ڪِنِين ڪِن پرائيو، ڪِنِي منجهان ڪِن،
جي هو سَتاڻي سِيگ، تَه زه چني جو ڪو ٿئي.

Malice has no price, nothing will be received from malicious activities. If the arch is very hard to fix an arrow in it, it will hurt when broken.

12

اڻ چوندن مَر چو، چوندن چيو وسار،
اٽئي پهر آدب سين، پر اهائي پار،
پايو منهن مون ۾، غربت ساڻ گذار،
مفتي منجه وهار، ته قاضيءَ ڪانپارو نه ٿين.

Do not say to those who are silent but who toughly talk with you, excuse or pardon them. Eight parts of the day, live humbly. Put your face in knees, live in poor condition. Always try to rise up your conscience so that you may not be answerable to any judge or court of law.

13

چنين سنديءَ ”هوڏ“ ۾، ڀتون ڀتين ”جي“،
تن! تنين سين پي، اوڏا اوڏي پڪڙا.

Oh my body! Who love you and say yes, build up your house near to them. (you may be mixed with them and eat and drink along with).

14

ويني چنين وٽ، ڏگندو ڏاڍو ٿئي،
سا مجلس ئي مٽ، جي حاصل هو هزار جو.

Sitting with whom, you get pains, leave them immediately even you have profit of thousand from them.

15

وِينِي جَنِينَ وَتُ، دُڪَندو دُورِ تِئِي،
تَن! تَنِينَ سِينِ ڪُتِ، اوڏا اڏي پَڪَڙا.

Sitting with whom, your pains are relieved, live with them making your shed or attached roof.

وائي 7

يار سڄڻ جي فراق، ڙي جيڏيئون! آئون ماري!
دَرِ دُوسَنِ جي ڪُئين جو هوندا، مُون جيها مُشتاق،
جاڻي ڪاڻي محبوبين جي، آه حُسنَ جي هاڪ،
سُرمو سَهي ڪر اکين جو، خاص پريان جي خاڪ،
عبداللطيف چئي، پرين آسانجو هميشه آ حُسنَڪ.

VAEE (FLATULENCE) 7

Oh friends! I am victim of the separation of my beloved. Many people like me might be at the doors of my beloved. Every where there is fame and name of my beloved. Find out the value of the dust of the feet of my beloved, make it antimony for your eyes. Shah Abdul Latif Bhitai says, our beloved is always beautiful and charming.

سُرڪنڀات

”سُرڪنڀات“ کي ”سُرڪماچ“ به چوندا آهن. چون ٿا اهو نالو مٿس انهيءَ ڪري پيو آهي، جو گجرات جي ڪنڀات شهر جي هڪ مشهور گوڻيئي اُنڪي رچيو هو. هي سُرڪات جو ڏهين بجي ڌاري ڳائبو آهي ۽ من کي آرام ڏيندڙ آهي.

رسالي ۾ هن سر جو مضمون ٻن نمونن جو آهي: عاشقاڻو يا اخلاقي. شاه پنهنجي پرينءَ جي سونهن جي ساراهه هڻن ڪئي آهي: سندس حسن سان سهسين سجن ۽ چنڊن جي به جاءِ ناهي. مڙيئي ستارا لالڻ اڳيان لهجي ٿيو، پاڻ لڪايو ڇڏين. جوهر جو جمال به جانب جي اڳيان جهڪو ٿيو ويو. چنڊ گهڻو ئي سهڻو، پر ان کي معشوق جهڙيون موهيندڙ اکيون ۽ نزاکت ڀريو نڪ ناهي. سندس چهر تي خط ۽ خال ائين آهي، جئن آسمان ۾ تارن جي جهر مر.

شاهه، پارسي شاعرن وانگر باد صبا کي نه، پر چنڊ کي پنهنجو قاصد ٿو ڪري ۽ اُنڪي سڄڻ لاءِ سنيها ٿو ڏئي. اُنکان اڳ کيس تاڪيد ٿو ڪري ته ”جانيءَ کي نينهن جو نياپو پوري نياز ۽ ادب ساب رسائج ۽ جهيٽو ڳالهاج.“

شاه انسان جي، من کي ڪرهي (اٺ) سان ٿو پيئي. ٻنهي جون خصلتون ساڳيون آهن. جئن چانگو چندن، اگر، ڪٿوري ۽ ڪٽهار کان منهن موڙي، اُڪ ۽ لائي ڏانهن لڙندو آهي، تنهن انسان جو نفس به روحاني ڳالهين کان ڪنارو ڪري، هميشه بدڪارين ڏانهن مڙندو آهي. اٺ، پرينءَ ڏانهن پنڌ ڪرڻ جي نه ٿو ڪري؛ اگر کي اوڏو نه ٿو ويو ۽ سرڪندڙ جي سار نه ٿو لهي. ياقوت جا ڳانا، موتين جي مالها ۽ ريشم ۽ سون جي مهار پائينس، ته به ميو پنهنجي عادت نه مٽيندو. انهيءَ ڪري نير (زنبي) ۽ ڏانوڻ ٿي چانگي لاءِ چڱا آهن. من به اهڙو ئي مردود آهي ۽ سڌرندو تڏهن، جڏهن ساڻس جنيون ڪبيون ۽ چارئي پهر مٿس چاري رهيو. هڪواريءَ نفس باز اچي ويو ته پوءِ اهڙو سڄاڻ ۽ سدورو ٿي پوندو جو مڇ ملي نه اٿس ته پرينءَ وٽ پهتو ناهي. پوءِ سندس مله وڌو آهي. هو هڪ اهڙي ولايت جا هلي ٿو سير ڪري، جنهنجي چمن جي هر هڪ ڪاٺي ڪروڙ لهي ۽ جنهن جو هر هڪ پن پنجين لکين آهي. مطلب ته چڙواڳ من، شيطان وانگر پاتار ڏانهن نيندڙ آهي پر وس ۾ آندل من، ملائڪن وانگر عرش ڏانهن اڏائيندڙ آهي.

TUNE (SUR) KHANBHAT

The melody Khanbhat is called also as melody of KHUMACH because it was sung by a singer of the Khanbhat village or town in Gujarat state of India. It is sung at 10 in the night which entertains the sad feelings or provides peace of mind to the disturbed or distressed heart of the mankind.

In this melody, two aspects of mind have been expressed i.e 1) love and 2) character. The beauty of the beloved has been compared with the shining light of the moon and sun but Shah Latif has proffered or described or considered more beautiful to his beloved than the shining light of the moon because it has neither the eyes nor nose like that of his beloved has. Shah has sent his message of love through the moon and advised that the whole account of his welfare and plight may be conveyed to him politely, humbly and submissively. For reaching or meeting with the beloved, the camel has been considered as the best source to reach but according to Shah Latif, the camel has its own habits to eat the low graded grass called *Lani* and does not eat *Chandan*, a good quality grass. The qualities of the camel have been compared with the man's inner characteristics and habits. As the man's soul or consciousness prefers to do evils and gets more enjoyment from evil doings, so the camel is habitual of taking or eating bad grass instead of good grass.

داستان پهريون

پرين سراپا ڀلائي آهن ۽ ڪڏهن به سر چڙهي ڏوراپو نه ٿا ڏين. انسان، برابن سان، پريو پيو آهي، پر سڄڻ ٻاجهارو ۽ سهندڙ آهي. چوڏس جو چنڊ سھسين سينگار ڪري ٿو ايري، پر سپرين جي سونھن سان سندس مقابلو ناھي. چنڊ جي سڄي ڄمار دوست جي هڪ دم برابر آهي. سھسين سورج ۽ چنڊ اُڀرن ته به پرينءَ کانسواءِ مڙڙيوئي اونداهي آهي. چنڊ

ڪڏهن سو ڪير اُڀري، ڪڏهن ڳچ؛ سڄڻ نت سو جهرو آهي. چنڊ جي ذات ڪڏهن به پرينءَ سان پڙڻ جي ناهي، پرينءَ جي هڪ ئي ناز واري نظر سڄ، چنڊ ۽ تارن کي شرمسار ۽ جوهر کي جهڪو ڪيو ڇڏي. جهڙي چمڪ سهيل تاري ۾ اسر جو آهي، تهڙي صافي هميشه سڄڻ ۾ آهي. سپرينءَ ۾ ماکيءَ جي ميٺ آهي ۽ هو ڪڏهن به ڪوڙا ٿيڻ جا نه آهن.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 1

Beloveds are very beautiful and attractive. They provide eternal happiness and do not put into any trouble or unrest. The beauty of the beloved has been compared with the shining light of the sun and the moon but they both have neither attractive eyes nor charming and arrow like nose of the beloved.

1

پَلا ٿِي آهين، پرين پَلا ٿِيءَ پانهنجي،
سَبا جها سِر چڙهيو، ڏوراپو نه ڏين،
مان ڏي مَڏيون ٿين، سڄڻ سڄاين ۾.

Due to kindness, beloveds are merciful and gracious, they never rebuke in front of whereas from my side there are weaknesses but beloved is always kind and helpful.

2

تون چنڊ! اهوئي، جو هِت پَسين ٿو پرينءَ کي،
آڏتُ چُئج ان کي، ڏيانءَ جو روئي،
هڪانديءَ هوئي، سانگُ مَ پوي سڄڻين!

Oh moon! You are the same that sees the beloved, what I give you the message that be conveyed to the beloved. In this loneliness, alas the beloved go away but may not travel for journey.

3

مُر هيڪاندا هون پرين، سانگِ مَ وڃن سين!
رهيا آهين روح ۾، نِتُ جِنين جا نين،
وماسيا جن وين، ٿو تاريءَ تڳي تِن هِنئون.

May those beloveds, be together and intentionally should not travel whose eyes always live in my heart's soul. Those beloveds intellectual and sober expressions keep my heart alive or operational.

4

رات سَهائِي، پُون سَنئين، پائي! گُهرجي پُل،
 آهَر ۾ ايلاجيون، چندن چَري چُل،
 مون توئي سين ڳالهَڙي، ٻئي ڪنهن مَ سَل،
 هاهَر ڪندو هُل، تہ ڪجايُون ڪَرَن ڪي.

The night comfortable and the plot of land is straight. Oh brother! Here is need of intention or (bravery). Oh camel! Move or walk after eating plant of raw gram and Chandan in your eating place. My conversation is with you or I only converse with you, do not tell anybody the secrets. Walk with sound or voice so that the greedy enemies should know our presence or be aware of our whereabouts or our footsteps.

5

چوڏهين چَنڊا تون اُڀرين، سَهسين ڪَرئين سينگار،
 پَلڪَ پريان جي نہ پڙين، جي چيلَن ڪَرئين هزار،
 جهڙو تون سڀ جَمار، تهڙو دَمُ دوست جو.

Oh 14th night moon! When you rise, you decorate yourself or shine, you cannot be compared with any part of the body of the beloved despite of struggles or tricks; the light you posses for life has no such shining as my beloved possesses for a moment.

6

سَهسين سَجَن اُڀري، چوراسي چَنڊَن،
 بالِله ري پَرين، سڀ اونداهي پانئيان.

Even if the sun and eighty-four moons rise, bye God without beloved, there is darkness and no light.

7

چَنڊَ! تنهنجي ذات، پاڙيان نہ پرين سين،
تُون اُچو ۾ رات، سَچَن نَتُ سو جِهرًا.

“Oh moon! You cannot be compared with my beloved, because you are white in the night but my beloved is ever shining and white forever”.

8

چَنڊَ! چوانءَ سَچُ، جي مَني نہ پانئئين،
کڏهن اُڀرين سنهڙو، کڏهن اُڀرين گُچُ،
مُنهن ۾ هريئي مَچُ، تو ۾ ناھ پيشاني پرينءَ جي.

“Oh moon! I tell you truth, if you do not mind, you rise small sometimes and big at different times, there is shining in your face but not as attractive forehead as my beloved has”.

9

کڻي نيئُ خُمار مان، جان کيائون ناڙُ نَظَرُ،
سُورجُ شاخُون جَهڪِيُون، کُوماڻو قَمَرُ،
تارا کَتيُون تائبُ ٿيا، ديڪيندي دِلَبرُ،
جَهڪو ٿيو جَوهرُ، جانبَ جي جَمالَ سين.

“When with intoxicated eyes, they threw their proud sight, the currents of sun became dim and the moon diminished. The stars and galaxies behaved respectfully. The shining of diamond also diminished”.

10

تارا تيليءَ رُوءُ، لُڏا لالَن! اُڀرين،
جَهڙي تو صُبح، تَهڙي صافي سَچَئين.

Oh beautiful morning star! You also rise with pride. You have as much shining at the morning time, the same whiteness our beloved has.

11

توڏانهن گهڻو نھاريان، تارا! تيلاهين،
سجڻ جيڏاهين، تون تيڏاهين اُپرين.

Oh star! I see you or glance at you so much because you shine much there where my beloved is.

12

هُنَ تاري، هُنَ هِنْدِ، هُتَ منهنجا سُپرين،
سجڻ ماڪيءَ مَنڊِ، ڪوڙا ٿين نہ ڪڏهين.

That star, that place, my beloved is there, my beloveds are so sweet as honey, they are never sour or they become never sour.

13

تارا، تر، تروڪڻيون، مٿن ڦلڻيون،
ڪو! سي راتڙيون، جي مون پرين پُڄاڻا پيڻيون.

On the face of beloved, there are small blots, gaps and signs, hate those nights which were passed without the beloved.

وائي 1

وَهلي وَنَءُ مَرَوَهاَمِي! رَه رات! رائيڻديس پرينءَ کي.
شَمعَ ٿينديس شَبَ ۾، اِن خوشيءَ کان ڪامي،
بابوئن سنڊي باه جڻن، ڀران شال اُجهامي!
ڀرت جا پيتم جي، سا ڪين پروڙي عامي،
مونکي مون پرين جو، آهي دَرْدُ دَوامي،
آهيان يارُ سَيِّدَ جو، کان رهي ڪا خامي،
هُوءَ جالَنؤ، لَطيفُ چئي، مونکي آهي مُدامي،
روشن ٿيان رُجن ۾، جي هُتان لَنؤ انهيءَ لامِي،
ڪاري سا قِيامَ سَنئين، هوٽُ جنهنجو حامي،
آيَمَ تَنهين لوڪَ سان، جيسين مان چَوَن سامِي.

VAEE (FLATULENCE) 1

Oh night! stay, do not pass immediately. I shall pardon my beloved. I shall delightfully burn and then shed light. I wish to extinguish or put off like the smoke of travelers or caravan makers, huts and continue to burn. What I have love with my beloved, that is not known to the common man. I Sayed am friend of the Prophet (P.B.U.H), so I have nothing weakness, that true longing I have, I possess it forever. If I am inclined to such love, I may remain always fresh or fragrant. Whose helper is such friend, for him the dark day of judgment is comfortable or easy. I shall live with the people so long, they call me world less or the world hater. (It means the spiritual leaders accept me as the greedless or world hater) (Here Shah Latif has pointed out the satisfaction of the Prophet (P.B.U.H) on the day of judgment or Dooms day).

داستان ٻيو

اي چنڊ! تون اُڀرندي ئي پهرين نهار ڀرين ڏي ڪج، ۽ جهيٽي آواز ۾ اسان هيئن جو احوال کيس ڏج. سڄڻ ڪنهن ڏورانهين ڏيهه ۾، چوٽا چندن سان واسي، ٿڌي هير ۾ ستو پيو آهي. ڀرت ۾ پچندڙ اتي ئي پيرين پنڌ ٿو پهچي سگهي، نه اٿس ڪو ڪرھو يا ڪيڪان (گهوڙو)، جنهن تي چڙهي، وڃي اسر جو کيس پسي. اٺ به ڪڌارو آهي. گلن جي جاءِ تي ٻڌنس توڙي آهر ۾ چندن ڏينس. ته به لکيو وڃي لاهي ڪاٿي. ياقوتن جي مالها پائينس توڙي موتين جي مهار، ته پنهنجيون بچڙيون خصلتون نه ڇڏيندو. نفس (من) به ائين آهي. اٺ کي پنڌ وجهبو ۽ مٿس پلاڻ رکبو ته هونگار ڪندو هلندو ۽ پرين وٽ پهچڻ ۾ ويرم ئي نه ڪندو. من کي چيڪ ڇڏبو ته هاڃا ڪندو، پر جي نير (زنجير) وجهس ته اڏامي هلي روحاني ولايت جا سير ڪندو.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 2

The moon has been advised to see first the beautiful face of the beloved at the time of rising and politely submit him the welfare account of the lover. The camel has been suggested the

best source of carrying the lover to the beloved but it has also some unpleasant habits of not eating good grass but bad or low graded grass so that it can reach the beloved very quickly and meet the beloved very swiftly.

1

ناسيندي نِگاه، پهرين ڪج پرين ڏي،
أحوال عاجزن جا، اڪڙ لڳ الله،
روزِ نهارين راه، اڪيون اوهانجي آسري.

Oh moon! rising, you first look at beloved or see the beloved. For God's sake, tell him the welfare account of these simple or humble persons. "They daily look way for your coming and for you they open their eyes to see you" (or their eyes await to see ways of your coming).

2

جڳا چنڊ! چئيج، سنيها ڪي سڄڻين،
مٿان اڳڻ اُپري، پرين جي پئيج،
جهيٽو ڳالهائيج، پيرين وجهي هٿڙا.

Oh sacred moon! Convey our message to the beloved. Rising or shining on their courtyard, putting hands on his feet, tell or speak with them politely or humbly.

3

اُپر چنڊ! پس پرين، تو اوڏا، مون ڏور،
سڄڻ سُتا ولھ ۾، چوٽا پري ڪُپور،
پيرين ائون نه پُڄڻي، ٻاٺل ڏئي نه پور،
جنهن تي چڙهي اُسور، سنجهي سڄڻ سيتيان.

Oh moon! rise and glance at the beloved, he is near to you but away from me. Beloved, spraying their hair, are slept in the open air or open sky. I walking on feet, cannot read at them and father does not provide a camel for making journey to the beloved in the early morning.

4

دڙي! ڪريندين ڪڏهين، حياتيءَ هيڪانڊ؟
 مَن ۾ مُشتاقَن جي، ڪي رنجائي راند،
 پرين ڏيساندر پاند، گجھ گرهيا ڪن سين؟

Oh God! When you will meet me them in this life? In the lover's heart, the force of love has stressed or started playing game. The beloved is in foreign country. With whom I exchange my heart's feelings or account of secrets of my heart?

5

هنئڙي سڄڻ ساريا، ڪٿي هوند مر هير؟
 اچي لالڻ! نه ڏئين، مٿي پلنگن پير؟
 ٿي ورونهن وير، گجھ گرهيا ڪن سين؟

My heart has remembered my beloved. Now where they must be? Oh beloved! Why you don't come to my bedstead or sleeping couch or take your feet to my bed? Now, it is time for meeting. With whom I may exchange secrets of my heart? Or I should entertain myself?

6

ڪر هو نه ڪيڪان، پيرين آئون نه پڄڻي،
 جو مون رات رسائي، نيئي ساجڻ سان،
 مون نه وهڻو پان، ويئي نين نچوڙيان.

Neither camel nor horse, so that they should carry me to reach at my beloved. Walking on feet, is difficult for me to reach. It is not in my control. I am sitting anxiously (or I am dropping tears from my eyes or tears are coming out from my eyes).

7

ڪر ها! ڪسَرَ ڇڏ، وڪَ وَڌندي پاءِ،
 منهنجو هلڻ آهين، جتي جانب جاءِ،
 توکي چنڊن چاريان، ٻيو وڳ، لاڙي ڪاءِ،
 ائين اٿ! اٺاءِ، جيئن هونديءَ رات هٿ مڙون.

Oh camel! do not be lazy or leave laziness, go fast or take fast steps or pace. My journey is for the place where my beloved is. I shall give you there sweet grass for eating or you will eat there sweet grass where other flock of animals eats common grass. Oh camel! carry me also quickly that we should reach to meet the beloved to night or the current night.

8

ڪَسَرَ ڇڏ ڪَنوات! وڳون وجهه وڌنديون،
سنئين سڀيرين جي، ونڱي پانءِ مَرات،
ڇڏ جهوري، ڏي جهات، ته هونديءَ رات هت مڙئون.

Oh young camel! take quick steps or walk fast. Do not think difficult and hard the easy and straight way to beloved. Leave or forget laziness, walk so quickly, that we can meet the beloved tonight or the current night.

9

آئي ٻڌم وَڻ جاءِ، مان مڪريون چري،
ڪڏاتورو ڪَرهو، لڪيو لائي ڪاءِ،
ان مٽي سندي، ماءُ! مون کي ڳالهين ڳوڙها ڪيو.

I fastened it with the branch of flowers, so as to eat newly grown bunches. The habitual camel, secretly eats the common grass (*Lani*). Oh mother! This camel's habits have confused me or troubled me. (here the point is of man's mind or intention).

10

ميا! مڃ منٿ، آڄ منهنجي ڪَرها!
جهاڳيندي جر پتيون، متان ڪرئين ڪٿ،
سڀريان جي سٿ، مون کي نيئي ميڙئين.

Oh camel! Today you should accept my request. Crossing or walking through plains, you may think or make idea. Carry me and meet my beloved's company. (here politely and humbly the heart is requested and then lips are opened).

11

گُل ڳانا ياقوت جا، موتين ڳتيس مال،
 ڪڍيني جي ڪرها! هيدي پائينءَ حال،
 چندن چارينءَ جال، جي مون رات رسائين.

Oh camel! I may put the diamonds garland in your neck, and also garland of pearls and silky reins and for eating abundant precious grass (*Chandan*), if you carry me and meet my beloved tonight or within this night.

12

ميا! تو مهار، سڄي پايان سون جي،
 چارينءَ چندن چوٽيون، نايو مينديءَ ڌار،
 سندي پي پچار، جي مون رات رسائين.

"Oh camel! I may put in your neck a golden rein and eat you newly grown branches of precious grass or (*Chandan*) and eat you branches of Mendi after bowing you on Mendi (*Hinnah*) plants if you carry me to take to the path of beloved this night.

13

اٺ نه وڃي وڳ سين، چري نه چانگو،
 لڳيس نائڪ نينهن جي، نهوڙيو نانگو،
 ڇڏي سر سانگو، رڙهي رند پرين جي.

The camel is not going or walking with other camels and does not eat with them. He has been injured by the iron wire of love, which has made rude very weak and feeble. Now, it has walked to the way or path of beloved after being careless of its existence or without fearing from death.

14

وهي منجهين وڳ، ڪٿوريءَ ڌار چري
 ماء! منهنجي ڪرهي، پڌر پڳ نه لڳ،
 جڳ سين جهڙو جڳ، هنئين سين هٿ چري.

Now the camel keeps the company of his group and eats the branches of fragrance. Oh mother! My camel's existence is not seen apparently. It appears like its group and secretly it eats with the beloved (point is towards pure heart or soul).

15

اَڄ نه اڳينءَ ڌار، ڪَڙهو جيئن ڪالهه هو،
اڱڻ آيو نه ڪري، ٻاهوڙي پڇار،
جيڪس منجه ڦٽار، ڪا وڻ چنائين وُه جي.

The camel has no previous mind as it was yesterday or it used to be yesterday. It does not demand food when it is in the courtyard. Perhaps, it has eaten poisonous branch of plant along with its other group members. (It has again evil mind. Its devilish behavior is not changeable).

16

مَٺِي ماڪائِي، وڏو واٽُ وَلِين ڪي،
خَبَر ٿِي ڪيٽَ ڏٺِين ڪي وڏوڙا واهِي،
ڪَڙهي ڪاڪَت چڏِي، وَرِيَس نه وائي،
چانگي چَريائي، ويئي ويچاري وسري.

The camel happily started eating branches. When the owners of the land knew and then they became unhappy or annoyed with it. The camel has lost its strength and no voice or sound is coming out from its mouth. The source less camel forgets its activity.

17

وٽي سيٽ سُوٽ، پاءِ پنهنجي ڪَڙهي،
وَلِيُون واسَ وَرنيُون، پَهريُون مٿي پَٽ،
چانگي چَٽي چَٽ، ته پوءِ نه رهندو پَٽڏري.

Fragrant branches are spread out on the plots. When the camel tasted them and enjoyed eating, then it cannot live or cannot be controlled without iron ropes. (The inner balance keeps under control and makes spiritual taste then it will always remain in control).

18

ڪَڙهي ڪي ڪٽين، وَڌَ پَئدَ پَلَنُ جا،
ليڙو لائيءَ ڪي چري، نِيرَ ساڻ نئين،
چانگي سنڌي چت ۾، صاحب! وجه سئين،
اوباهيوس آئين! لُطَفَ ساڻ لُطِيفُ چئي.

To control the camel, many iron ropes were used. The camel with those iron ropes bowed and ate the common grass (*Lani*). Oh God! Improve the mind of the camel. With Your grace show it the straight path. (The bad and spoilt mind does not improve even if stopping it and taking steps to end activities).

19

چانگي چئي چُڪياس، مَتان اَڪَ نہ اُلهي!
جنهن وَل گهڻا وهائيا، اُن سين آر لڳياس،
چوڌاري چندن وَڻ، پڄي پُوج پياس،
رُڙاري رتُ ڪياس، هِن کُڏاڻوري ڪَڙهي.

I was tired to advise the camel not to go to the fruitless tree or to go to stand by the tree because that branch of tree has made many mad and unconscious. It has liked this tree or made its companion. Many trees of precious grass (*Chandan*) are ripped all-round. This disobedient or stubborn camel has drawn my bloody tears. The above love poems have shown the pure and its bad characteristics.

20

اُٿي اُڙائينس، ڇڏيو ته چيڪَ ٿيو،
ڪارايان، ڪَڙيو وڃي، پَلاڻي پائينس،
ڏانوَڻ تنهن ڏائينس، جئن چري ۽ چنگهي پُڻو.

Stand, fasten the camel. If you left it, it will be free or otherwise it will be free to walk. If I feed it, it runs away or it does not walk. Stand, put it some burden of heavy sacks on its back so that it should not fear or disappear. It should be so fastened with

chains that it should eat and make voice or sound.

21

دُو دَسْتِي، دُو پير، سِينِي سَنگَهَرُ رُڪَ جِي،
ماءُ! مُنهنجي ڪَڙهي، تازي ڦُلن هير،
تنهن ڪامُ ڪُنڊي ڪير؟ جو مُنهنين وٽ مَسَ رهي!

It has chains in front and in back legs and iron ropes in its chest. Oh mother! My camel is habitual of eating fresh grass or flowers. Who will lure it or make it habitual to live with me or remain in my company.

22

ڪَنِين ڪامُ ڪِيا؟ ڪِئن پَنِير لئين؟ ڪَڙها!
اَڪِئن مَٽي اَڪِيا، پَڙ ۾ پير گِنا!
وڳ ڪِ وسِريا؟ ٻڌو جِئن گهاٽي وهين.

Oh camel! Who have lured you and how you have been misguided? Your eyes have closed or covered and your feet lost weight in moving expeller or oil press. How you have forgotten flocks or company of camels who are moving expeller or oil press?

23

ڪاڻي نه ڪَنڻهار، چَنڊَن جا چُوبا ڪري،
اَگَر اوڏو نه وِجي، سِر ڪَنڊِ لَهي نه سار،
لاڻِيءَ جِي لَغار، مَير مَتارو ڪيو.

It does not eat white flowers and throws out half chewed precious grass (*Chandan*). It does not go near to fragrant branch of tree and does not demand for precious grass (*Chandan*). The eating common grass (*Lani*) has made it fat and thick.

24

چانگا! چَنڊَن نه چَرين، مِيا! پَئين نه موڪ،
اَگَر اوڏو نه وِجين، ٽُڪيو چَڏئين ٽوڪ،
لاڻِي وِچان لوڪ، تو ڪَهڙي اَڪَر اَڏڙي؟

Oh camel! You neither eat precious grass (*Chandan*) nor drink from flowing deep water. If you do not go near and throws out precious food (grass), how you have liked the common grass (*Lani*) out of these abundant rich food or precious grass? (oh my sweet heart, why you have been attracted by illicit acts or evils?

25

جِئان ڪوڙ ۾ ڪاڻيون، پنجين لکين پاءِ،
ميو تنهن ماڳاءِ، ڏيهائي ڌار چري.

Where two woods in one crore and one quarter kg in five lac are purchased or bought, from there the camel eats branches daily.

26

لک لاکيڻو ڪرهر، ڪوڙين ڏيئي ڪاه،
ايلاچيون آهر ۾، پوڄ مِي ڪي پاءِ،
ڪٿ نه ڪندو ڪاه، جُ پلاڻيو ته پرينءَ مڙي.

If you get one camel of one lac, You should get it even if it is purchased in one crore. You may feed it plenty of cardamom then It will not hesitate to walk or move. As soon as it moves steps, it will reach at the beloved or can be met with the beloved.

وائي 2

سڌين سين نه هون، نينهن نياپي نه ٿئي،
ڪاريءَ رات رت ڦڙا، جان جان نيڻ نه رُون،
موڻن جنين ميهڻو، پڙ تي سيئي پُون،
جن مسافر سپرين، سي مَرُ رويو رُون

VAEE (FLATULENCE) 2

Beloveds are not meeting with only likings and with messages, love is not achieved. Till in the dark nights blood tears from eyes are not flowing or coming out, (beloveds can not meet and also true love is not accessible). In the realm of love, only those attempt, for whom to return is great blemish or infirmity.

Whose beloveds are travelers or live for short time only, they should continue to weep or worry

وائِي 3

توڻي تڙئين تُون، يا آلا! تو در توء نه چڙيان!
 مون کي سو مشاهدو، جي منهن نه ڏئين مون،
 مون پيا در گهڻا نهاريان، آهين تون ئي تون.

VAEE (FLATULENCE) 3

Oh God! If you throw out me from You, I shall not leave Your door or forget You. For me this is the only solace or door, in case, You ignore or neglect me. I have visited or seen many other doors, but You only are my solace for salvation of my problems, difficulties, mishaps, calamities, troubles, tortures, pains, worries and woes.



سر سريراڳ

سر سريراڳ، هندستان جي مکيه راڳن مان هڪ آهي. اُنجي ڳائڻ جو وقت، شام جو چئڻ بجي کان اٺين بجي تائين آهي. هي هڪڙو ئي مکيه راڳ آهي، جو رسالي ۾ آيل آهي. هن سر ۾، شاه صاحب، مهراڻ، معلمن، ملاحن، غواصن، سامونڊين، پيڙين، غوراڻن ۽ جهازن جي مثالن وسيلي، انسانن کي روحاني هدايتون ٿو ڏئي. مهراڻ مان ٻئي مراد آهي: حقيقت جو بحر ۽ هي سنسار مها ساگر. انسان پاڻ سامونڊي يا ملاح آهي ۽ ملاح جو غواص ۽ معلم آهن، جن کي روحاني عميق جي آگاهي (خبر) آهي. هيءُ ڏيهي پيڙيءَ مثل آهي.

جئن سمنڊ ۾ نه لهرن جو ليڪو آهي، نه آب جو آنت، نه خطرن جو حساب، تنهن دنيا ۾ به حرصن، هوسن ۽ اولاڪن جي حد ٿي ناهي. ملاح جو فرض آهي سچيت رهڻ، ۽ سڪان کي پختو جهلي، پاڻيءَ مٿان پيڙيءَ کي تارڻ. انسان جو ڪم آهي ته هو هر وقت بيدار رهي ۽ نفسياني آچارن ۽ ڪنن کان پاڻ سنڀالي. انهيءَ لاءِ جي ڪنهن معلم (ڪامل) جي هدايت وٺندو ته هرگز توائي نه ٿيندو.

هي سنسار مها ساگر، اهو ملاح (انسان) سلامتيءَ سان اڪري ويندو، جنهن جي پيڙيءَ ۾ وينتن جو وکر هوندو ۽ جنهن جو جهاز آڏو ۽ اخلاص جي سڙهن سان سينگاريل هوندو. اهڙو انسان توبه جي تاثير سان طوفان به تري ويندو ۽ سندس جهاز کي ڪو جوڪو نه رسندو.

خدا جا مرد، غواص يا ٽوپا آهن، جي حقيقي مهراڻ ۾ پيهي، ماڻڪ ٿا ميڙين. امله موتي انهن وٽ آهن، جي پاتال ۾ اونهيون ٽپيون ٿا هڻن. شاه، الله جي عاشقن کي وينجهار يا جوهرِي به ٿو سڏي. افسوس جو اڄ اهي وينجهار پنهنجي ماڳ تي نه آهن، ۽ سندن پويان شيهي جو ملهه به نه سڃاڻن ۽ رڳي ڪٽ پيا ڪٽين. اسين موتين جي وڻج کي وساري، ڪاڻو ويٺا ڪمايون. ڌڻيءَ جي آمرن کي نه ٿا مڃون، ۽ نيٺ سمورو وکر هٿان وڃائي، جهان مان رت روئندا ٿا وڃون.

ڌڻيءَ جا عاشق، ساري رات، رب کي ريجھائڻ لاءِ ٿا جاڳن. سندن وٽي کان پوءِ، سندن مٽي به ماڻُ ٿي لهي، ۽ ڪروڙين انسان اُچيو آستانن تي سلام ۽ سجدا ڪن. باقي اسان جو حال هي آهي جو سموري موڙي برباد ڪري، هتان هليا ٿا وڃون، ۽ نه هتي، نه هتي، ڪنهن ملهه يا ماڻُ جا ٿا ٿيون.

TUNE (SUR) SRIRAG

This Tune is one of the important Tunes in India. The time of singing the Tune starts from 4 pm to 8 pm. This is only one unique Tune in the whole Risalo (Poetry) of Shah Latif. In this Tune (Sur) Shah sahib has expressed his views giving examples about Mehran (River Indus), Religious teachers, fishermen, divers, ocean people, boats, ships and plains etc. and provided spiritual instructions to the humanity as a whole. He has divided Mehran (Sindh Sea) into two directions: one the natural or real ocean and two the worldly great ocean. Human is the fisherman in the ocean and the perfect people are divers or teachers or educationists who are well known of the deep spiritual knowledge. They are equal to the local boat. Just as in the ocean nothing is known about the abundant waves and depth of water, no account of the dangers of the ocean, so in the world also there is no limit of desires, greediness and feelings etc. The fisherman has to remain careful and keep control over all the rudders of the boats and to sail safely on the water of the ocean and to cross the flows of all waters to reach the safe harbor of the ocean. The duty of a human being is also to remain active and aware of all facts and protect himself from all the sensual desires and attractions. For that purpose, he will take the advices of a guide and teacher and then he will be able to remain safe and pure from all worldly woes and difficulties and surely cannot go astray. That human being can cross safely whose boats are purely adored with good and pure directions. Whose ship is decorated with the blissful and graceful rudders, that will cross and swim safely with the favours of God and will not suffer from any odd or hardship. God fearing people, and divers dive in the bottom of the ocean and find out pearls, jewels and diamonds from there. Invaluable jewels are found by them and keep them safe forever. Shah Latif has called true lovers as successful swimmers or diamond keepers. Today you cannot find that kind of swimmer who do not know the value of lead and cut only the rust of steel. We earn only glass by selling jewel and

diamonds. We do not act upon the instructions or guidance given by God. So there is neither respect for them in this world and have lost their status and injured ourselves so we bleed. God fearing people pass the whole night in prayers. So the people visit their graves after they are buried there and pray to God for the salvation of their souls. Today the man has forgotten the name of God and have been too much materialistic and are busy in the worldly matters and affairs so there is neither respect for them in this world nor promising or comfortable future in the next world to come. They have remained honourable neither here nor there.

داستان پھريون

پرينءَ جي سار ۽ سنڀار هميشه هنئين ۾ رک ته هو پڻ تنهنجي سار لهي. ڏٺيءَ جي حڪمن جي پيروي ڪر ته ڪڏهن به پالهو نه رھين. من مان سمورو فريب ڪڍي ڇڏ ته اتي جي خوف کان ڇٽين. دل کي ڏوئي صاف ڪر ته ان ۾ خزانو لھين. پنهنجي پيڙيءَ کي اُچار ۽ انجا سڙھ اڃا رک. اُنکي معلم جي حوالي ڪر ته سلامتيءَ سان پار پھچين. موتين ۽ ماڻڪن کي وساري، ڪڇ ۽ ڪوڙ جو وڻج پيو ڪرين. صاحب کي رڳو سچ ٿو وڻي. تون پاڻ ماڻڪ آھين. اندر ۾ محبت جو مڇ ٻار. تنهنجو پيڇرو (ديهي) پاپن سان چوٽيءَ تائين چور آهي. اها سد صاحب کي آهي. هن ڪارونپار ۾ هر وقت ٻڌڻ جو خطرو آهي. ستار جي ٻاجھ سان ئي پيڙا سلامت رھندءَ ۽ جهاز جو کي کان بچندءَ.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 1

You should keep remembrance of God in your brain and chest, so that you will also be remembered. Act upon the directions of God and never sit idle. Clean your heart leaving all frauds and unfair feelings from it so that do not worry about the future difficulties. You can receive spiritual treasures if you keep clean your heart. Clean your boat and make white its all rudders. Provide an experienced guide or teacher so that reach the

destination safety. Do not trade with false and fraudulent way ignoring all the diamonds and jewels. God likes truthful activities. You are yourself a diamond keeping flame of love in your heart. Your body has been full with all criminal activities. God knows this only. In this business, there always remains danger of loss. With the grace of God only, you can pass your boats from the deep water of an ocean and no harm is expected for your boat or ship in the ocean.

1

مَانَ پُچَنِئِي سُوپرِين، چَتان لاهِ مَرِ چَرُ،
اُنِينِ جا اَمَرُ، گَنُ تَه خَالِي نَه تئين.

You should keep remembrance of your beloved and do not forget him from your heart. Accept all his demands so as not to remain ungracious.

2

مَانَ پُچَنِئِي سُوپرِين، چَت مَرِ رِڪِجِ چِيَتُ،
سِرُوهُ دُئاري صافِ كَر، صابُنُ سان سُوپِيَتُ،
سامُوندي! سُوچِيَتُ، تِي تَه پَهچِين پارِ كِي.

You may remember your beloved your heart so as he may also remember you. Clean the rudders with the soap and keep them white and ready. Oh Tradesman! be careful to reach at the beloved side safely (be successful in the doomsday).

3

مَانَ پُچَنِئِي سُوپرِين، چَتان لاهِ مَرِ چورُ،
كُدي چَدِ قَلَبِ مان، ماري كُوڙو كورُ،
هُن پَرِ سَنَدو هورُ، مِثان تو معافِ تئي.

Do not keep away the remembrance of your beloved from your heart so that they may remember you. Cut out all ill wishes from your heart so as to get rid of fear of the day of judgment. (You may be pardoned from the punishment of the day of accountability).

4

مَنْ پُچِنِي سُرِين، چِتَارِجِ چُتُ،
دَائِمَا دُورِ بِيءِ ۾، پَسِين وَلَاتِنِ وَتُ،
لِي نِيكَارِي نَت، مَلَاخِ! گَدَّ مُعَلِمِ سِين.

Take care of your beloved in your heart so as to see the scenes of foreign sights (Spiritual Treasures) with the inner micro scope (Clear Heart). Oh boatman! clean your boat and handover it to the known man (Ocean expert).

5

ڪاڀو ڪَمَايُوم، مَوْتِي مَوْنِ نَه وَڻجِيَا!
سِيَهِي جَو سَيِّدُ چُئي، وَڪَرُ وَهَايُوم،
هَهڙو حَالِ سَنَدُوم، تَوَه تَنهِنجِي اُبهَان!

I traded simple and low priced things and not of pearls so earned nothing. I did business of lead or raw iron, Shah Latif said. My condition or plight is poor and feeble but I live on your consolation.

6

ڪَڇُ ڪَمَايُومِ ڪُوڙُ، پِگَمِرِ عَهْدِ اَللهِ جَا!
پِجَرُ جَو پَآپِنِ جَو، سَو چَوِئِيءِ تَائِنِ چُورُ!
مَعْلُومُ اُتِيئي مُورُ، گُوڙها! اِنهيءِ گَالِه جَو.

The body is full of sins or crimes and has been termed as cage of crimes. Oh Knower of all things! You have knowledge of my all business and actions.

7

ڪُوڙُ ڪَمَاِيءِ ڪَڇُ، اُتِي اَوِرِ اَللهِ سِين،
ڪَڏِ تُون دَغَا دِلِ مان، صَاحِبِ وَتِي سَڄُ،
مُحِبَتِ سَنَدُو مَن ۾، مَآڻڪَ! ٻَارِجِ مَڄُ،
اِن پَرِ اُتِي اُڄُ، تَه سَوَدُو تِئِيئي سَفَرُو.

You have done or traded of all bad things. So awake and remember your Creator Allah (God). Remove all kinds of lies and bad habits from your mind because God loves your clean heart and good and pious actions. Oh invaluable jewel! Be good and put on flame of love. Behave with all in this manner so that you should get profit from all of your business and trade.

8

لُزْ، لَهريون، لَسَ، لِيَتْ، جِتي اُنْتُ نہ آَبَ جو،
 اللہ! اَتِ مَرِ اولئین، بِیڑا مَٿي بِیٺَ،
 جو کوٿي مَرِ جَہازَ کي، قُرهِي اُچي مَرِ قِیٺَ،
 لڳي کا مَرِ لَپیٺَ، هِنَ غارِیبي غَرابَ کي!

Where voices or noises of whirlpool and the flow of water are heard and every where there are white waves of water and currents, there oh God! protect their boats from any strike with hard and dangerous spots so that their boats should not receive any break or loss. May God save the boats of the poor fishermen.

9

سِرَہَ سَنوان، لاڳو نَوان، مُهاٿا سندن مِيرَ،
 ساٿي سَفَرِ هَلِيا، تِيا سَٿاوا سِيرَ،
 جِي اُچن سان اُکیرَ، سي بِیڑا رَکین باجَھ سِين.

Their rudders are straight and ropes or chains are new and the fishermen are very active and alert or experienced. The businessmen after blowing of a favorable wind or easy wind, have started their sailing through their boats. Oh God! save these boats with your kindness and mercy because they have returned after many days and with their long anxiety.

10

منجھان پيئي مَکُڙِيءَ، کا جا پاڻِيءَ بُونَدَ،
 سيئي ڏنر رُونَدَ، وِگَرُ جن وِجائِيو.

Some secret hole appeared in the boat and the water gushed into it. Their goods received loss so they cried and wept with tears in their eyes.

واڻي 1

سَهسِين سُڪرانا، ڪوڙِين پالَ ڪَرِيَمَ جا.
 حَمْدُ چئجِ حڪيمَ کي، جوڙِ هِڻيَ جانا،
 توڙِ ڏيکاري توڙِ ڏيئي، باطنَ جا بانا،
 مَتانِ، مردَ! وسارئين، صاحبَ جو ٿنا،
 دوستُ رکي دل ۾، پَرَڙَ لاکُن لسانا،
 جفا ڏيئي جي کي، ٿي فِڪرَ منجهه فِنا،
 تُسي تو سين توه ڪري، مَنَ آڱو اِحسانا،
 ڪَڏِ تُون دَغا دِل مان، ٻانَهِپَ سين، ٻانا!
 صاحبَ وڻي سَچَ سين، ٿي دانهُ، ديوانا!
 جي تَسليمَ سين تَحَقِيقُ هئا، سي ڪئن اَمانا؟
 جاڳيا جي جَبارَ لاءِ، سيئي سَمانا،
 فَادَڪُروني، اَڏَڪُرمَ، ڪَهيو ڪُراڻا،
 وَاشَڪُروالي وَلا تَڪفُرونَ، ڪَڏِ تون ڪُفرانا،
 سَڀ سَنوريا سَپرينءَ، ڪُولَ تو ڪَنا،
 چَڱي چئجِ چاهَ سين، مَدَحَ اِي مَنا،
 تائبَ ٿيو تَڪڙا، جوشا، جُوانا!
 تَه لَهيَن تُون لَطيفُ کان، اَمَنَ اِيمانا.

VAEE (FLATULENCE) 1

Man should offer thanks to God for crores favours and blessings of merciful. Praise and pray to Almighty God with force Who shows you all kinds and ways of secrets. Do not forget to praise our lord oh men! Keep the name of God in your heart and praise Him with your tongue. Bear all difficulties and live busy in His remembrance. May God pardon with His kindness and favours. Oh servant of God! with the sense of servitude, draw out any bad intention from your heart. Oh senseless! Be wise, God

likes truth. Who were satisfied with happiness on the fortunes and His blessings, they will not be disgraced and hopeless. Who awoke in the remembrance of God, they got good fortunes and favors. "Remember me and I shall remember you", this is written in the Holy book of God, Quran. Thank Me and do not refuse or disagree with Me, keep these words in mind and heart and remove all acts of transgress and thanklessness. All your faults and bad habits have been removed by God from you. This praise may be made with your heart. Oh young people! Promise not to sin again with God so that you should be favoured with peace and safety (In this poem, Shah has directed to promise not to sin, praise Him only, thank Him and remember Him by awakening in the nights. Not to thank or refusal of thanking to God is non religious or un Islamic action of the mankind and to remain satisfied or agree with what God has favoured you with His grace and kindness).

داستان ٻيو

جيڪي به جهان ۾ آهي، سوڌڻيءَ جي سهاري پيو تڳي. وٽس باجهه جي ڪمي ڪانهي. عدل سان چٽڻ ڪونهي. ڏٺيءَ جو لطف ٿو گهرجي. جن ساري رات جاڳي، صاحب سنڀاريو تنجي مٽيءَ به ماڻ لڏو. انهن اڳيان ڪوڙين آچيو سجدا سلام ڪن. سمنڊ ۾ سهسين موتي ۽ ماڻڪ آهن؛ جن جل کي پوڄيو تن جواهر ۽ لالون هٿ ڪيون. ساگر مان پوڄاريءَ کي جي مال جو ماسوئي جڙي ته هو پڙ ٿي پوي. جن توبه ۽ توڪل کي ترهو ڪري، سائينءَ کي سيرو تن سان وير نه ٿي وڙهي ۽ هو طوفان به آسانيءَ سان تريو ٿا وڃن. سڄاڻ پرک، وينتين ۽ ٻانهپ جو وکر بيٺڙن ۾ وجهي، سلامتيءَ سان ڪارونپار مان پار لنگهيو وڃن. اها سڌ توڻ (غواصن) کي آهي ته سمنڊ ڪئن سو جهجي. هو بحر ۾ ٽپيون هڻي، ماڻڪ ۽ هيرا ميڙيو اچن. بندي جي من ۾ هڪڙي ته صاحب ڪا بهي ٿو سٽي. آسانيءَ ۾ مڙي ۽ ۾ مڙي جو بار آهي. صاحب جي باجهه ٿي ٻڌندڙن کي ٻار مان ٿي اڪاري.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 2

Whatever is happened and appeared in this world is performed with the help and favour of God Almighty. Everything of kindness and favour is available with Him. One cannot achieve with only justice but if mercy and kindness is associated then everything is achieved and obtained. Who awake the whole night in the remembrance of God, even after their death and burial in the dust, their status is raised and people visit their graves and pay them their regards and tributes. This is their reward of their actions done in this world are received by them even after their death. In the seas, there are jewels and diamonds, who dive and go into the bottom, they collect all jewels or pearls. Even if they get a little from the bottom, it provides them abundant treasure and enjoyment forever. Who promised not to do sins in future with their clear mind and heart with God and prayed Him by not sleeping and remembered Him, they do not receive any kind of difficulty and the hard currents and waves of the ocean do not harm them. The divers know how to jump and go to the bottom of the ocean, to bring the jewels and diamonds from there is not difficult and impossible for them. "the man proposes and God disposes" is the philosophy of life appeared in the Holy book of God, the Quran. Allah is the creator and He is the Sustainer and Protector.

1

جيڪي منجه جَہان، سو تاريءَ تڳي تَنهنجي،
لُطَفَ جي، لُطِيفُ چئي، تو وٽ ڪَمي ڪان،
عَدَلُ چُٿان اُٿون نہ، ڪو ڦيرو ڪجَ فَضْلَ جو!

Whatever is being done in this world is on account of the favor and willingness of God Almighty. There is no shortage of kindness and mercy with God. Justice cannot relieve you from hardships but with the grace and mercy of God, you can get relief of all mishaps and odds.

2

ساري رات سُبْحانُ، جاڳي جن ياد ڪيو،
 اُن جي، عَبْدُاللطيفُ چئي، مِٽي لڌو مانُ،
 ڪوڙين ڪن سَلامُ، اڳهه اُچيو اُن جي.

Who awoke in the world the whole night and prayed to God, after death where they are buried, the people visit their graves and pray to God for the salvation of their souls and submit God for their own fortunes. Graves of lovers of God get respect from the visitors who pray there to God for His mercy.

3

سيوا ڪر سمنڊَ جي، جت جَرُ وهي ٿو جالَ،
 سئين وَهَن سِيرَ ۾، ماڻِڪَ، موٽي، لالَ،
 جي ماسو جُڙيئي مالَ، ته پُوچارا! پُر ٿئين.

You should pray for ocean wherein abundance of treasure is lying or is available. There are many Jewels and Diamonds. If you receive a little from there, you will be the richest and wealthier man.

4

سي پُوچارا پُر ٿيا، سمنڊَ سيويو جن،
 آندائون عَمِيقَ مان، جُوٽي جُواهرنَ،
 لڌائون لَطِيفَ چئي، لاڻون مان لَهَرنَ،
 ڪانهي قِيَمَتَ تِن، مُلهه مهانگو اُن جو.

The traders who loved the ocean or who worked at the ocean, they became the richest and wealthier, they brought from the bottom of the ocean many Jewels and Pearls which were very costly and invaluable. (Here, the real ocean and invaluable pearls are discussed and described).

5

سيويو جن سُبْحانُ، وِڃر نه وڙهي تن سين،
 توبهَ جي تاثيرَ سين، تَري ويا طوفانُ،

ڏيئي تُوڪَل تَڪِيو، اَر لَنگِهيا آسانُ،
ڪامل ڪشتِيبانُ، وِچ ۾ گڏين واهُرو.

Who prayed to God, for them no difficulty arose to cross the quick current and swift wave of the ocean. Who promised to God not to sin again, they crossed even in strong and dangerous storms. They reached the harbour and crossed all odds of deep water with the helping hands they received in the middle of the currents of water in the ocean.

6

ساري رات سُجان، سَوَدو ڪَن صاحبَ سين،
ٻانهپَ پَري پيرِيُون، هليا جوپَ جُوان،
پاڻي پهلوان، لحظي مَنجھ لَنگهي ويا.

Awakening the whole night, the people bargain with their Lord the business of truth. These warriors with their humble and submissive behavior fill their boats and cross the ocean easily within a very short time.

7

اي گتِ غَوَاصَن، جئن سَمندُ سوجھيائون،
پيهي مَنجھ پاتارَ جي، ماڻڪُ ميڙيائون،
آڻي ڏنائون، هيرو لال هُتنِ سين.

Only divers know to find out the Pearls from the bottom of the ocean. They brought the priceless Jewels and Pearls with their own hands.

8

اچاڙا عَميقَ جا، گڏيا غَوَاصَن،
جهرِيُون جهاڳي آڻيا، ڪارُونپارَ ڪُنن،
سَمندُ سوجھي جَن، آڻي اُمَلِ اوليا.

Divers faced the waves of the deep ocean, they crossed all the black whirlpools of the sea. They went into the deep sea and

found invaluable pearls from the bottom.

9

ويا جي عميق ڏي، مُنهن ڪاڻو ڏيئي،
تن سڀون سوجهي ڪڍيون، پاتاران پيهي،
پسندا سيئي، امل اڪڙين سين.

Who covered their face with the cap of glass and dived into the sea, they found pearls, oysters and shells from the bottom of the sea. They can see those invaluable pearls with their dear and precious eyes. (Who in the sea of the world, close their eyes, ears and lips, they find the spiritual pearls and jewels).

10

آڏو چڪڻ ڇاڙ، مُنهنجي موج نہ سهي مڪڙي،
ميڙي مٺاين جو، بيحد چاڙهي مَ باڙ،
چوڻ چارو ناه ڪو، بڏيون بي شمار،
ڪپر ڪارونپيار، اڪارئين احسان سين.

Infront are mire and water rise, my weak breast cannot tolerate or bear the burden and there is danger of its break. I have put on it all the burden of my evils and countless wrong doings. Oh God, with Your kindness and grace, cross me at the shore and reach the destination.

11

ویر مَ لاهي ويه، مٿي آر اوڙاه جي،
پسي پاڙي وارئون، ڪج انديشو ايه،
ويندو نہ پسين ڏيه، پتن هن پار مٿي؟

At the time of crossing the water from one side to other side, don't be careless and lazy. To see the women of neighbor keep the same idea of care in your mind. From the very beginning, you don't see that the whole universe crosses this spot or goes to the other world or die.

12

هڪي ٻانهي ڇت ۾، ٻي سڀني صاحب،
 ڪڍي اونهي ڪن مان، اي آگي جو عجب،
 اي سائينءَ جو سبب، جئن ٻڌا اڪاري ٻار مان.

Man proposes, God disposes means, if a man wants one thing but God does another. It is God's action to enable the drowned to swim and crosses the swift whirlpool or current of water.

13

هڪي ٻانهي ڇت ۾، ٻي جا ڪري الله،
 پاڻهين وجهي ڪن ۾، پاڻهين اڪاري اوڙاه،
 تنهن واحد کي واه، جو ستر سڀئي ڪري.

Man proposes, God disposes. He himself puts into trouble or deep water and He himself enables the distressed from all the difficulties or crosses the drowned from the deep water to the easy spot or place.

واڻي 2

ڪنڌي ساريان ڪان، يا امن! امان!
 يا الاهي! ٻاجه ٻلائي پانئيان.
 ڳڻڻ ڳاڻيئوناه ڪو، اڀر ٿيا عصيان،
 خبر ناه قبر جي، نسورا نسيان،
 والي! رسج وهلو، اڙڪ ٿيا انسان،
 سڻ سٻاجها سپرين، نعرو نگهبان!
 مڏيون پسي منهنجون، شرميا شيطان!
 هن منهنجي حال تي، هيءَ هيءَ ڪن حيوان!
 سائين! سڪاڻي آهڻين، سامونڊي، سبحان!
 ترهو چنم تار ۾، رسج تون رحمان!
 ٻيلي جو ٻڌن جو، مون تي موٽي مان،
 ويٺو پني پنڻو، ڪر پيرو مٽي پان،
 خالق تان خوب ڪيا، گولن جا گذران،

اَٿُون پڻ اَٿدو اُن ۾، ويٺو پٺيان پان،
 سڀ سُوالِي سَمِگيا، داتا ڏيئي دان،
 ولها سڀ ونهيا ڪيا، تنهنجي جُودَ، جُوان،
 مَتان مُونڪي ڇڏئين، ٻيلي سندا پان!
 وِيرا! وَسِيلو آهئين، داڙو ۾ ديوان،
 لاءِ ڏهارين ڏينهن ڪي، خيمو اڏيو خان،
 اُتي عَبْدُاللطيفُ چئي، سُڻج ڪا سُلطان!

VAEE (FLATULENCE) 2

Oh God! I do not know about the shore, so keep me safe and in peace. Oh God! Your mercy and kindness is source of protection or an island of peace and protection. I have committed many sins, they are uncountable. Nobody cares for death or grave, only wrong doings and short comings are added. Oh God! You may come and help me as the man has been unfaithful and helpless. Oh merciful God! You hear my cries even the devil (Satan) is shameful to see my crimes and sins. On my poor plight, the pigs also wonder to see it. Oh sustainer! You are showing me the right path. Oh creator! in the waves, my rudder or hope has broken so You help me as being my helper. I am a beggar so I beg mercy from You or require Your help. Oh Sustainer! You have provided source of our sustenance. I also demand my share in Your charity. You are the source and You have given all poor their shares of the charity. Oh Generous! Your generosity has helped all. Oh helper of human beings! You may not forget me. Oh brave! You are my helper or protector on the day of judgment. The Prophet of Allah (God) has built up tents for the help of sinners and You are only the source of salvation and pardon. Oh God! hear my cry of pains and provide me Your protection. (in this poem, Shah Latif has considered this world as the home or place of wrong doings so the whole life, the man passes in committing more sins and crimes. Nobody is caring for death and grave. All human beings have been unfaithful and helpless. Only God is the true name of mercy and kindness).



داستان ٽيون

وڪر اهو وهائجي، جو ڪڏهن به پراڻو نه ٿئي ۽ جنهن مان ولايت ۾ ڌرو به ضايع نه ٿئي. ناٿو به اهو ڪمائجي، جنهن جي آڌار چوٽڪارو ملي. ٻيڙي جهوني ٿي اٿئي، تري ۾ تن اٿس، گوهو جهونو ۽ لاجو لڙيل اٿس. تنهنجو فرض آهي تن تن، مڪڙي مڪڙ ۽ نوان رسا وٺائي وجهن. ڌڻي شل هن جهوني جهاز کي پنهنجي لطف سان رکي وٺي ۽ انکي پور بندر پهچائي. درياه جي وچ ۾ ٻيڙي الائي اُٻي، ڪي ٻڏي. فرنگي اچيو منجهس چڙهن ۽ ملاح پنهنجي ماڳ تان ڀڄيو وڃن. جتي جنگ جهاز به ٽڪاءُ نه ٿا کائين ۽ نهايت جفاڪشيءَ سان ٿا هلن، تتي ضعيفن جي ٻيڙيءَ کي سائين رکي وٺي. معلمن کان گريون ڳالهيون پيئون سئجن. اي ناڪا! جيسين بندر تي پڻو آهي، تيسين نند نه ڪجي. ڪو ڪامل ڪشتيان مليئي ته پوءِ سمجھ. جن سفر جو سامان سنڀاري ڪيو، سي وڃي سلامتيءَ سان عدن کان نڪتا.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 3

That good must be used which does not spoil and nothing is lost of its betterment or usefulness. The money must be earned that should provide happiness and peace of mind. The boat has been very old, there are holes in its bottom, the rudder old and all handles have been loose and untighten. Now it is your duty to close its holes, make it up and the new chains and ropes should be replaced. May God protect this old boat and with His grace, it should reach at the destination. In the swift waves of the ocean or sea or river, God knows whether the boat will reach at the shore safely or it will drown. The outsiders or foreign travelers make journey on it and the boat owners due to danger or fear flee away. Where new and fresh strong boats cannot bear the burden and the boatmen have to make more efforts and exert more to save them and reach them at the destination safely. God protects the old ones and keeps them safe and sound for journey of the traders or businessmen. The boatmen should hear the wisdom stories of saints that till the danger at the harbor is felt, they should be more careful and do not sleep and sleep when you get an experienced

and expert boatmen. Who took all the material of journey carefully, they reached at the shore safely of Eden in YAMAN country.

1

ڪوها ڪالهه ڪٿي، اُن وڌا اُتر آسري،
الا جُهري مَر اُن جي، اولي جي اُٿي،
وڻجارن وڻي، وڳر وڌو ٻيڙين.

Traders due to easy or favourable northern air or wind, their boats have been kept ready or made fit for sailing in the sea. Oh protector! save the handles of rudders or points of rudders, keep them safe and protect them from any loss. The traders have put all the requisite material in their boats for trade and made their boats ready for sailing.

2

وڳر سو وهاءِ، جو پئي پُراڻو نه ٿئي،
ويچيندي ولات ۾، ڏرو ٿئي نه ضاءِ،
سا ڪا هڙ هلاءِ، اڳهه جنهنجي اُٻهين.

That good should be bought which should not reduce its value or it should not look old. When you sell it in the foreign country, you may not receive a reduced or lower price. You must use such money that you can get profit or more value. (Spiritual wealth will give you more value or relief or peace of mind).

3

اورياڻين آڻين، ميڙيو مُعلم خبرُون،
سا تان سڌ نه ڏين، جتي وه ويڌ ڪري.

The ocean experienced and experts collect the whole information of the nearby water or low water but what is happening or what they will suffer from trouble or difficulty in the mid wave of the water, they do not gather or collect such information about it.

4

ہیڙي پُراڻي، وڪر پاءِ مَر وِترو،
تري ۾ تَن پيا، پاسَنئون پاڻي،
هيءَ هڏِ وِهاڻي، ڪڙه ڪالھوڻي ڏينهن ڪي.

The boat has been very old and fragile so do not put much load on it. In its bottom, there are holes so the water has entered into the boat from its sides. The time has passed away so think for the future for the day of judgment.

5

تري تَن پياس، پاسَنئون پاڻي وهي،
گوهو جهرُ جهنو ٿيو، لاڄو سڀ لڙياس،
جیلان سڌرُ سڪاڻياس، وهي تي وه سامهون.

In the bottom of the boat, there are holes, the water flows from its sides. The wood of the boat has been old and very weak. The ropes and chains have broken into pieces. Since the driver of the boat is active and strong, the boat is sailing in the waves very safely.

6

وينو تَن تَنِينس، مڪ ڏيهائي مڪڙي،
سَنباهي، سَيدُ چئي، مٿي نيندو نينس،
وڻائي وڏانڊرا، لاڄو لڳائينس،
آخر اُهرائينس، ته جوکو ٿئي نه جهاز ڪي.

Close the holes and make it oily daily. Be fully prepared, take it to the ocean or enter into the ocean. Big fresh ropes and chains may be used. Lastly, it may be checked so that the boat should not get any loss or defect.

7

اچي سو ڏنوءَ، جو ڪپرُ سوءَ ڪَنن سين،
سُتي لوڪ لَطيفُ چئي، ياد نه ذرو ڪيو،
غافل ٿي غراب ڪي، اوڙا ته ٿي آندوءَ،

سو چترُ چوهي کان رَکِين! جو پيو پُراڻو پوءِ،
جهازُ ضَعيفِن جو، پاڻيءَ ۾ پَرتو!
سَيِّدُ! ساڻ سَندو، پُر بَندرِ پَهچائين!

You have seen the dangerous shore with your eyes and have heard its whole account with your ears. You became careless and brought the ship in the deep water or wave! Oh merciful God! protect this old ship with your grace and kindness. This is the ship of weak and poor people and reached into the deep waves. Oh God! with your own power and order, take it to the shore and bring it to the destination safely.

8

جُتو وانءُ جَهازُ! گُڏيو غُرَابِن سِين،
پُورِيندي هُن پَارَ ڏي، سَدَرُ گُڻج سَارُ،
اَچِن ٿا آوازُ، سَنائي سَمُنڊ جا.

Oh ship! start journey together with other big or strong other side, take strong ships. When you sail other side, take strong things of music. There comes fearful sounds of the waves or currents or flows of water of the forceful ocean or sea. (Common man is strong and safe in the company of saints or perfect people)

9

دَنگي وِچ درياءَ، ڪي بُڏي ڪي اُڀڙي،
هُو جي واڏي واڏيا، سي سُونَهَن سڀ سَڙيا،
مُعلِمَ ماڳ نہ اڳئين، فِرَنگي مَنجھ ڦِريا،
مَلاح! تَنهَنجي مَڪُڙيءَ، اچي چورَ چَڙهيا،
جَتي ڊِينگَ ڏِريا، تَتي تاري تَنهَنجي!

In the mid of ocean, the ship or boat will sail safely or it will drown. The wooden nails and plates hit by the carpenter, have been old and broken. Guides are not at the same place but pirates have entered into the ships. Oh fisherman! in your ship, thieves have intruded. Oh God ! where fresh or strong ships have broken,

there for sailing of old and broken ships, is only Your consolation or hope of safety. (Here the point is towards the sensual desires and the world or universe).

10

ہیڑیاتا! ہیئی، تو نہ قہندیون گالہڑیون،
سجیون راتیون سُمہین، یُر سَکَانِ دِیئی،
صُباحِ سَیئی، پارِ پُچندِ خَبرون.

Oh fisherman! sleeping and ship driving, you cannot do at a time. The whole night you sleep near the rudders. Tomorrow you will be asked all reasons or the whole account of journey or driving the ship. (in the dooms day the account of actions will be asked.)

11

وہ تَکَ وَهَکَرا، جِت لَنگَر نہ نَہَرَن،
وَداندریون وَہ سامہیون، جَہجہی زورِ جُنبن،
نیدیوئے یر ناتاریون، وَتجارا وَجَہن،
مُلان مُعلَمَن، مُون گَری سَئی گالہڑی.

In the swift waves, even big ships cannot be controlled or stopped in the water. With the great efforts, strong ships or boats can sail before the quick or swift or fast currents. So the traders or ocean travel lets put a lot of iron chains in new ships to make them balanced. I have heard very dangerous or fearful story of ocean sailors or experts about these matters to stop the ships in the swift waves of the ocean or sea.

12

وَتجارا! وِیئی، تو نہ سَرَندي شاهِ ري،
مَک پَنہنجي مَکُری، چَگي کَر چِیئی،
پاسا پاکِڑین جا، سَمُنڈ تَو سِیکی،
جی لُنڊا یر لیکي، وِیر وَہندي تِن سین.

Oh tradesman! You can't live without going to the king

ocean. Oil your boat and keep it ready for further journey. The waves of the ocean scrap or rub the sides of the boats or the ships. The waves create trouble or put them trouble who are weak in accounting or who do not keep themselves prepare for such waves or flows of water. (Whose activities are not good, they will be punished in the doomsday).

13

ناگُئو نِگهَبانُ، مُعلِمَ مُنجي خَبِرونَ،
جن ساري گُنيو سَمندِ تي، سَفَرِ جو سامانُ،
لُطَفَ سانَ لُطيفُ چَئي، تِن لَنگهِيو طُوفانُ،
سَنياري سُبْحانُ، وِجي عادِئُون اُگتا.

The caretaker or checker informs the Captain of the boat or ship. Who have taken all the requisite material or goods for the ocean journey, they crossed the storms and fast waves of the ocean and safely reached the destination and arrived at Eden harbour. (Who act according to the guidance of Saints or perfect people and prayed their Lord, they reach the destination easily.)

14

بَندرَ جانِ پَئي، تہ سَکائِيا مَر سُمهو،
کَپَرُ تُو کُن کَري، جِئن ماتي منجھ مَهي،
ايڏو سُوَر سَهي، نند نہ کجي، ناگُئا!

Oh ship-owner or driver! Till there is danger at the harbour, you should not sleep. Water waves are making rounds in the manner just as yogurt is made in the earthen pot or as the whey is churned in the earthen vessel.

15

سُتا سَپ پَئي، سَندي مُعلِمَ آسري،
اَئين پَن سُمهو، ناگُئا! بَندرَ ناهِ پَئي،
جن جي سَيدَ لَچَ کُئي، سي سَپ لَنگهيندا لَکيون.

In the hope of the help and support of the perfect guides, they or fishermen slept. Oh ship driver! You also take rest or sleep because there is no danger at the harbour. Who has been blessed by Sayed or the Prophet (P.B.U.H), they will reach the destination crossing all odds of the ocean.

واڻي 3

سائين نندا بار، وو! تن پاندين ننڌا بار،
 توکي ارس اگڙين ۾!
 پاتا پاڙيواريين، پڳهه منجهه پاتار،
 پتن ٿو پور ڪري، آڻي تنهنجڙي وار،
 سڄيون راتيون سمهين، ڪيو منجهه ڄمار،
 ڪ تو ڪنين نه سڻي، هلڻ جي هاڪار؟
 تائب ٿيو تڪڙا، سڄي اي سنڀار،
 ننڊ نه ڪجي ايتري، سٺج ادا يار!
 سائينءَ مڪين سڄ ڪي، تون ڪوڙو منجهه قطار،
 ڪ تو ڪنين نه سڻي، ڪپر جي ڪوڪار؟
 گهڙان ٿي رءُ گهڙي، الاهي ٿهار!
 هو جو شڪ شارڪ جو، تڻان رک ستار!
 ڪل نفس ذائقه الموت، پڙهو اي پچار،
 شڪار تون شهباز جو، تون تان منجهه شڪار!
 يوم يفر المرءُ من اخيه، جت پڄندا پار،
 ٿر هو چنو تار ۾، اچج تون اوسار!
 لڪ مڙئي لٽيا، هنڻهين ويا هزار،
 ڏنءَ جي الله ڪي، هوند ٿئين پريين پار،
 جوڻن مٿان جڻڪي، ڏني تنهنجي دار،
 جيئو آه حديث ۾، انڌيءَ اي آچار،
 وٽيءَ ڪين ولهن سين، ڪنبي پر قهار،
 سا ڪئن هلي تو سين، جا پڳي کان پتار؟
 جيئن جال نه نبهي، سٺج اي سنڀار،
 جمر و سارئين ويسرا! پٽين جي ڀلڪار.

VAEE (FLATULENCE) 3

Companions have collected all the material for starting the sea journey. They (travelers) are ready to start the sailing in the sea but your eyes are still drowsy in sleep. The neighboring women have loosened the ropes or chains of the boat or the ship. The crossing point makes signals and tell you the time of your starting the journey. (The death makes signals of its arrival or occurrence). You eat usually and sleep the whole night. Have you not heard the cry with ears of it ? Be ready to promise not to do evil doings again immediately. This is the right thinking. Oh brother! Here do not sleep so long. God sent you for right job but you are not standing in the row properly or you are not doing the job rightly. Have you not heard the dangerous sound of the waves of the ocean or the sea?. In the solace of God, I enter into the water without the earthen vessel or pot.

Oh protector! Save me from the doubt of doubters. Everyone has to enjoy the taste of death or everyone has to die one day. Take this instruction in the mind forever. You have to become prey to death but you are behind the prey for others. In the doomsday, brother will run away from his brother. My boat is in the waves of swift water, oh my consolation! You kindly reach to help me. Lacs have been spent and thousands have been wasted and lost. If they had been dedicated to Allah (God) Almighty, you would have crossed and reached the other side and destination. You have collected much wealth and reached up to your knees. In Hadith or saying of the Prophet (PBUH), the world has been called useless or of no use or dead, unlawful, wretch or a lazy fellow. It is an example for this blind world. You do not fear from the kingdom of God and do not exchange this account with other poor people. The thing that has been fled away or unfaithful with the Creator or Protector, how it can sympathize or will be loyal with you. (point to this disloyal world). One cannot live long. Take this instruction oh un-forgetful! lest you should forget the danger of the walls of your grave.

داستان چوٿون

سمورا پنهنجا ڪم ۽ عمل الله تعاليٰ جي سپرد ڪر، سمورا غم ۽ فڪر وساري سندس حڪمن تي راضي ره، چڱا ماڻهو هميشه، چڱايون ڪندا آهن ۽ بُرا برايون ڪندا آهن. جن جو جيڪو وڙ سي ئي سو ڪندا آهن. بي بهاموتي ڪين نه آڇ، چوٽه ڪين انهن جو قدر نه آهي. جيڪي سون واپرائين ٿا سي ڪچ نه ٿا ڪمائين. هيئنر موتين جي ملهه کان ڪچ وڌيڪ مهانگو آهي. اهي وينجهار به نه رهيا آهن، جيڪي هيرا لال ڳولهندا يا واپرائيندا هئا. انهن جي جاءِ لوهارن ورتي آهي، جيڪي ڪٽ ڪٽي رهيا آهن. اهي صراف به نه ٿا ملن جيڪي سون سڃاڻندا يا واپرائيندا هئا. شال سڃاڻ يا پار ڪوگر نه ٿين جيڪي پاڻي پريڪندا هئا. جتي ماڻڪ رهن ٿا اتي چور به اڪيون وجهيون ويٺا آهن. پاڳ وارا اهي ئي آهن، جن پنهنجا موتي ٽڪرن ٿيڻ کان بچايا ۽ چورن کان پاڻ بچايو. توکي اهو سودو ڪرڻ گهرجي، جنهن ۾ جواهرن جي ڏيتي لڀي هجي. او سون! جيڪڏهن صراف هليا ٿا ويجن ته تون به لڏي وڃ نه ته تنهنجو قدر گهٽجي ويندو ۽ وڃي ڪچ سان ملائند.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 4

Dedicate all your activities to God. You for get your all feelings of pain and worries and reach satisfied with the guidance or ordnance of God. Sacred and pious people do sympathies and help the needy people but the evil doers think for evils or bad doings. What is their character, they do accordingly. Do not offer them invaluable pearls because they do not give weight to them. Who earned gold, they do not exchange for things made of glass. Now a days people prefer glass to pearls because they have more value for goods made of glass and not of jewels or pearls. Now a days lapidary or polishers of jewels are not available but their status has been taken by iron smiths who strike the rust of the iron. There are no gold smiths who know the quality or value of gold. May God protect the gold smiths who are exert to know the value of golden items. Where pearls are available there thieves are many and increased multifariously. Lucky are those who save their pearls from breaking into pieces and also protected them from thieves. You must trade those things which are exchanged

into jewels. Oh Gold! If gold smiths migrate and disappear, you must also migrate with them otherwise you would be mixed with glass and your value will be decreased.

1

سَپِيئي سُبْحَانَ جِي، ڪَرِ حَوَالِي ڪَمَ،
 ٿِي تَحْقِيقُ تَسْلِيمَ ۾، لَاهِي غَمَ وَهَمَ،
 قَاذُرُ سَانُ ڪَرَمَ، حَاصِلُ ڪَري حَاجَ تَو.

All your activities and hopes should be dedicated to God. All your desires and feelings should be reduced and relaxed and believe in your God so that He may be kind enough on you and your all expectations and hopes may be completed or termed true. (Here the direction is to live on the solace of God.)

2

چڱا ڪَن چڱايُون، مَنايُون مَنَ،
 جو وڙ جُڙِي جَن سِين، سو وڙ سِيئي ڪَن.

Good or pious people treat or behave other people properly with good behavior but the bad people behave wrongly with others. What behavior or character they possess, they behave other people as such.

3

مَينَ مَٿي سَمَرا، ڪُهين سَدَ ڪَرِين،
 ساڻ نِباھِيو نِين، اِي پَر سَندي سَڄُتِين.

The perfect human beings load or carry their goods on camels and call the tired ones to take their material also. In this manner they get them to the destination. This is the quality or character of the pious or sacred people.

4

وَتُ وِمي جو جي لَهين، تَهِي ڪارِ نہ ڪَرِين ڪا،
 سا پَرُوڙجِ ڳالھَڙِي، وُتْجارَن وِتان،
 موٽِي جَن هِتان، اَنڌَ ڳهَڻي اَدَبَ سِين.

If you had knowledge of the value of insurance or true trade, you would not have done the other business. Try to understand the actual value or benefit of this business. With their efforts and co-operation, you will find jewels and pearls.

5

اُمَل آچ مر ان کي، جي نه پروڙين مت،
جت گدجيئي جوهرِي، ماڻڪ تتهين مت،
جنين سون سين ست، تن هٿي ري رد ڪيو.

Do not offer invaluable or precious pearls to those who do not know their value or price. Wherever you find a jeweler, you trade pearls with him. Who trade gold, they abandoned the trade of fragile and false glass. (Spiritual people do not have interest with the worldly goods).

6

سونا! وانء صراف سيئن، لڏو لاه مر لڏ،
سودو سوئي ڇڏ، جنهن ۾ جواهر ناه ڪي.

Oh gold! (Sacred or true man) you should go to the perfect pious man. Do not be lazy. Do not trade where there is business or trade of Jewels or Pearls. (Spiritual matters or facts).

7

ج صرافن لڏيو، ته تون پڻ لڏج، سون!
قدر لهندء ڪون، نيئي گدينده گڏونء سين.

Oh gold! When the gold smiths migrate, you should go with them or leave this place. Your value, none can recognize otherwise they will mix up you with the false and fragile glass.

8

اگهيو ڪاڻو ڪڇ، ماڻڪن موٽ ٿي!
پليء پاڻو سڄ، آچيندي لڄ مران!

Now a days, the false and fragile goods are exchanged or traded but Jewels are returned. I possessing gold or truth, do not exchange it with others and feel ashamed to trade it with others.

9

ويا سي وينجھار! هيرو لال ونڌين جي،
تئين سندا پويان، سيهي لهن نه سار،
ڪئين ڪٽ لهار، هاڻي انين پيڻين.

Those engravers or polishers of gems or lapidary migrated or left their places, who were making holes in gems and pearls. Their descendants do not know even raw iron or low graded metal. In their places, now iron smiths are striking the simple metals

10

وچن م وينجھار! پاڻيٽ جي پرڪڻا،
ڪنير پايو اڪئين، لهن سيڪنهن سار،
موتيءَ جي مزاج جو، قدر منجهه ڪنار،
صرافنئون ڌار، ماڻڪ ملاحظو ٿئي!

Those engravers may not migrate who were making holes in the Jewels carefully. They check the value of standard of Jewels with their spectacles. The quality of Jewels is known at the soft harbors. Without gold smiths of Jewels makers, pearls value is decreased or their price is reduced. (The value of true or sacred man is known by the spiritual or sacred people).

11

ماڻڪ، منڌ هٿان، پيتيءَ ۾ پُرزا ٿيو!
سجوتان، سيد چئي، لهي لڪ سوا،
يڳي پڄاڻا، پدمان پري ٿيو.

The pearl (Spiritual value) broke into pieces in the trunk or bag of the man who had put it there or hid in it. When it was safe or full in size it valued for more than one lac but lost its value after its break. (Some say that its value was more than *Padam* (Here

point is towards oneness to plurality). *Nandh* is man or oneness and *Peti* trunk is polytheism, pearl breaks means, from oneness to plurality. *Mandh* is man or oneness and *Peti* trunk is polytheism, pearl breaks means, from oneness to Multitude (Monotheism to polytheism).

12

جتي ماڻڪَ ماڳ، تتي چوران تڪيو،
سنئون تن سڀاڳ، امل جن اوباهيو.

Where pearls are, there thieves are living or residing. They are fortunate who saved their pearls from them.

13

چورُ اُڀو اٿن چوءِ، ته ائون اهوئي آهيان،
جي اسي اڪيڻ هوءِ، نه لڪي ڪي ڪونه لهي.

The thief openly say that he is the same who has stolen you. If eighty eyes try to find me, they cannot, (The devil says he is open) nobody can find him as he is hidden in the mind or heart of the man.

وائي 4

جاڳو، يارا! جيڏيون! پاڻ پرنجي،
جاڳو جوشان، جيڏيون! پاڻ پرنجي.
هلندي حبيبڻ ڏي، ويلو وچ نه ڪجي،
مٿان اُھس اُسري، پتنگ جڻ پئجي،
عرض احوال ان ڪي، چڱيءَ پٽ چئجي،
ڪري نياز نڪڻو، واحد ڏي ورجي،
آهي موت مڙن تي، گوڙيون ڪيو گجي،
اجل ايندڙ اوچتو، جو سدا ٿو سجي،
اڳيان اونداهيءَ جو، سمر سان ڪجي،
ڪن تون قوت قبر جو، گهڻو ٿو گهرجي،

اَگو عيَبَ او هانجا، يَڪيا ڪُجھہ ٻُجھي،
جيڪي وھي رُجودَ ۾، صاحِبُ سو سَمجھي،
ڊُجي ڊاءِ ڏٽيَ جي، جيڪو پيءُ پُجي،
اَمَنُ آھي اُن کي، جو مَنجھہ اَللہ اُجھي.

VAEE (FLATULENCE) 4

Oh friends! Oh sisters! awake and dedicate yourselves to Almighty God (Allah). Oh sisters! awake deliberately! make journey to your beloved on feet and do not be late or make delay to reach Him. Fly over the flame and surrender yourself like a moth. Exchange your welfare account with beloveds very well and clearly. Dedicate yourself with God humbly and respectfully. Death is hanging over the heads of every mankind or universe and thunder like clouds. Death will come to everybody suddenly which is roaring in every ear. Take steps to collect all the material for the darkness of ensuring graves. Take also material for grave as much is needed for salvation or troublesome events of grave. God knows all your secrets and sins you have committed. Whatever is in our hearts and minds, He knows all about those hidden secrets or matters. Who fears God and takes His consolation, he is awarded salvation and all safety by God. (To awaken in the nights, always to remember the death and to keep fear of God are signs of right direction or real and true progress).

داستان پنجون

اي ٻيڙي هلائيندڙ! سجاڳ ره، جاڳي گذار ۽ پنهنجي ٻيڙي لهرن مان تاري وڃ. لهرن بي حساب آهن ۽ ڪُنَ خطرناڪ پوائنٽا آهن. توکي ننڊ مان ڪهڙيءَ طرح مزو آيو آهي؟ سامونڊي ڄاڻ رکندڙ سچ جو واپار ڪن ٿا ۽ ڪوڙي سودي جي ويجهو به نه ٿا وڃن. کين عبادتن جو صرف سامان ساڻ آهي. انهن جي رهبري ۽ هدايت مطابق هل يا عمل ڪر ته سمنڊ سلامتيءَ سان پار ڪري ويندين. جن ملهائڻا موتي کنيا آهن، انهن کي الله سائين شال پنهنجي ٻاجهه ۾ رکي. اهي پرينءَ جي صدقي ڍل يا محصول جي روڪ ۾ نه آيا

۽ وڃي ولايتن ۾ پهتا. انسان کي گهرجي ته هن دنيا جي سمنڊ ۾ ڪاملن جي هدايت تي هلي ۽ سست يا وسارو ٿي نه ويهي رهي، نه ته کيس وڏو ۽ ڏکيو حساب اڳتي ڏيڻو اٿس.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 5

Oh boatman! awaken and pass your night awakening and cross your boat from the fast waves of the ocean. There are countless waves and whirlpools are very dangerous and black. How, you have enjoyed from sleeping? The ocean knowing fishermen are trading real goods but not going near to the false hood or false trade. They have material of prayers. Do according to their instructions and implement their guidance, then you can cross the ocean safely. Who have carried the valuable Pearls and Jewels, may God have mercy on them and protect them from all difficulties. They have not been stopped for want of any tax or fine due to the grace and kindness of the beloved but they reached the destination safely in foreign countries. The human being should take the advices of perfect and pious people in the ocean of this world and do not sit careless as he has to face very odd hours in future or in the coming time.

1

لَهْرِيْن لِيڪُونَاهِ ڪو، جِتِ ڪَپَرُ ڪُن ڪارا،
اَڇاڙا عَمِيَقَ جا، اَڇن اَڇارا،
اُتي اَسارا! وِڃِ وڙهنديءَ وِڃِ!

Where waves are countless and unlimited, far away harbors and black and dark whirlpools and white waves are coming from front side, there oh careless man should awake otherwise the dangerous waves will drown you and put you in great danger. (Here the mention is about the deep and fearful worldly ocean).

2

ڪالھ وڌائين ڪُن ۾، جاڏا جُنڱ جَهاڙ،
تُنهنجي اُڄ تَرَاز، آهي آر اَڪِيُن ۾.

Yesterday, the deep ocean drowned big and strong ships in the dangerous whirlpools. Today, your boat is in the eyes of water or is being searched or watched or is kept in vigilance.

3

مُلاحِظو مَهرانُ جو، مُورِ مَلاهَ مَنا،
سامُونِدي! سَنِيالَ كي! سُمَهَنَ آيُءَ ساءِ،
جاڳي جَرِ مَنا، تاري وانءُ تَرازَ كي.

Do not forget the danger of the ocean. Oh ocean traveler! you should be careful. You have got taste from the sleeping. By awakening on the water, try to cross your boat. (To remember God in the night is the way to salvation).

4

تاري وانءُ تَرازَ كي، مَنجَهانَ مَوجَ، مَلاحَ!
دانهُونَ كَنَ دريآءَ جون، اُونهي جا آگاهَ،
سُونَهَنَ جي صَلاحَ، وَتُ تَوِيَرِ لَنگهي وَچين.

Oh boatman! sail safely your boat from the deep waves. The travelers of the sea who are already acquainted from the dangerous waves of the sea, are crying and crying informing about the odds to be faced in the ocean.

5

سُونَهانَ سَتِيونَ ڏين، هِنَ ديواني دريآءَ جون،
ڪُوڙُ اوڏائي ڪينَ ڪي، رُڳو سَچُ سوڏين،
عِجَزَ جي آڏَ راتِ ڪي، وَڪرُ وهائين،
ساڻَ نِبا هيونِ نين، ثابِتَ انهيءَ سِيرَ مان.

The boatman who are experienced and aware of the tragedies or difficulties in the ocean are telling all the stories and experience about it. They speak truth and never tell lie. They awakening in the midnight trade or pray to God humbly. They take their whole group or companions safely to the harbour. (Here perfect people have been mentioned).

6

فَرَقْلَ قَوْتَا، پارچا، پائِيَتَ پاتائون،
 ڪوئيون قِيَمَتَ سَنديُون، تَرَمِ تَڪِيائون،
 لاڄُن مَنجھ، لَطِيْفُ چئي، ٻيڙا ٻڌائون،
 نَذرُ نَبِيءَ جَامَرِ جو، چَرَهَندي چيائون،
 جي چُوھي چوڙيائون، سي ٻيڙيون رَڪين ٻاجھ سين!

They loaded clove and other special costly clothes and pearls. They carefully put all the invaluable goods in the boats and put them in different rooms or places of the ship. They fastened garlands and flowers with the ropes and chains of the ship. Sitting in the ships, they used to offer some charity in the name of the Prophet (P.B.U.H). May God protect their boats which were moved in the fast and swift waves of the sea. (The fisher men used to decorate with flowers their boats, load precious goods, offering some charity in the name of Prophet (P.B.U.H) began to move or sail in the ocean).

7

وچينءَ جان ويهي، جَرَ پَلَوُ پائِيان،
 تَرِ ٻيڙا! گَھرِ سَپَرين! اُوسَ اِي پيئي،
 جِئَن وَتِجارو سين وَگَرين، سَرها سَپِيئي،
 حُرْمَتَ سانُ حَبِيْبَ جي، سُونِگيا نہ سيئي،
 پاڻهين اُوءَ پيئي، گَنڊَ ڪيڙائو آيا.

In the third part of the day, I humbly request the water that the boats should reach the harbor safely and the dear ones should reach their homes. I have in my mind this anxiety only. Just as the tradesmen are happy with their material or goods, all the concerned people should remain safe and delighted with the grace of the Prophet (P.B.U.H), they were not stopped for want of any tax. After visiting foreign countries, they have returned and reached their homes safely and happily).

داستان ڇهون

اونهي پاڻيءَ ۾ گهڙي پنهنجو تَڙهو ياسندرو ٻڌ، چوٽ اندر پاڻيءَ ۾ ٻيو ڪوبه ڪجهه آڻي نه ڏيندءِ. غافل نه ٿيءُ هر وقت هوشياريءَ ۾ ره. موت جي وچ اوچتو مٿان اچي پوندءِ. درياھ ۾ وڏي گهڙي واري موج آهي. تون پنهنجن ونجهن کي مضبوط جهلي رک، روحاني وات به ڏکي آهي، جن به حقيقي ولايت ڏوري لڏي آهي، سي منجهيل آهن. تون ادب ۽ اخلاص يا سچائيءَ جا سڙه ٻڌي عبادتن جو وکر ڪڍ ته عدن يمن ملڪ پهچڻ کان اڳ ۾ ئي نه تنهنجي پيڙي موج ۾ اچي ويهي. حقيقت ۾ ڪنهن به شيءِ کي آرام نه آهي. تارن ۽ نهرن کي ڪوسڪون ڪونهي. تون چالاءِ سمهي ٿو پوين؟ جيستائين جيءُ کي جفا نه ڏيندين ناٿو نه ڪمائي سگهندين، جن به سمنڊ جي پوڄا ڪئي تن کي ماڻڪ موتي ملي ويا. جن صرف ڪنارن تي ويهي جاريون اچليون تن کي رڳو ڪوڙ ۽ ڪوڙيون شيون مليون.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 6

When you go into the deep water, you should hold your rudders of the boat driving carefully because there none will help you. Do not be careless and lazy and remain active and alert always. The lightening from the sky will strike you suddenly. In the sea, there is very fearful situation due to very fast waves, so you keep rudders ready. Spiritual condition is also very difficult. Who have destined the travel or journey to foreign countries, they are also confused and unhappy. With humbleness and submissiveness pray to God and make ready your rudders lest your boat gets trouble on account of fastness of waves before reaching the harbor of Eden of Yemen country. Nobody feels easiness in real life. No peace in rivers and stars. Why do you sleep. Till you continue your efforts and make your body habitual of taking troubles, you cannot collect or gather the treasure of money or wealth. Who have sailed in the sea, they only get the treasure of pearls and diamonds. Who sat on the sides of the sea and throw their nests in it, they received only false and cheap goods or material. They suffer from poverty and have gathered no wealth.

1

تانگهي ۾ تائي، ٻڌُ پنهنجو تَرهو،
اونهي ۾ آئي، ڪو نہ ڏيندُ ڪو ٻيو!

In the deep water of the ocean, take your raft or float strong and keep it ready for sailing because no body can help you there or no one can provide you there any sort of float or raft.

2

ڏوري لهُ ڏاتارُ، جَمَ وهين ويسرو!
هڪيو هئج هوشيارُ، ڪنڻ ڪنڊي اوجھتي.

Find Allah, do not be lazy and careless. Awaken every time because suddenly there is possibility of dangerous lightening or thunder bolt on you.

3

ڪنڻ ڪنڊي، آيءَ نندِ اڀاڳ ڪي!
جنين نہ پئو پانيو، ڪري توائي تن ڪي.

Thunderbolt is possible, unfortunately you are sleeping or you are feeling drowsiness. Who did not feel any danger for them, they are confused or perplexed.

4

سامونڊي! ٿو سنبهين، ساڄو جهل سُڪاڻُ،
لڳي واءُ وڌاندرو، مُنجهائي مَهرانُ،
جنين پانيو پاڻُ، ڪري توائي تن ڪي.

Oh boatman! You still are preparing or making ready, keep your rudders carefully and strongly. When the volcano comes in the ocean, the water becomes big waves making a tragic situation. Who became careless and showed haughtiness, they were drowned and vanished.

5

نڪو سُڪ نڪتئين، نه ويساندِ نئين،
جيڪا اچيئي سامهين، پانئين سا سنئين!
مُوڙي ڪوہ مئين؟ جئن سڄيون راتيون سمهين!

Neither stars are in rest or in peace nor any comfort is in rivers. Whatever you receive with out efforts or labour, you think it a gift of nature. How you are counting money when you sleep the whole night?

6

اُھڪي راهُ الله جي، اُھڪي، اُھڪي ۽ ڀت،
هُوءَ جي ڏيهائي ڏيهه جا، تن پڻ موڙهي مٽ،
اڇاڙان اُبت، گهرج گهائي نينهن سين.

Way of God (Spiritual way) is very difficult. The local people themselves are confused there. You must jump or move in the waves enthusiastically.

7

تن ۾ تراڙ توہ جي، گهڻو لھُ گھوري،
اَدب ۽ اخلاص جا، سِرَہ ٻڌج سوري،
وڪر وينتئين جو، تنهن ۾ پائج توري،
تہ عادَنئون اوري، تنهنجو توائي نہ ٿئي.

God's merciful boat should be searched with concerted efforts. You should fasten the rudders of humbleness with it very cautiously and carefully. Keep in it very carefully the material of submissions and prayers so that your ship may not drown or face any odd hours before reaching the harbor of Eden in Yemen country. (Here prayers, submission, truthfulness, honesty and repentance have been stressed to act upon).

8

سمنڊُ جي سيوين، تِنين ماڻڪَ ميڙيا؛
چلڙ جي چوئين، تِن سانڪوٽا ۽ سُتيون.

The boatmen who moved or sailed in the ocean with their big boats and ships, they received the pearls and Jewels but who with their small boats moved only on the sides of the ocean, they found shells, oysters and mother of pearls.

*

سُر سامونڊي

هن سر ۾ سامونڊين جو ذڪر آهي، انڪري هن جو نالو سامونڊي رکيو ويو آهي. سرسيراڳ ۾ به سامونڊين جو ذڪر آهي پر تصوير جو ٻيو پاسو هن سر سامونڊيءَ ۾ بيان ڪيو ويو آهي. هن سر ۾ واپارين يا وڻجارن جي سامونڊي سفر جو بيان آهي. سامونڊي قيمتي شيون جهڙوڪ: لونگ، ڦوٽا ۽ ڪپڙا ڪٿي سري لنڪا ۽ عدن ڏانهن ويندا هئا ۽ اتان وري قيمتي سامان يا وڪر جهڙوڪ: مائڪ، موتي ۽ سون آڻيندا هئا. جڏهن اتر جي هئا لڳندي هئي، سياري يا ڊسمبر، جنوري مهيني ۾ ۽ بهار جي موسم يعني مارچ ۽ اپريل مهينن ۾ موٽندا هئا. سفر تي هلڻ کان اڳ ۾ خبرداريءَ سان سڙه سبندا هئا ۽ ٻيڙين کي تيل لڳائي مضبوط رسيون ۽ زنجير کڻندا هئا. ڄاڻو ماڻهن کان سموري سڏ ۽ سماءُ وٺي جهاز يا ٻيڙي سمنڊ ۾ وجهندا هئا. هو پنهنجي وطن کي سون، هيرن ۽ روپي مال سان آسودو ڪندا هئا. هو جان جوڪي ۾ وجهندا هئا، جنهن لاءِ ڪو سانگو نه ڪندا هئا. نوجوان واپاري پنهنجين نوجوانن ۽ ڳيرو زالن کي ڇڏي، سک کي ٻن ڌڻي مهراڻ جي موتين جي طمع ۽ لالچ ۾ سمنڊ ۾ جهڙڪندا هئا ۽ تمام ڏورانهن بندرن تي وڃي پهچندا هئا. سندن نيون ڪناريون پيون پاڻ جهورينديون هيون ۽ ٻين عورتن جا مڙس ڏسي روئينديون هيون. مڙسن جي روانگي مهل زالون بندر تي بيهي نيڻ هائينديون هيون ۽ ونجهه کي پاسو ڏئي يا ڳن کي جهلي پنهنجن مڙسن ۽ ڪانڌن کي ڳرائڻيون پائي واجهائينديون هيون ۽ نيزاريون ڪنديون هيون ته نه وڃو ۽ کين وڇوڙي ۾ نه وجهو. پر وڻجارن کي ٻئي پار يا ملڪ مان موتي آڻڻ جو اٿڻ ۽ لالچ جي ڪري پنهنجن نوجوان زالن کي روئيندي ڇڏي جهاز ڪاهي هليا ويندا هئا. سندن سک ۾ سندن زالن تيڻا ڦيڻا ڪنديون هيون، وڻن ٿڌڻ ۾ ڳنڍيون ٻڌنديون هيون، ڏيا ٻاري سمنڊ کي عطر عنبير سان خوشبوءِ ڏينديون هيون. سڪائون باسينديون هيون، پنهنجن ورن جي وري اچڻ لاءِ ۽ سلامت رهڻ لاءِ دعائون ڪنديون ۽ ڪرائينديون هيون ته ”سامونڊين سائين! واءِ سڻائو سڻائو ورائين.“ پرديسين کان پڇائون ڪنديون هيون، بندر تي ٻيا ڦيرا ڏينديون هيون جهاز کي پري کان ڏسي ائين چونديون هيون ته وڻجاري سان شادي ڪرڻ جي بدران ويني گذاريان ها ته ههڙو حال نه ٿئي ها ۽ آس ڪينديون هيون ته ”مان منهنجو هوءَ، جاني هن جهاز ۾“. سڄڻ اچي ته جهيڙو ڪيونس ۽ گهڻيون ڳالهيون ڪيونس. ڪانگ جڏهن لوندو هو، ته وڻجارا سينگار ڪري اچي جهاز مان لهندا هئا پر ٻيهر سندن حالت هئي ”لاهيندائي ڪن، ڳالهيون هلڻ سنديون“.

TUNE (SUR) SAMOONDRI (OCEAN TRAVELERS)

In this Tune (Sur), there is mention of ocean travelers so it has been named as Samoondri or (Ocean travelers). In the Tune of Srirag, ocean travelers are described in other way but in this Tune, its second side is described. The ocean travelers used to take clove, costly clothes and other fragrant goods like cardamom to other countries Sri Lanka, Eden harbors and in return they used to bring Pearls and other precious Jewels and Diamonds. When northern wind was blowing in the months of December and January, they used to sail and returned in the spring season in the months of March and April. Before the start of their journey they used to take all the rudders and oil their ships or boats and take strong and fresh ropes and chains with them. They used to take advices from the concerned experts of ocean for start of their journey, then they put their boats in the water and start their sailing. They used to make their country very rich by bringing precious material like Pearls, Diamonds and costly Jewels from the foreign countries even at the cost of their own existence due to very dangerous journey. The young tradesmen used to leave their recently married young wives. Their wives became worried and suffered great shocks and sad situations in their separation so they used to pray to God for their easy, early and safe return from the journey. They repented to get married with them and used to opine that it would have been better to live unmarried because of the dangerous journey in the ocean with great hardships and odds. When usually used to visit the harbor in order to know about their return and when they used to see any ship coming in the ocean, they used to say, "God willing their dear husbands should be in the ship". The wives were thinking of making disputes with their husbands for their long separation from them and details of their worries would be exchanged in details. The crowd murmured and they thought of their return and their husbands alighted from their ships with smile and fragrant faces but their wives used to confuse or worry or sad to hear again the words of their journey again.

داستان پھريون

وڻجارو پنهنجي سهڻي ۽ نوجوان زال کي بندر تي روئيندي ۽ ڇنڊي ڇڏي ٻاهرين ملڪن جي مسافريءَ تي وڃي ٿو. سامونڊيءَ سان سڱ ڪرڻ يا رشتو ڪرڻ معنيٰ سُر پرائڻ آھن. سندن زالون روزانو صدمو ٿيون سھن ڄڻ تہ جيئري ٿي باھ ۾ سڙي رھيون آھن. ڏکڻ ۾ ٿيون گذارين ۽ سمورو جڳ غمن ۾ پيون سمجھن. وڻجاري ليلائي ٿي تہ لالڻ ھڪ رات رھي پَر ڍوليو ھلڻ جون پيو وايون ڪري. سَرَ نسريا آھن ۽ اتر جو واءُ لڳي رھيو آھي پر وڻجارو نہ موٽيو آھي.

ويچاري وڻجاري پاڻيءَ تي پئي لامارا ڏٺي ۽ ڏيا پئي ٻاري ۽ سُڪائون پئي باسي. اندر ۾ پور پيا پونس ۽ پچتائي ٿي تہ وڻجاري سان لاٿون لھڻ جي بدران بنا شاديءَ جي ڏينھن ويٺي گذاري ھا. خدشو ٿي ڪري تہ مٿس ڪا وير تہ نہ چڙهي وئي اٿس. اچي تہ ھن سان جھيڙو ڪنديس ۽ پوءِ احوال وٺانس. نيٺ کانگل لنوي ٿو ۽ وڻجارو وڏي داب سان اچي ٿو پھچي پر پھچڻ سان ئي ڳالھيون وڃڻ جون پيو ڪري.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 1

The tradesman seeing his young and beautiful wife weeping and crying at the harbour leave her at the harbour leave her for journey to foreign countries. To marry with the ocean travelers is to suffer from worries and woes, grieves and sorrows. Their wives suffer from shocks daily just as they are burning alive in the fire like Hindu girls after the death of their husbands.

They are living in pains and think all women of the whole world in the same shocks of the separation of their husbands. The wife of the tradesman humbly request her husband to live a night with her but her husband is in haste to leave her and start journey in the ocean. The reeds have opened their flowers and the northern wind has blown but the tradesman has not returned. His wife is coming to harbor again and again and shine or lighten the earthen candles and pray to God for his early and safe return.

She is repenting for her marriage with him and thinking as to why she got married with him rather she should prefer to sit or live or pass an unmarried life. She also fears or doubts, lest a

strong wave would have hit him in the ocean. She hopes to dispute with him, at his return first and then she would exchange her all welfare account with him. At last, the crow sounded to indicate the return and the tradesman with very high attraction appeared but again he indicates the possibility of starting his journey.

1

پڳهه پاسي گهار، آيل! سامونڊين جي،
وجهي جي جنجار، جمر وڃئي اوهري.

Oh sister! You should live near the rope or chain of the ship or boat of the ocean traveler putting you in the pains of separation, lest they should sail or drive their boat in the ocean sea

2

پڳهه پاسي پڇ، آيل! سامونڊين جي،
من ۾ ٻاري مڇ، جمر وڃئي اوهري.

Oh sister! Living near the ropes and chains of the boat of the ocean travelers, you may suffer pains and shocks and burning the fire of their love in your heart, they start their journey in the ocean.

3

پڳهه پاسي ويه، آيل! سامونڊين جي،
تون ويسري وڪ ڪڍين، هو پوريندا پرڏيه،
سمنڊ جن ساڻيه، ڪو نه ويئين تن سين؟

Oh sister! live near the ropes of the boat of traders. You are living with carelessness, they will travel to the foreign countries. Their country is the ocean why not you lived with them.

4

ننگرئون نيڻين، من اوليءَ نه اوهري،
سٻاجهين سيڻين، پائي گڻ گهيو هنئون.

My heart cannot be dashed or separated from the closeness of the boat even with handle of the boat. My dear beloved has fastened my heart with the ropes or attracted my heart with his lovely qualities.

5

سيئي جوين ڏينهن، جڏهن سڄڻ سفر هليا!
رُٿان رهن نه سڀرين، آيل! ڪريان ڪيئن؟
مونکي ڇاڙهي ڇيئن، ويو وڻجارو اوھري!

Those were my days of youth when my dear beloved travelled. Oh mother ! what I should do as I am weeping but my beloved is inclined to leave me. He burnt me alive and drove the boat in the sea.

6

نه سي تڙ هوڙاڪ، نه وايون وڻجارن جون!
سرتيون سامونڊين جا، اڄ پڻ چڪير چاڪ،
مارينمر فراق، پاڙيچيون پرين جا.

On the harbour, there are neither those boats nor the voice of talks of tradesmen or travelers is being heard. Oh friends! Today I am suffering from pains for the separation of ocean traveler or my husband. Oh neighboring ladies ! I have been killed by the long awaited separation of my beloved.

7

ويا اوھري او، مونکي ڇڏي ماڳھين،
جڳن جا جڳ ٿيا، تڻان نه موٽيو ڪو،
گوندڙ ماريندو، ويڇاري! وين جو.

They have left me for ever and went to such places from where nobody has returned. Oh sorrowful! The separation of the travelers will kill you.

8

اُونهي ۾ اوهري، جڏهن ويا جي،
 موٽي ماڳ نه آيا، ماءُ! سامونڊي سي،
 ڪارو تنين ڪي، جيڪس وه وري ويو!

The ocean travelers who drove their boat to the deep ocean, they did not return. Perhaps, the fast wave dashed them or went upon them and drowned them in the bottom of the deep sea.

9

ريا ڄڻائين، ڏکڻ تڻ تڙائين!
 سامونڊين، سائين! واءِ سٽائو وارئين!

From the harbours who started their journey, may return there safely. Oh God! blow an easy wind for those ocean travelers.

10

سامونڊيڪو سڱ، آهي گوندڙ گاڏئون؛
 انگن چاڙهي اڱ، ويو وڻجارو اوهري!

The relation with ocean travelers is very troublesome. The tradesman after putting my body on gallows, drove the boat and travelled in the ocean.

11

وڃيئي وسري شال! جو تو سودو سڪيو،
 آڃا آئين ڪال، پڻ ٿو سفر سنڀهين!

Oh dear! You may forget the business or trade which you have learnt to do. You have come yesterday and you are ready again for travel.

12

گريو جهليو روءِ، مٿي مھري هٿڙا،
 ڪوءِ! سودو سندوءِ، جو تون، ڏوليا! سڪيو.

At the front of the boat, the wife of tradesman keeping its handle is weeping and saying that Oh my dear! your trade should destroy which you are doing or you have learnt to do it.

13

الْوَرَّانُ نَهْ دِئِي، وَرُ وَدَائِينَ وَنَجْهَ كِي،
رَهْ أَجَوَكِي رَاتِي، لَالَن! مُون لائي،
وَجْ مَر قَوَرَّائي، اِيذِي سَفَر، سُوپرِين!

The wife of the tradesmen does not allow her husband to leave her and does not leave the boat to start travel. She has stuck to the rudders of the boat. She requests humbly him to stay or wait one night with her. Oh dear beloved! do not separate her by going to such a big and long traveling journey.

14

جِيڪَسِ نَهَرُ نِينْهَن سَنَدُومَر، جِئَن مَوْنِ بِيئي هُنْ تِيلِيو،
سَعِيو سَامُونْدِينِ سِين، اِگْهِيَن تَان نَهْ كِيومر،
وَجْهَنُ مَنَجْهَ هُوْمَر، پاڻُ وراڪِي رَسِ سِين.

Perhaps my relation was so much weak and fragile that they before me, pushed the boat to travel. Previously, I did not prepare myself to go with the ocean travelers. Then I must have fastened myself with the ropes of the boat and remained in the boat inside it.

15

پِيڙِيءَ جِي پُئِن، نِينْهَن نَهْ كَجِي تَن سِين،
اُپِيُون دَنِي دَسَن، جُه سَرَهْ دِيئي سِيرَ تِيَا.

Who travel and sail in the boats, one should not make relationship or get married with them. When they take and use their rudders and start journey in the ocean, their beautiful and young wives standing on the harbour, suffer from injuries and consider great troubles to bear up the sorrowfulness of their such long separation from their husbands.

16

هِنَئَرُو ٻيڙيءَ جان، ڏُتَرِ پئي ڏينهن ٿيا!
پُڇيو تان نه پريان، ڪَڙا هُو ٿي ڪڏهين.

Like a boat standing on the out of use spot or harbour, though many days have passed in feelings of hardship, my beloveds as being caretakers have never asked my condition or plight.

17

سَرِ نَسِريا پاندَ، اُتَرِ لڳا، آءُ پرين!
مُون تو ڪارَن، ڪانڌا سَهسين سُڪائُون ڪيون.

The reed plants have opened or kernel have spread out from inside and the northern wind has blown. Oh dear! you should return or come back from the journey. Oh husband! I have many confessions in my mind for you and prayed my God very much for your safe return.

18

جيڪر اچي هاڻ، ته ڪريان رُوخ رُچنديُون،
آيل! ڏولئي ساڻ، هوند گِر لڳي ڳالهيون ڪريان.

If he returns from the ocean travel, I will talk to him very pleasantly, delightfully. Oh mother! may I speak to my beloved with everlasting joy and incessant happiness.

19

آيل! ڏولئي ساڻ، اچي ته جهيڙيان،
لاي ڏينهن گهڻا، مون سين ڪيءَ ٿورڙا.

Oh mother! If the beloved comes, I will dispute with him and say to him you promised for some days but you lived there long for many days.

20

لاهيندا ئي ڪن، ڳالهيون هلن سَنديُون،
ڏيندا مون ڏکين، وه وجهندا چَندڙو!

As soon as they alighted from the ship and putting their feet on the ground, they are talking of another journey. They want to put me again in trouble and pain, will weaken and destroy my heart.

21

مونڪي چياريو، پريُن جي ڳالهه ڪري،
ڏٺو اُڄ اُڏيو، هنئڙو ڪوٽ بُرجِ جئڻ.

Tell about the welfare account of my beloved and breathe me again. Like a broken fort reconstruct it, so rebuild my weak and destructed body and renew my breath again.

22

ڄمڪيون چَوڌار، ڏڄون ڌاڙيڇن جون،
ماءُ! سامونڊي آڻيا، سَهسين ڪري سينگار،
اُنين جي پڇار، ڪالهنڪر ڪانگ ڪري.

The flags of the ships of the richest travelers, are shining and flowing. Oh mother! The travelers with great decoration and make up have returned from the foreign countries. The crow has also cried and told about their return.

واڻي 1

آيل! ڪريان ڪيئن؟ منهنجو نينهن اُپليو نه رهي.
ويو وڻجارو اوهرِي، مونڪي چاڙهي چيئن،
سامونڊين جي سڱ ڪي، رُٿان راتو ڏينهن،
اڏوهيءَ جئن ڏکڙا، چڙهيا چوٽيءَ سيئن،
گوندَر مٿان جندڙي، وريا وَلِين چيئن
مادر! پائي مُنڊيون، وِجان هاديءَ سيئن.

VAEE (Flatulence) 1

Oh mother! What should I do and how I pass my time as my love cannot be secret or hidden or unknown. My tradesman husband burnt me alive and left me for foreign country. Having

married with an ocean trader, I cry and weep day and night. like white ant, the grieves have climaxed and grown up to the top or reached at the peak. I join my hands and humbly and respectfully go to my spiritual guide.

داستان ٻيو

سامونڊي سفر لاءِ تيار ٿي ويا آهن. هنن کي روڪي نه ٿو سگهجي. وڻجاريءَ جي دل مڙس جي ياد مَور نه ٿي پلائي سگهي ڇو ته سندس جيءَ يا دل مڙس سان مليو پيو آهي. اڃا اُتر جي هوا لڳي ئي نه آهي ته سامونڊي ٻيڙيءَ کي چوڙي تيار ڪري رهيا آهن. ونجه ۽ سڙه سڀي مضبوط ڪيا اٿن ۽ پوءِ سمنڊ ۾ رسيون چوڙي سامان وٺڻ ٿا وڃن. وري بهار جي موسم ۾ موٽندا. ڄاڻو ماڻهن کان سڏ لهي سولي واءِ تي جهاز هلائين ٿا. وري جڏهن موٽن ٿا ته سندن گهرن ۾ عيد ملهائي وڃي ٿي. جيستائين نه ٿا اچن تيستائين سندن زالون وٽن نٿن ۾ ڳنڍيون ٻڏي باسون پيون باسين ۽ اميدن جا ڏيڻا پيون ٻارين. سندن سلامتيءَ لاءِ سڪائون پيون ڏين. جيڪا زال ائين نه ٿي ڪري تنهن کي پنهنجي مڙس لاءِ سڌون نه ڪرڻ گهرجن. بندر ته هر ملڪ ۾ آهن پر هر هنڌان ماڻڪ نه ٿا ملن. فقيريءَ مان يا اڻ هونءَ مان ئي اڻ توريا يا اڻ ڳڻيا بي بها املهه حاصل پيا ٿين. سڄي ۽ اصلي ڪيميا درويشن وٽ آهي، وڻجارن وٽ رڳو سڪڻا دنيوي ناڻا يا سڪا آهن.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 2

Ocean travelers are ready for journey. They cannot be stopped or prevented to go on. The wife of the traveller cannot forget her husband and she remembers him continuously because her heart is mixed with her husband. The northern wind has till not blown but the ocean travelers have opened their boats and make them fit for long travel or journey. They have repaired the rudders of their ship or boat. Then they are loosening the ropes and travelling for purchase of goods from the foreign countries. Again they will return in the spring season. They will get right information from the experts about the favorable wind to be

blown for their return or travel for their countries. When they reach their houses, an *Eid* festival is celebrated by their wives and other family members.

Till they do not return, their wives make knots to threads and fasten with trees and plants near their houses and make confessions for their arrival, they shine earthen candles and hopes and pray for their early return. According to them, the wife who has no worry for the return of her husband, she should not expect any love or affection from her husband. Harbors are in every country but pearls are not available there. They are received from those places where there is shortage or people cannot reach there. The invaluable and precious pearls and diamonds cannot be obtained from there. The real and original preciousness is with only God fearing or sacred people of God but tradesmen have only worldly wealth, money or coins.

1

اُڄ پڻ وائون ڪن، وڻجارا وڃن جون،
هَلڪَ هارا سُپرين، رُٿان تان نه رهن،
آئون جهليندي ڪيترو؟ آيل! ساموندين،
پڳهه چوڙي جن، وڏا پيرا پار ۾.

Today, the tradesmen have prepared themselves for travel or ocean journey. They cannot have mercy over my weeping or request for stopping from their journey. Oh mother! how I will be enabled to stop them when they have opened the ropes and put their boats in the waves of the ocean.

2

لاهيان جي نه ڇٽان، آلا! ان مَ وِسران!
مَڙهيو منجهاران، جي مُنهنجو جن سين

Oh Sir! whom I do not forget in my heart, I should not be also forgotten by them. My mind or heart is attached with them internally.

3

تَرِين تَنوَارِين، ماءِ! سامُوندي آئيا،
مونكي جيارِين، وايُون وَتَجَارِن جون.

Oh mother! The ocean travelers have at last reached at the harbour, the sweet voice of their talks or conversations reach in the ears. Their sweet talks make me refresh and relive.

4

لڳي اُتَر اوهريا، واهُوندي وَرِن،
اُئون گهڻوئي گهوريان، سؤدو سامُوندين،
اڱڻ جن اچن، عيد ورتي اُن كي.

The spring wind blew and they travelled and again they will return in spring season. I do not like their trade. When they are back and return to the courtyards of their houses, they celebrate functions and enjoy very much. (Whose husbands return from foreign countries, their wives are happy and enjoy happy companies of their husbands.)

5

اڱڻ آئيا جان، ته سَرَتِيُون مون سُڪَ تيا؛
اُمَل پرينءَ مٿان، ٻَرَڪيو ٻين ڏيان.

Oh sisters! As soon as they entered into my courtyard, I became happy and joyful. Then I should give all precious goods and all my wealth to the needy people as charity or gift.

6

سِرَءَ ٿي سَبيائُون، بَنَدَر جَن تَرِن تي؛
سِرَءَ سَبي ساڃا ڪري، گُوها گَنِيائُون؛
بِيرَقُون بحرِن ۾، چوڙي ڇڏيائُون؛
لَهريُون لَنگهيائُون، لُطف سان لُطيفُ ڇئي.

At the harbour, they started stitching and repairing the rudders of the boat. They have carried their boats in the ocean and

opened all flags. With the grace of God, they reached the destination and crossed the ocean safely. (Shah Latif has always prayed to God for His mercy and kindness because without His mercy, there is no solace of salvation).

7

سِرَّهَ ٿي سَبيائُون، بَندرَ جَن تَرَن ٿي،
مُلاَن مُعَلِّمَ خَبرون، پُڇي پُوريائُون،
سُتَرُ سُونيائُون، اَوَتَرُ ڪَنهن نَ اوليا.

At the harbours, they repaired the rudders and made them strong and ready for journey. Then they started and sailed their caravan. They asked experts about the condition of the ocean and safe way of sailing. They did not show any sign of anguish at the opposite wind of the ocean.

8

بَندرَ ديسانَ ديسِ، مُلهَ نَ ملي واريين،
فَقيرائي ويسِ، اُمَلُ دِينِ اُتوريا.

There are harbours in every country but at the sandy harbour, there are no invaluable Pearls, treasure of precious goods or metals. In simplicity or unawareness one gets precious pearls and jewels.

9

اُپيون تَر پُوجين، وَهُونَ وَتجارنَ جون،
اُٿيو اَڪا دِينِ، ڪُٿوري، سُمونڊ ڪي.

The wives of tradesmen, stand on the harbour of the sea and worship the water of the ocean. They make the ocean fragrant with perfume and musk.

10

جَرَ تَرُ دِيا ڏي، وَرُ تَنَ ٻَڌي وانئُيون،
اَلا! ڪانڌُ اچي، آسائِتي آهيان!

The wife of the tradesman shines earthen candles at the waters of the ocean and on the land. She decorates trees and plants with flowers and flags. She beseeches God that her husband should return! She has only this desire in her heart

11

جا جَرَ جائُون نہ ڏئي، ڏيا نہ موھي،
سڏُون ڪوہ ڪري، سا پنهنجي ڪانڌَ جون؟

The wife of tradesman who does not make journeys or visit waters and islands and burn and shine the earthen candles and dedicate to the oceans, how she has hopes for meeting with her husband or how she is longing for meeting with her husband.

داستان ٽيون

وڻجارو سفر تي هليو ويو ۽ سندس زال جو حال هيٺو ٿي ويو. هوءُ گهڻو ئي وس ٿي ڪري ته مڙس سان ويڃي ملان پر بندر پري آهن ۽ کيس ڪو پئسو به نه آهي جو جهاز تي چڙهي. هوءُ ٻين عورتن جا مڙس ڏسي ڪري ٿڌا ساھ پئي کڻي. سندس گهر ۾ به غربت آهي. ٿانو به ٻين کان اڌارا وٺي پئي رنڌ پچاءُ ڪري. وري سيارا يا ٿڌيون به اچن ٿيون، سندس لاءِ وڇوڙو وڏو سيءُ آهي. وڻجارن کي سريلنڪا جي سون ۽ مهران جي موتين هٿ ڪرڻ جو وڏو شوق آهي، تنهن ڪري گهري ساگريا سمنڊ ۾ گهري ٿا پون. هن طرف وڻجاري مڙس کي ياد ڪري مرڻينگ آهي. هوءُ سُس کي هر هر پئي چوي ته اي وڻجاري جي ماءُ! تون وڻجاري کي سمجھاءُ، ٻارنهن مهيني واپس ٿو اچي ۽ وري ٻيهر ويڃڻ جون تياريون ٿو ڪري. اندر ۾ ائين پئي چوي ته وڻجاري سان لائون لهڻ جي بدران نه پر نجان ها ته چڱو. ان کان پوءِ سندس جدائيءَ جو ڏجهه نه ڏسڻو پوي ها.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 3

The ocean traveler went on the journey and his wife is suffering from hardship of his separation and has been too weak

to live. She tries very much to meet her husband but the harbours are faraway and even she has no money to travel on the ship. She takes long sighs for her husband when she sees other women together with their husbands. She suffers from the poverty in her house. All vessels she takes for sometime from others for cooking purposes. Also cold winter days are coming. The separation from her husband is great hardship in the winter season. Tradesmen are greatly fond of Sri Lanka gold and Pearls of Indus river (MEHRAN) for which they enter into the deep water of the ocean. She is dying to remember her dear husband. She says her mother of her husband, why not she advises her son not to go for this long journey. As her husband returns after twelve months and again talks for another journey. She repents in mind that she should not have married with him for which she lives hardly and suffers from many worries and woes in the long separation of her husband.

1

پُراڻ، مان پُجان؛ بَندرَ مون دُورِ ٿيا،
 نہ مون هڙ نہ هنجَ کي، جو آئون چئي چڙهان،
 اِيهين کج، پاڻي! جنهن پَر پرينءَ مڙان،
 ڪاڙون تي ڪريان، تو ڏرِ آبي، ناڪڻا!

I should go further but the harbour is far away. Even I have no money so as to promise the payment of fees or rent for crossing from one side to the other side of the sea. Oh boatman! You should think so that I should meet my beloved. Oh boatman! standing on your door, I make requests to you to arrange for my crossing to other side.

2

هڙ پَر ڪين هُئون، هُنئين هِن نہ چاڙهيا،
 سارو ڏينهن سمنڊ تي، لهي سڄ ويون،
 جڏهن سائينءَ سببُ ڪيون، تڏهن سترِ ٿيا سيدُ چئي.

Travelers were empty pocket they had no money and not even the boatman allowed them free to travel. They passed the

whole day at the harbour up to the sunset. When God helped them, they reached at the easy side of the ocean.

3

اسان اڏارا، آئي آونگ چاڙهيا،
 مُنهن ڏيئي مون آيا، سُهان سيارا،
 اُپرن سڪارا، پَسو وَرَ بين جا.

Taking vessels on loan or debt, we started preparation of food. Winter cold has also come. To see husbands of other women, I take cold breaths and sighs.

4

مون اُپي تڙ هيٺ، پرين پڳهه چوڙيا،
 ڪا مونهن ۾ ڏيڻ، نات سڄڻ سَبا جها گهڻو.

In my presence at the harbour, beloved opened the ropes of the boat and travelled away. Perhaps I had an open defect or committed sin otherwise my beloved is very kind and affectionate.

5

مون اُپي تڙ پاس، پرين پڳهه چوڙيا،
 هو الله هار اُهريا، آئون دمِ دمِ دعا ڪندياس،
 آه نه لاهيندياس، موٽي ايندا مان ڳري.

Before me at the harbour, they loosened the ropes and started to travel. They went on the solace of God. I shall pray for their safe journey and I shall not miss hope to see them again soon or they may return safely to me.

6

ڪاري ڪيڙائو، مٽي مٺي موٽيا،
 سَودو ڪن نه سون جو، وڏا وهائو،
 موٽي جي مَهران جا، تن جا طاماعو،
 سامونڊي ساڻو، لَنڪا لُوپي آيا.

The ocean travelers returned through the Indus River. The great tradesmen do not trade for the gold but in the ocean, there are Pearls, they like to trade for Pearls or they are fond of those Pearls to trade. The ocean traders have returned from Sri Lanka after trading or collecting Pearls from there.

7

لَنڪا لَنڪا ڪَن، لِيءَ لَنڪا جِي اوھريا،
سُٽِي سُونُ لَنڪا جو، سَڪُ نہ سامُونديُن،
پَرہ پَڳھہ چوڙيا، ڪاري ڪيڙائُن،
وڏي پاڳ پڙن، جِي ڪھيا ڪارُونيار ڏي.

All the time, they take the name of Lanka and started travelling there. When they remember the gold of Sri Lanka, they do not feel comfort here. The ocean travelers have opened the ropes of their boats and started their journey in the early hours of the morning. Who have travelled in the deep water of the ocean, they will return with huge wealth or with a huge quantity of Pearls.

8

وڻجارن وري، پَرہ پَڳھہ چوڙيا،
اوليون پسي ان جون، پيڙم ڳچ ڳري،
وينديس، ماءُ! مري، ساري سامُونديُن ڪي.

The tradesman has opened again the ropes or chains of their boat. Seeing their preparations of separation, my heart is sunk. Oh mother! Remembering the ocean travelers, I shall die and vanish.

9

وڻجاري جِي ماءُ، وڻجارو نہ پلئين؟
آيو ٻارھين ماہ، پڻ ٿو سَفرِ سَنبھي!

Oh mother of trader! you do not stop or disallow your son the ocean trader who has just returned after 12 months and again warn of his journey or travel. (The wife of trader reproaches or chides or up-braids her mother in law).

10

وَتَجَارِي كَانْدَاءُ، مُونَ وَرُ وِني گهاريو!
لَڳي اُترَ واءُ، ڊوليرو هَلَنَ جون ڪري.

The wife of trader repents that she should have not married but lived a single life. Still the northern wind has not blown but her husband talks of the start of his travel.

11

جي تون وِتجارو ڪانڌُ، تہ مونَ هَڏَ مَر لائون لَڏيون!
پَر ڏيھہ مٽي سانگُ، اُنئي پَھرَ جنھن ڪيو.

Oh husband! as you are a tradesman, I should not have married with you. You have always or in eight parts of the Day worry or anxiety of journey.

12

ڏَني ڏياري، سامونڊين سِرَڙَ سَنبَاهِيَا،
وَجْهِيو وَرَ وَنَجْهَ ڪي، روئي وِتجاري،
ماريندَءَ ماري! پِرَ سُوَرِ پَرِينِ جا.

The Hindu's Diyari (Eid) is being celebrated and the tradesmen have prepared their boats. The wife of the tradesmen embracing the rudders of the boats, is weeping and tearing. Oh dead! The separation of your husband will kill you in the last hours of the night.

سُر سَهڻي

(سَهڻي ميهار جو قصو ۽ اُنجي روحاني معنيٰ)

سَهڻي جي پيءُ جو نالو تَلا هو. اهو هڪ ناليوارو ڪنڀر هو. هُو شاهه جهان مغل بادشاهه جي زماني ۾ پنجاب جي گجرات شهر ۾ رهندو هو. سَهڻي شب قدر جي رات جو ڄائي. ميهار جو نالو عزت بيگ هو. هو بخارا جي هڪ شاهوڪار واپاري مرزا عاليءَ جو پٽ هو. سندس ڄمڻ به شب قدر واري رات تي ٿيو هو. سندس ڄمڻ جي لاءِ دعا هڪ درويش ڪئي هئي ۽ وڏي بلند درجي ۽ ناز سان پليو هو. عزت بيگ نوجوان ٿيو ته دهليءَ ۾ واپار لاءِ آيو. سَهڻيءَ جي پيءُ تَلا جو وڏو نالو ٻڌي پنهنجي هڪ نوڪر کي موڪليو ته هن کان سهڻا ٿانو خريد ڪري اچي. اڃا سودو ٿي رهيو هو ته نوڪر جي نظر وڃي سندس ڌيءَ سَهڻيءَ تي پئي. موٽي اچي سندس حسن جي تعريف پنهنجي مالڪ عزت بيگ سان ڪئي. عزت بيگ کيس ڏسڻ لاءِ اتي آيو ۽ سَهڻيءَ کي ڏسڻ سان ئي ان تي موهجي پيو. بخارا موٽڻ جو ارادو ترڪ ڪري ڇڏيائين ۽ سمورو خزانو ڪٻائي ڇڏيائين. پوءِ تَلا کان قرض ورتائين، قرض لاهڻ لاءِ سندس نوڪر بنجي ويو. تَلا ان کي چيو ته سندس مينهنون چاري. سَهڻيءَ سان لکي مليو ۽ کيس پنهنجي موهجي پوڻ جو قصو ٻڌايو. هوءَ به مٿس فدا ٿي پئي. ماڻس کي جڏهن عشق جي خبر پئي ته گهڻو سمجهايائينس پوءِ سندس شادي سندس ئي سوٽ ڏم سان ڪرائي ڇڏيائينس. عزت بيگ پريشان ٿي ويو، جنهن ڪري چناب ننڍي جي ٻئي پاسي جوڳي بنجي ڏونهين ڏُڪائي اتي ئي رهڻ لڳو. ملاحن جي معرفت مشهور ٿي ويو. سَهڻي به سرتين سان گڏجي سنڀاسي يا جوڳيءَ جي زيارت لاءِ اتي ويئي ۽ پنهنجو سڄڻ سڃاڻائين. پوءِ ته رات جو پڪي ڏلي تي ٿري ميهار سان ملڻ ويندي هئي. سندس نشان ڏسي ورتو. سَهڻي کي سمجهايائون پر هن کي ته عشق عاشق بناڻي ڇڏيو هو ۽ سندس ديدار لاءِ تڙپائي ڇڏيو هو سو نه مڙي ۽ هر رات جو گهڙو يا ڏلو ڪٿي درياھ تري وڃي ميهار سان ميلاپ ڪندي هئي ۽ پنهنجي اندر جا اڌما ٺاريندي هئي. نيٺ هڪ ڏينهن سندس نشان يعني مڙس ڏم جي پيڻ پڪو ڏلو چورائي ان جي بدران رنگ ڏنل گلن سان چٽيل ڪچو ڏلو رکيو. سَهڻيءَ کي ان سازش جي خبر ئي نه پئي ۽ جيئن ئي هڪ رات جو ڏلو ڪٿي درياھ ۾ گهڙي ته ڪچو ڏلو ڀري پيو ۽ پاڻيءَ ۾ پاڻ ٻڏڻ لڳي. ويڄاري ڏاڍا واکا ڪيائين. درياھ جي مستيءَ سبب مهاڻا به بي وس ٿي منجهي پيا. پوءِ سَهڻيءَ جي ڏانهن ۽ ڪوڪڻ کيس

لاچار ڪيو ۽ سهڻيءَ کي بچائڻ لاءِ پاڻ الله توهار ڪري پائيءَ ۾ ڀڄو ڏنو ۽ سهڻيءَ سان مليو. پوءِ ته ٻئي هڪ ٿي ٻڌي ساهڙ ۽ سهڻي ٻي ساگر ۾ سمائجي ويا. سائر (سمند)، سهڻي ۽ ساهڙ (ميهار) ٽيئي هڪ ٿي ويا. شاھ صاحب هن سر ۾ سڄي عشق واري سڪ جو وستار ڪيو آهي. ”نينهن جي تڪ مهراڻ جي تڪ کان وڌيڪ زور واري آهي.“ سڄو طالب هميشه عشق جي عميق ۾ مستغرق آهي. ان ڪري هن لاءِ ظاهري مهراڻ سڪي پٽ ٿيو پوي. سڪ وارن کي نه جر جهلي، نه جهنگ. جهڙيءَ طرح سهڻيءَ کي سير ۾ سسر ۽ واڳو ورائي ويا تهڙيءَ طرح طالب يا عاشق کي به روحاني پنڌ ۾ اچگر جهڙا خوف ۽ خطرا وٺي ٿا وڃن. انسان جو وجود به ڪچي دلي جهڙو آهي. باهران گهڻوئي چٽسالي ۽ سهڻو آهي پر اندران پُريل نه ست اٿس ۽ نه سار. هيءَ دنيا درياھ مثال آهي، جنهن ۾ ڪئين درندا ۽ خوفناڪ نانگ بلائون رهن ٿا. انسان جو وجود ئي سندس ۽ رب پاڪ وچ ۾ حجاب آهي. گهڙو پور ٿيو ته سهڻيءَ سان ساگر ۾ ساهڙ مليو. انسان پنهنجي هستي وڃائي ته حق سان هڪ ٿي ويو. هي جهان فاني آهي. انکي ڪا سڄي هستي نه آهي. حق، انسان ۽ ڪائنات جي وچ ۾ ڪو فرق ڪونه آهي. انسان ۽ ڪائنات ٻئي حق مان نڪتا آهن. ٽيئي هڪ آهن. شاھ صاحب تنهن ڪري فرمايو ته ”ساهڙ سا سهڻي، سائر پڻ سوئي.“ شاھ صاحب سڄي نينهن جو عجيب ذڪر ڪيو آهي ”عدد ناه عشق پڄاڻي پاڻ لهي.“ جيڪي ميهار کي ٿا پڇن، تن کي ميهار به ٿوپجي. سڀ شيون ”اناالحق“ پيئون تنوارين. هن ئي سر ۾ شاھ صاحب اشارو ڪيو آهي ته سندس ڪلام حقيقت ۾ الهام آهي:

جي تو بيت پانڻيا، سي آيتون آهين،
نيومَن لائين، پريان سندي پار ڏي.

TUNE (SUR) SUHNI

(Episode of Suhni and Mehar and its spiritual meaning)

Suhni (Beautiful) was a daughter of Tula. He was famous Postman. During the period of the King Shah Jahan Mughal, he lived in the Province of Punjab in the Gujarat city. Suhni was born in the night of Shab-e-Qader. The name of MEHAR (buffalo herdsman) was Izat Beg. He was son of Mirza Aáli a rich tradesman of Bukhara. He was also born on the night of Shab-e-Qadr. A sacred man had prayed to God for his birth and he was brought up with high dignity and pride. When he grew up, as young man, he came to Delhi for trade purpose. He heard the

name of Tula as very famous in the fun of making beautiful and attractive Pots from the mud so he sent his servant to him to purchase his pots. When he was busy to trade with Tula, his eye sight fell on a very beautiful girl Suhni. At his return home, he praised the beauty of the daughter of Tula Suhni with his master Mehar or Izat Beg. For seeing, the beautiful daughter of Tula, he visited him and saw her daughter. He found her very attractive girl and started loving her very much. When he saw this girl, he fell in love with her and he forgot Bukhara and did not return there. He spent his all wealth he had there and took some loan from Tula for living purpose. When he could not be able to repay the loan he borrowed, he requested Tula to keep him as his servant. One day he narrated the whole story of his love with Suhni the daughter of Tula. She also got attraction to love him. When her mother learnt of her love with Mehar, she tried to admonish her not to talk in love with him but it is a human instinct that love is last desire to pass life in this world. When her mother saw this love plight of Suhni, she got her married with her cousin Dim. Izat Beg (MEHAR) was greatly shocked to see that plight of separation of Suhni from him. So he migrated from there and shifted his abode to the other opposite side of Chanab River. He called himself as Jogi (Devotee and Snake Charmer who sings or plays with flute or pipe). He used to pass his time there in love of Suhni by singing and playing flute. The near by fishermen made him famous of his flute and called him as a religious pious and sacred man. One day after learning about the sacredness of that man, Suhni along with her girlfriends or relatives went to see that man but she recognized him as her dear lover Mehar. Then she started going to meet him in the night daily by swimming with the help of a mud pot or an earthen parched water Jar and crossed the fast waves and currents of the River. One night when her husband's sister saw her, she advised her not to do so but she could not control herself and usually she used to cross the river with that earthen parched Jar and return after meeting her beloved with that earthen Jar. Consequently, her husband's sister (Ninan) changed that parched Jar with a colored and flowery

unbaked Jar. Suhni was unknown of this change and at night usually she took that Jar and jumped into the water of the river but the Jar became reduced to powder or crumbled or broke into pieces and could not help Suhni to swim in the waves of water. She started drowning in the water and cried for help. When Mehar (SAHAR) heard her cries of drowning and her calls for help, Mehar requested the people for her help but the waves of water were dangerous and they could not do some help, then Mehar (Sahar) himself jumped into the waves and met with the drowned Suhni thus both of them dedicated themselves with the waves of water and took their last breath in the waves. In this way Sair (River), Suhni and Sahar (Mehar) three converted into one entity.

Shah Abdul Latif Bhitai in this Sur (Melody) has described real longing for beloved. The fastness of love has been termed more forceful than the swiftness of the river (Mehran or Indus), the real lover always remains drowned in the deep love. So for him the river becomes drought and dry plain to go easily. Lovers are neither stopped by waves of water nor forest. Just as Suhni has been attacked by *Sesar* and *Wagoon* (all water animals) the same way lovers are feared by big awful monsters in the spiritual fields or walks. The existence of human being is like unbaked earthen Jar. Visibly or openly human is decorated and looks very beautiful but his inner force is reduced to powder or crumbled. He has neither strength nor carefulness. This world is like a river where in many awful monsters and dangerous animals exist.

The existence of human being is covered with his creator God. When the Jar crumbled, Mehar met with Suhni in the waves of water of river. When the human being vanished himself, he became united with reality and became one. This world is fragile or mortal or perishable. It has no real existence or entity. In Reality, human being and universe have no difference. Human being and Universe are derived from the reality. Those three are one. Shah Latif therefore mentioned that "SAHAR" is Suhni, Sair is the same". Shah Latif has wonderfully talked of real love, "Number is not love, the end finds himself". Who ask for Mehar, He asks for

them. All things repeat the name of "Ana-al-Haq" (I am the Truth). In this episode, Shah Latif has really pointed out that his poetry is poems of nature. He says, "What you understood as poems, they are verses, they take the mind to the side of beloved".



داستان پھريون

درياهن ۽ نندين ۾ تيزي آهي پر عشق جي تڪ ئي نرالي آهي. الله جا عاشق وحدت جي خيال ۾ محو آهن. ساهڙ جي صورت ۾ سهڻي جيڪي ڏٺو سو جيڪڏهن سندس سرتيون ڏسن ها ته هو به گهڙا کڻي مهراڻ ۾ ڪاهي پون ها. اهڙي ڪا عاشقياڻي نظر نه ٿي اچي جيڪا ساهڙ جي صدقي ڪنن ۾ ڪاهي پوي. سهڻي سومهڻيءَ جي ٻانگ ٻڏي، درياھ ۾ گهري ٿي ۽ ائين پئي چوي ته ”پرڻءَ جي قدمن ۾ سر قربان ٿيو ته ڇا ٿي پيو“. سڪ وارين لاءِ نه درياھ ۾ خطرو آهي نه جهنگ ۾ ڪو خوف، جي خودي ختم ڪري ۽ ترهي کي ترڪ ڪري مهراڻ ۾ ٽپو ڏنائون تن کي ڪنن ڪونه روڪيو. سچن محبتن لاءِ ترهو بار آهي. سهڻي پاڻي ۾ سيسرن جي ور چڙهي ٿي پر پنهنجي ساهڙ کي نه ٿي وساري. سچو عاشق به سمورا وهم ۽ غم ختم ڪري حقيقي محبوب جي تلاش ۾ نڪري ٿو پوي ۽ سر جو سانگو لاهي نيٺ وڃي ساڻس هڪ ٿي وڃي ٿو.

EPISODE (DASTAN) 1

Flow of water in rivers is very fast but the fastness of love is different. The lovers of God are very attached to the idea of oneness. In the shape of Sahar, what Suhni saw if her friends had seen him drowning, they would have jumped into Chanab river. One cannot see such lover that should not jump into the currents or whirlpool of River to sacrifice for sake of Mehar. After hearing the Azan (call for God), Suhni jumped into the River, and is saying, "If the head is sacrificed for sake of the beloved, what has been done" for lovers, there is neither danger in the river nor any fear in the forest. Who not caring for self and throwing away rudders, jumped into the river, they were not stopped by

whirlpools. For true lovers, rudder is burden. Suhni is attacked by all water animals but cannot forget her lover Sahar (Mehar). True lover after forgetting all odds and pains, is leaving his home in search of finding his beloved and not caring for his head, he meets his beloved or he joins his beloved and becomes One with her.

1

وَهَ تِڪَ، واهڙ تِڪَ، جِتَ نِينُهَن، تِڪَ نرالِي،
جَنَ کي عَشَقُ عَمِيقُ جو، خِلَوَتُ خِيالِي،
وارئين سا، والِي! هِنُئڙو جَنَ هَتَ ڪيو.

The flow of water in the River is very fast and in canals of water there is also fastness but in love, there is a different swiftness. Who have deep love of privacy and oneness, they are much engaged in true thinking. Oh Sir! You may bring back those who have controlled my heart and mind.

2

واهڙ وَهَنَ نَوان، اِچا وَهَ اُگِي ٿيو،
گهرونيون گهڻا ڪريو، سَرَتِيُون سَگَ سَنوان،
صُورَتَ جا ساهڙ جِي، سا جِي ڏني آن،
هُوندَ نه پليو مان، گهڙو سڀ گهڙا ڪڍي.

Flows of water are new but the fast flows are ahead. Oh friends! You sitting in your homes, enjoy your comfortable relations. If you had seen the charming personality of Sahar (Mehar), you would not have stopped me but you all had jumped into the currents of water in the river.

3

ڪَنڌِي اُڀِيُون ڪيترُون، ”ساهڙ ساهڙ“ ڪَن،
ڪنِين سانگو ساهَ جو، ڪي ”گهرويس“ ڪيو گهڙن،
ساهڙ سَنَدو تَن، گهاگهائي گهڙن جِي.

At the harbour, many ladies call or recite Sahar, Sahar. Some

of them have care and worry for their existence but some say that if they die, it will be their sacrifice and try to jump in the river. Sahar belongs to those who happily jumped into the river.

4

وڻن وينا ڪانگ، وچين ٿي ويلا ڪري،
گهڙي گهڙو هٿ ڪري، سٺي سانجهيءَ ٻانگ،
سيئي ڏوندي سانگ، جتي ساهڙ سڀرين.

In the evening, all crows have returned and take rest on the trees. Suhni hearing the night Azan (call for night prayers) has taken the earthen Jar and jumped into the water of the river. She tries to find the spot where her beloved Sahar (Mehtar) was living or seeing his smoke firing.

5

گهڙي گهڙو هٿ ڪري، ٻهون نهاري ٻنگ،
سر در قدم يار فدا شد چ بجا شد، و صاهوئي ونگ،
رات جنين جو رنگ، الا! سي اڪارئين.

Suhni knowing well the flow of the current of water, took the earthen Jar and jumped into the river. To sacrifice the head in the feet of beloved friend, is no pain. It is the secret to meet the beloved. Oh God! the moment of excitement of loving persons is the night, may they be successful to cross the fast waves and currents of the river.

6

گهڙي گهڙو هٿ ڪري، ٻهون نهاري ٻنگ،
”وامان خاف مقام ربه“، اي لنگهيائين لنگه،
سڪندين کي سيد جتي، ڪين جهليندو جهنگ،
رات جنين جو رنگ، الا! سي اڪارئين.

Suhni knowing well the flow of the currents of water, took the earthen Jar and jumped into the river. Who fears to stand

before God, she crossed or passed away from that dangerous passage which cannot stop the real lovers filled with longing to meet their beloveds, says Syed. Oh God! the moment of the excitement of loving persons is the night, so they may be successful to cross the fast waves and currents of the river.

7

گهڙي گهڙو هٿ ڪري، الاهي تهار!
جنگه جڙڪي وات ۾، سسيءَ کي سيار،
چوڙا پيڙا چڪ ۾، لڙ ۾ لڙهيس وار،
لکين جهٽيس لوھڻيون، ٿيلھيون ٽرنئون ڌار،
مڙيا مڇ هزار، پاڻا ٿيندي سھڻي.

Taking the earthen Jar, Suhni with the name of Allah (GOD) entered into the river. Her leg in the mouth of Shark or fresh water fish and her neck were eaten by crocodile. Her bracelet or bangles dented or pressed in or bruised and her hair rolled or floated in muddy or turbid water. Lacs kinds of fishes even dangerous fish leaving their spots stuck with her body and thousands of whales surrounded her. Now Suhni will be cut or split into pieces.

8

گهڙو پڳو ته گهوريو، مڙ چور ٿئي چوڙو،
طالب الموليٰ مڏڪر، اي ٻڌندڻ ٻوڙو،
ڪوڙهيو ڏم ڪوڙو، مون ميهار من ۾.

No care if the earthen Jar is broken into pieces and also my bangle may be pressed and broken into pieces. Who demands God is a true man (Saying of Prophet Mohammad P.B.U.H). He is a bundle of grass for those who are sinking into water. Dam (the husband of Suhni) is a false and bad shaped but Mehar has made abode in my heart or I love Mehar.

9

گھڙو پڳو ته گھوريو، پاڻان هو حجابُ،
 واجتُ وحي وُجودُ ۾، رهيو رُوح ربابُ،
 ساهڙ رءُ صوابُ، آءُ گھڙوئي گھوريان.

No care if the Jar has broken. For me, it is a hindrance. My mind is fully stricken and my soul has been an instrument. Without Mehar (Sahar) I may sacrifice the open purity or grace or blessing. (the body is a Jar; sound is music, open purity or blessing is a religious duty).

10

گھڙو پڳو ته گھوريو، تان ڪي تر، هنيان!
 آڏُ اُڪڙين ڪي، ڏيهائي ڏيان،
 ميهارن ميان، سئون سونهائيم پيچرو

No care for the jar. Oh heart! stand up and try to swim. Daily I prevent my eyes respectfully. The Lord of the fellow grazers has shown me the right path or the correct way. (It means right path spiritual leaders or guide).

11

گھڙو پڳو ته گھوريو، آسَر مَ لاهيڃ،
 لا تَقْنَطُوا مِن رَّحْمَةِ اللَّهِ، تُرهي اِن تُريڃ،
 حبيبائي هيڃ، پسين مُنهن ميهار جو.

No worry for broken Jar. Do not disappoint from the mercy of God. you may live on the hope of God's help and support. You can have glimpse of Mehar with lover's longing and attachment.

12

گھڙو پڳو، مُنڌ مُئي، وسِلا ويا،
 تنهان پوءِ سڻا، سُھڻي سڏ ميهار جا.

Jar broken into pieces, Suhni drowned and died while losing all sources after all, Suhni heard the calls of Mehar and continued

her contacts with him.

13

پاڻُ مَرُ گُڻجِ پاڻُ سينَ، وَسِیلا وَسارِ،
لُڙُ لنگهائي، سُهڻي! پَرَتِ وَجھنديءَ پارِ،
سي تَرُ لنگهينديون تارَ، اُڪَندي اُگهہ جنسين.

Oh Suhni! do not feel pride and end up your all open enjoyments or lavishness. The true love will help and support you to cross all the fast waves which are well known for true love and true longings of the beloved.

14

پاڻُ مَرُ گُڻجِ پاڻُ سينَ، رِءُ وَسِیلي وانءُ،
مَثان سائِرَ، سُهڻي! پَرَتِ وَنجي پاڻُ،
نينهن گنهندي نانءُ، وَنءُ پريان جي پارَ ڏي.

Do not have pride or feel proud and with out resources, go ahead or move further. Oh Suhni! take footprints of love on the river. Taking or reciting the name of love, go ahead to your beloved or lover.

15

ڪونهي اُگهہ اُهرُ، جهڙي مُحبتَ مَنَ،
اُپيُون اورئين پارَ ڏي، ڪُوڙيُون ڪَڪُ پُچَنَ،
نَدي تَنَ نيڙُ ٿئي، جي رِيءُ تَرهي تَرَنَ،
سِڪَ رَسائِي، سُهڻي! عاشقنَ،
سي جُهليُون ڪين ڪُننَ، پُچَنَ جي ميهارَ ڪي.

No source is of safety like love. False lovers standing at the side, ask for support of rudders. For true lovers, a big river becomes a small river and swim in the river without rudders or support. Oh Suhni! lovers reach there at their beloveds with longing of love. Who love Mehar, currents or waves of water of the river cannot stop them to meet him.

16

پُچَن جي ميهارَ کي، پُچي سي ميهارَ،
تُرهُو تَنِينَ بارُ، عِشَقُ جَنِينَ کي آڪرو.

Who long for Mehar, they are also longed by Mehar. Who are deeply loved or who have deep love of beloved, to them rudder is burden to take with them.

17

ساهڙُ، سا سُهڙِي، سائِرُ پڻ سوڙِي،
اهي نَجوڙِي، گُجُجُه، گُجُهاندَرُ گالِهڙِي.

What Sahar (Mehar) is, that are Suhni and Ocean or Sea or River. That is the mystical secret.

واڻي 1

ڪهڙي مَنجھ حساب؟ هئڻُ مَنهنجو هُوتَ ري، لا!
گولي! پُچُ گُناهَ کان، ڪونهي سُولُ ثَوَابَ،
ڪي تَفاوَتَ ۾، نڪي مَنجھ رِبابَ،
خُدياڻِي خُوبُ تِئينَ، لائِيينَ جي لُعبَ،
پَلِيَتُ ئِي پاڪُ ٿِي، جُنبيو مَنجھ جَنابَ،
سو نہ ڪَنهن شَيءَ ۾، جيڪي مَنجھ تُرابَ،
هُوءَ جي جَرُڪيا جَرُ تي، سي تان سَپَ حُبابَ،
هاڏِيءَ سِينَ هُنَ پارَ ڏي، رڙهين ساڻُ رِڪابَ،
چَنبو وِجهي چورَ کي، آءُ چَرُ، عُقَابَ!
دِيڏُ وِجاءُ مَرُ دُوستَ جو هَلي مَنجھ حِجابَ،
ڪَسَرَتَ آهي قُربَ ۾، اِدغامَ مِرا عِرابَ،
فَنا وِجهي فَمَ ۾، ڪارڻُ تِي ڪِبابَ،
ڏي طُهورا تن کي، جي سِڪَنَ لاءِ شَرابَ،
مُئيءَ ڪيا مَرُضَ ۾، جاوا سَپَ جَوَابَ.

VAEE (FLATULENCE)

How I shall live without my beloved. Oh servant! do not do

sin. No taste in good deeds (be in different sin and good deed). Neither taste in visible piety has remained nor in musical instruments or singing. If you adopt silence or close your lips with gum, you would be very attractive and charming or you would look very dear. In this way, an impious man will achieve piety or become pious though being dirty and muddy. What is in mud or in dust, nothing is in other things. What you see shining in the water, they are bubbles. (No attraction or life is to visible things). You will reach the destination or cross the waves with the blessing of spiritual guide or leader. Oh falcon! you may come and strike or push these greedy or selfish desires or selfishness. Living under cover, you may not miss the sight of your beloved. In the lovers meeting after extreme longing, is just like meeting of two lovers or two loving entities. With silence or patience, you should get yourself parched or get yourself fried like a parched spicy cake. The wine of paradise must be given to those who are longing for or who take the worldly wine anxiously provide them the worldly wine. In illness, the weak and sick man has termed these statements baseless and of no use. (these words are like minced statements said in the weakness of disease or illness). (It has been disclosed that this poem of Shah Latif Bhitai was being frequently recited by him some days before his demise).

داستان پيو

درياه ۾ زور آهي ۽ ڪُنن جا ڪڙڪا پيا پُون ۽ بيشمار واڳون پيا لڙهن ته به سهڻي جان جي پرواهه لاهي، سير ۾ گهڙي ٿي پوي ۽ ائين پئي پوڪاري ته صاحب ڄام سَٿار! سِگهو اچي سير ۾ مل! مهران جي موج جي خبر ملاهن کي به نه آهي ۽ لَهَرُن جا لوڏا تارُن کي به ڊيڄاريو ڇڏين. ڪُنن ۾ اهڙو پيو خوف ۽ قهر وسي جو جيڪي ويا سي ڪين وريا ۽ وڏا پيڙا به هميشه لاءِ ٻڏي غرق ٿيو وڃن. وري انهن مان ڪو تختو به نه ٿو نڪري. اها محبت ۽ پريت ئي آهي جيڪا مهران جي مستيءَ کي مات ڏئي ٿي ڇڏي ۽ اهو الله جو لطف ۽ ڪرم ئي آهي جيڪو سڪايلن جو ساڻي ٿئي. جيڪي ترڻ سڪيل آهن، سي

درياهه کي هڪ ٽپي ٿا سمجهن. جن کي الله ازل کان پنهنجي عشق سان نوازيو آهي، تن کي دنيا توڙي طريقت ۽ قدرت جا خطرا نه ٿا ستائين ۽ هو آسانيءَ سان وڃي ٿا پار پون.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 2

River has forceful flow of water. There are dangerous whirlpools of currents of water and many crocodiles are swimming in the water but Suhni did not feel any danger and not caring for her existence or life jumped into the waves of water and crying and calling to her lover Mehar to meet her in the waves. Even the fishermen have a knowledge of the forceful flow of the river as much as the swimmers are fearing the dangerous flow of the water. The whirlpools of the currents of water are so much fearful that who jumped they could not be saved or they disappeared in the flow of the water. Even the big ships drowned in the water without leaving a piece of wood. This is only the true love longing of lovers which face and make silent to the forceful flow of the river (Mehran). Here there is only the solace and kindness of God that helps and saves the loving downed people. Who know swimming, they consider the swimming as only one dive in the water. To these, God has favored from the very day of existence, with the longing of true love, they are able to face the dangers and fears of the dangerous flows of whirlpools of the river but they are able to cross all of these waves and flows of water and reach their destination with the grace of their creator God Almighty.

1

ڪَرِجَلُ ڪوچِ ڪُن گهٽا، جِتِ جَرِ واڳو جِٿائين،
پاڻ اُچلي آڀ ۾، وَهَ سِرِ وڌائين،
لَهريُون لَنگهيائين، لُطفِ ساڻ لُطيفِ چئي.

In the river, there were crackling and peeling noise, currents or waves, confusion and crocodiles, there Suhni jumped into the water. With the grace of God, she crossed all the waves and currents of the water in the river.

2

دَهْشَتِ دَمِ دَرِيَاہِ، جِتِ سَتَاڻا سِيَسَارِ،
 بِيَحْدِ بَاڳُو بَحَرِ، هِيَبَتَنَڪِ هَزَارِ،
 سَارِيَانِ ڪَانَ سَرِيرِ، طاقَتِ توهان ڌَارِ،
 سَاهَرُ ڄامِ سَتَارِ! سِگهو رَسَجِ سِيرِ ۾.

Where there is danger of the waves and currents of water in the river and dangerous strong monster and countless fearful crocodiles, I do not have strength in my body without you, oh Lord Sahar! Come quickly to help me in the torrent of waves of water.

3

دَهْشَتِ دَمِ دَرِيَاہِ، جِتِ ڪَڙڪو ڪُنُ ڪَري،
 تَوڏِي تَاڪُنِ وِچِ ۾، مِٿان وِیرِ وَري،
 آءُ، سَاهَرُ! منهنجا سُپَرِينِ، پَرِتان پِيرِ پَري،
 هادي هَتَ ڌَري، اونهي مان اُڪارئين.

Where there is danger of the waves and currents of water in the river and whirlpool roar. The *Todi* (or the female camel child) Suhni is in the midst of ferocious beasts and waves of water role over her. She calls Sahar her beloved to come quickly with your kind feet, guide her and give her his hands to rescue her from the deep water.

4

دَهْشَتِ دَمِ دَرِيَاہِ، جِتِ ڪُننِ جو ڪَڙڪو،
 آهِمِرِ اُنْهينِ پاڙِ جو، ڏلِ اندرِ ڏَڙڪو،
 پِيڇِي سِڪَ سِيَدَ چُڻِي، سِيرِ سَنَدُو سَڙڪو،
 والي! ڪَڇِ وُڙڪو، تَهَارِ لَنگهيانِ ٻاجهه سِينِ.

Where there is danger of the waves and currents of water in the river and roar of whirlpools. I have in my heart the terror of the far away bank but the might for love overcomes the force of the currents, says Syed. Oh Lord! be kind and have mercy to let me cross over the river.

5

دَهَشَتَ دَمَرِ دَرِيَاهَ ۾، جايون جانارَن،
 نه ڪو سِندو سِيرَ جو، مَڀُ نه ملاخَن،
 درندا درياهَ ۾، واکا ڪيو ورن،
 سڄا پيڙا ٻار ۾، هليا هيٺ وڃن،
 پُرزو پئدا نه ٿئي، تختو منجهان تَن،
 ڪو جو قهر ڪنن ۾، ويا ڪين وَرن،
 اتي اٿتارَن، ساهڙا سِيرَ لنگهَءَ تون.

Where there is danger of the waves and currents of water in the river and dangerous animals are living, no limit of the water, fishermen are unknown of the deepness of water, blood monger animals are roaming and swimming, all ships are so drowned as their no part or piece is found or received, in the currents, there is so much danger and tyranny or misfortune as no any one entered or jumped in the water is likely coming back or returning. There, you Sahar (Mehar) come and get them out from the fast waves of the water in the river. (Here, it has been pointed out that the human being has been made aware of the dangers of the ocean of the world like the dangers of waves are faced in the real ocean or sea.

6

در هڙ ڏنس درياه ۾، جت لهريون ڪن لوڙا،
 سئين اچي سمونڊ ۾، ٿيا سيڻايا سوڙا،
 جي تارو هئا توڙا، تن هر ٻو پانيو هيڪڙو.

Where there is danger of flow of the waves of river, waves are making pealing noise, hundreds acquainted and aware people are confused and perplexed, those who were originally knowing swimming considered the whole sea or ocean as a jump. (The pious men in this world and in the next world cross or succeed to pass from the dangers and fears in a short moment of time).



داستان ٽيون

پاڻي لهي وڃڻ کان سواءِ وڏي پاڻيءَ ۾ ٽپي پوڻ عاشقن جو ئي ڪم آهي. نينهن اهڙي شيءِ آهي جيڪا عقل، مٽ، سمجھ ۽ شرم کي بيحال ڪريو ڇڏي. سهڻيءَ کي اڌ رات جو ڪُنن ۾ سورن مٿي سور آهن. ڏينهن جو ظاهر طرح جسم ڏم مڙس سان اُٿس ۾ من ميهار يار سان مڙهيل اٿس. سهڻي جتان درياھ ۾ گهڙي تتان سندس لاءِ وات ۽ رستو آهي. ڪوڙيون ڪپر پڇن ٿيون پر سچيون وفادار آهن نه پڇن گهٽ نه گهير. سهڻي اصل کان نينهن سان نوازيل هئي. انڪري ئي کيس حق حاصل ٿيو. الله جو طالب به سهڻيءَ مثل آهي. کيس گهرجي ته هتي جا هر ڪاٺيندڙ حرص ڇڏي شريعت تي پورو رهن ۽ پوءِ طريقت تي هلي، حقيقت جو حق پروڙي ۽ معرفت ماڻين. نينهن جي خبر سهڻيءَ کان پڇجي، جنهن کي رات ۽ ڏينهن ميهار ئي من ۾ آهي. درياھ کي ڪو درد يا داد نه آهي. ڪنهن ڏينهن کيس به حساب ڏيڻو پوندو. اڄ عاشقن کي ٻوڙي فنا ٿو ڪري سياڻي پاڻ سڪي فنا ٿيندو.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 3

Without reducing the forceful flow of water to jump in it, is the quality of true lovers. Love is that thing which weakens the sense, wisdom, right thinking and even shamefulfulness of the human beings. Suhni feels pains and sorrows in the whirlpools of the river at the mid night. visibly during the day time, she is with her husband Dam but her heart is attracted and attached with Mehar her lover. From the place Suhni enters into the waves of water in the river, she finds way and passage. The unfaithful women ask for the sides of the river but faithful ones neither ask for sides nor place of entrance in the river. Suhni had been loyal since her birth or beginning for which she got truth and loyalty. The God fearing human is like Suhni so she must forget all the sensual desires and follow the religious directions and act according to truthful guidance and instructions. Then surely, she would receive all benefits of rightfulness. For the loyalty of love, Suhni must be asked who has in her mind only the love of Mehar the whole day and night. River is merciless and unknown of the loyalty of love but it will also be asked for its unkind forcefulness. Today it drowns the true lovers and tomorrow, it will face dryness and drought.

1

تَر تَڪَر تارِ گَهَرُ، اِي ڪاٿيارِ ڪَمُ،
 دَه دَه پيرا ڏينهن ۾، ڏي ڏوراپا ڏَمُ،
 عَقْل، مَت، شَرَم، تِيئي نينهن نهوڙيا.

To jump into the full flow water hastily is the function or sense of the loyal lovers. The husband dam reproaches me ten times in the day. The loyalty of love has destroyed my senses, wisdom and shame also.

2

گهڙان ڪري نه گهور، تَر تَڪَر ڪان نه لهي،
 جنهنڪي سڪ ساهڙ جي، پورن مٽي پور،
 ڪاريءَ رات ڪُنن ۾، وهن ڪي وهلور،
 جنهنڪي ساڻ پريان جا سور، تنهنڪي نڌي ناهنگاهه ۾.

Suhni does not look and check the spot of entrance in the river in haste. Who long for meeting of Mehar (Sahar), they are totally in anxiety and fond of meeting at once. She was perplexed by whirlpools of the flow of water in the river in the darkness at the midnight.

3

جڏان گهڙي تڏان گهڙ، ڪپرو پيڇن ڪوڙيون،
 دَم سين جُسو ظاهر، مَن ميهار سين مير،
 سا نڌي پانئي نيڙ، جنهن ڪي سڪ ساهڙ جي.

From where (the true she lover) entered or jumped, there the passage for entrance appeared. The only insincere girls ask for the passage of the bank of the river. Apparently, her relationship is with Dam (her husband) but her heart is associated with Mehar (Lover). Who has the longing for Sahar (Mehar her lover), she considers the big river as a small one or as a ditch.

4

جڻان وھي تڻان واٽ، ڪَپَرو پُڇن ڪوڙيون،
جن کي سڪ ساھڙ جي، گھيڙ نہ پُڇن گھاٽ،
جن کي عشق جي اُساٽ، سي واھڙ ڀانئين وکڙي.

From where (the true she lover) entered, there the passage for entrance or jumping appeared. The only insincere girls ask for the passage of the bank of the river. Who have longing for Sahar, they neither search for passage nor ask for the depth of water. Those who have thirst for love, for them the distance or length of the whole river is a step only.

5

ڪنھن جنھن گھيڙ گھڙي، جڻ اوتڙان تڙ ٿيوس؛
سالر ويئي سھڻي، ڪُنن ڪين ڪيوس؛
اھس اڪڙين ۾، پريان جو پيوس؛
حقان حق ٿيوس، هئي طالب حق جي.

Suhni entered into water from such a spot which became from difficult to easy crossing place. Suhni crossed safely and whirlpools did not harm her. In her eyes flash of beloved entered. God did justice with her as she was longing for him.

6

هئي طالب حق جي، توڏي لاکون توڙ،
نہ ملاح نہ مڪڙي، نڪي ٻڏي نوڙ،
ٻاڻي پنيءَ ٻوڙ، سھڻيءَ ليکي سير ۾.

From the very beginning, Suhni is longing for the beloved. She neither asks for fisherman, and boat nor for any rope at the crossing spot. Suhni thought the water of the river not deeper than middle of legs or gouts. (For true lovers, there is not any difficulty or trouble in crossing all the waves of water in the river).

7

توڏي توڙائين، نينهن نوازي سُهڻي،
گچيءَ هارُ حبيب جو، لائقِ لڏائين،
سو تڙ سونائين، جيڏانهن عالم آسرو.

From the beginning Suhni was favoured with faithfulness. She at-last received a beautiful garland. She found out the worldly guide or leader or her beloved.

8

توڏي! تهائين جي، سي هتي ڇڏِ حرصَ،
ساهڙ ڌاران سُهڻي! ڪوٽيون ڪن ڪرسَ،
وڏي اي ورسَ، جيئن ڏم وٽ ڏينهن گذارين.

Oh Suhni! What ever you have sensual desires, you must stop here. Without Sahar (beloved), the disloyal and insincere women make or enjoy blandishments or coquettishness. It is a mistake to live and pass days with Dim. (Here Dim is sensual desire)

9

ساري سڱ سَبَقُ، شريعتَ سَندو، سُهڻي!
طريقتان تڪو وهي، حقيقتَ جو حق،
مَعْرِفَتَ مَرڪُ، اصلَ عاشقن کي.

Oh Suhni! you must learn first the lesson of religious duties. Before knowing spiritual steps, to know prayers of God and to understand God's information is originally the duty of lovers. (There are four steps or activities for religious ways and guidance adopted by Sufis i.e. Shariat, Tareeqat, Haqeeqat and Ma'arifat.

10

صَبْرُ شَاڪِرِن، آهي اوطاڦن ۾،
جي اصلُ ٿيا وصال ۾، سي ذرو ظاهرُ نه ڪن،
وييتَ واهرَ ترن، هنڌڙا، جن هجي ويا.

At the residences of thanks giving people, there is patience and silence. Who meet the beloved, they are attached and associated with him and nothing is disclosed by them, whose heart is sunk in the love and attachment, they cross and swim the waves of the ocean without any source of help.

11

سياري سهرات ۾، جاگهڙي وسندي مينهن،
هلو ته پڇون سهڻي، جا ڪر ڄاڻي نينهن،
جنهن کي راتو ڏينهن، ميهار ئي من ۾.

In the mid-winter season and during the raining, that Suhni jumped in the river, let us go and visit her and know her experience about true love. Day and night, she has Mehar in her heart.

12

سانوڻ گهڙي سڀڪا، هيءُ سرهي سياري،
تن ۽ ڏائين تار ۾، ارواح جي آري،
محبتي ماري، ڪونهي دادُ درياه ۾.

In the summer season, everyone jumps and enters into the river, but Suhni is feeling happy to jump in the water in the winter season. On account of her true love, she entered herself or her body in the fast wave. The river is not humble or is not inclined to show mercy, so it drowns and vanishes the true lovers.

13

واهڙا پريون مر پاء، توپڻ ليڪو ڏيڻو،
سدا سانوڻ ڏينهاڙا، هڻن نه هوندا،
وهاڻي ويندا، اوڀر آهاڻا ٺهي.

Oh River! do not reduce the sides of the river or do not fall or make weak the sides of the river, as you have to account for also. For you will have no summer days forever. Your all flood or inundation position will end very soon. (In winter the water of the river is reduced or it will face drought.)

14

مُحَبَّتِي مِيهَارَ جُونِ، دِلَ اُنْدِرِ دُونِهِيُونِ،
 آڻِيوِ وَجِهِي آڙِ ۾، لَهائوِ لَوِهِيُونِ،
 جي ساهڙ جُونِ سُونِهِيُونِ، سِيرِ سِرَاڙوِ تَنِ ڪِي.

In my heart there are flames of fire or heat of love for dear beloved Mehar. This burning love, throws lovers in the fast waves of water. Those attracted by the beauty of Mehar, for them the waves of the mid-river is like a straight plain or planet.

واڻي 2

مَدَتِ ٿِي، مِيهَارَ! يَارَ! ساهڙ! سائِرَ سِيرِ ۾.
 اُونها ڪَن، اُتَانِگَ تَرِ، اولِي هَنُ، آڏَارَ!
 ڏِينهن ڏهلا ڏَمَ سِينِ، آهِيان اوهان ڌَارَ;
 پَچَلِ پانڊِي پَارِ ڪَري، اَتِ اُبتا آڙَ;
 تَتِي گَهڙِي سُهڻِي، اَگَهَرِءَ آڏَارَ;
 ڪاري راتِ، ڪچو گَهڙو، توڏِيءَ ڪِي تَنوَارَ;
 سَنپُوڙو سِيٺاھ سِينِ، سِگهو رُسَ، سَنگهارَ!
 اوراران اهُون ڪَريان، پَهچان شَلِ پَرارَ;
 سَڻيو جهانءَ جِهجي هِنئون، سانپارا سَنپارَ;
 اَيمِ رِيلِي رِيءَ سِينِ، اَللهُ تَوِ آهارَ;
 تارِ تَرَنديسِ، لڙ لَنگِهينديسِ، وينديسِ وَتِ وِچارَ;
 پورِينديسِ پَارِ مَڻِي، سَهَسِين جِي سِيسارَ;
 گولي گهاگهائي گَهڙِي، جَڪَن ٿا جانارَ.

VAEE (FLATULENCE)

Oh dear Mehar! You may come to me and save me from the fast waves of the river. Oh my trust! Whirlpools are very deep and the water is like a flood, you must come and help me. I'm passing very hard days with my husband Dam without you. In the river, speedy wooden pieces are flowing and their opposite waves are also flowing. Suhni jumped into the water there without the help of the acquainted helper. Suhni made this sweet and very painful

cry there, "Night is very dark and the earthen pot is unbaked and fragile". Oh Buffaloes grazer! you must soon reach me with the swimming material. This side, I'll cry that I should reach my beloved soon. Oh God! With Your solace, I jumped into waves. I shall reach the other side of the river by crossing the waves in the dark and dangerous night and meet my Mehar there. I shall continue crossing and moving towards other side facing very fearful sea animals like crocodiles. The helpless girl entered into the river very happily to whom all the sea animals looked with very greedy eyes and intentions.

داستان چوٽون

سهڻيءَ کي ميهار جي گهنڊن يا چڙن مست ۽ جوشيلو ڪري ڇڏيو آهي. انهن سندس سڀ عضوا هلائي يا چوري ڇڏيا آهن. ڪاري رات جو ڪارن ڪنن ۾ ڪاريهرن جهڙا ڪڙڪا ۽ سُوسَ پيا پون ۽ سهڻيءَ کي جهول جهٽڪا پيا اچن ته به هوءَ گهنڊ جو آواز ٻڌي پرينءَ جي پاسي ڏانهن ترندي ٿي وڃي. پرين جي سار ٿي کيس جياريو آهي. کيس ساهڙ جي سرهاڻ پئي اچي. ميهار جي محبت جي اهڙي ڪا پڪ پيتي اٿس جو هوءَ بي خبر ٿي وئي آهي. غوڻن کي سهندي سندس سمجھ جهڪي ٿي ٿي وڃي ۽ هوءَ ائين پئي چوي ته ”ميهار ۽ سندس دونهن ڪٿي آهي ۽ ڪٿي سندس گهنڊ پيو وڃي يا گڙڪي جو مان انهن تي مست ٿي اهڙيءَ طرح پاڻيءَ ۾ پيئي ٻڏان! هوءَ ميهار ۽ سندس مينهن جي وڏي ڄمار لاءِ دعائون پيئي گهري. انهن جي ڪري ئي ٻيلا ٻه ٻه پيا ڪن. ميهار جي آسري ئي سندس مينهنون پيون تڳن ۽ هو ئي کين لڙ ۽ لٽ لنگهائي، سلامتيءَ جي ٻيٽ تي ٿو وٺي اچي يا آئي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 4

Suhni has been excited and attracted by the bells and musical instruments of Mehar. These bells have made her all limbs in movement. In the dark night and in the dark whirlpools, cobra snakes are making fearful sounds and Suhni faces trembles but

she hearing the voice of bells, is moving and crossing the waves and swimming towards her lover Mehar. His remembrance has made her alive. She smells fragrance of Mehar. She has drunk spittle or saliva of Mehar's love that she has been unconscious. Due to dives in the water, she has lost her senses and asks as to where is Mehar and his residence or living place and his bells are ringing which have made me unconscious and uncaredful to drown in the water. She praises for long lives of Mehar and his buffaloes for which all the forests are smelling sweet and growing continuously. Due to Mehar's services, his all buffaloes are living and he takes them to the lands safely crossing all difficult passages and currents or waves of water.

1

اَدِيُون! سڀ اندام، چَرَن مُنهنجار چوريا؛
لارَن جا لَنُو لائي، سا ڪيئن آڇيان عامر؟
لڳيس جنهن جي لامر، سو دلاسا دوست مُنجي.

Oh Sisters! The bells of Mehar have moved my organs or limbs or all my body parts. How should I tell the public the love which has been arisen by bells in my heart. The beloved whom I have followed, he is sending me messages of his health, support and success.

2

ڪارا ڪُن، ڪاري تڳي، جت ڪاريهر ڪڙڪا،
هَئي مَتي مَهران ۾، اچن دُپارا دڙڪا،
ويندي ساهڙ سامهان، جهول ڏنس جهڙڪا،
ڪرڪن جا ڪڙڪا، سُونهان تيريس سِير ۾.

Dark whirlpools and dark nights where cobra snakes are sounding dangerously, from both sides of the river, there are seen dangers and fearful scenes and sights, moving to Mehar there is a current of water, have all pressurized or stricken hardly to Suhni. The sounds of bells have become guides of Suhni in the waves of water in the river.

3

جِيَارِيسَ سَنِيَارَ، ڪُھ ڪَرِيندَمَ گڏجي؟
وِروَتَارَ وُجُودَ ۾، پَرِينءَ جِي پَچَارَ،
سَڄَنَ هُونَ نہ ڌارَ، جِي هِنئِين ۾ حَلِ ٿيا.

I have been made alive by the remembrance of the beloved. Then what will do to me when they meet me or they are together with me? I remember my beloved every time. Those dear ones will not separate me who are attached with my heart. (Beloved is united with Allah)

4

بيلي پار ٻري، مون کي چڙن چوريو،
مُحَبَّتِي مِيهَارَ جِي، سَتِي شاخ چري،
مَتِي جهُوڪَ جُهرِي، پُونديس پاريجن جِي.

At the side of forests, bells rang and I was excited and the inner love rose up. I shall sleep when I reach at the beloved living at the other side of the river.

5

هَنَ پَر سُمِرَ هُوَ، سَتِي سَنِيَارَن جِي،
چَتَ چڙن چوريو، جئونڪَ ٿيڙمَ جو،
مُحَبَّتِي مِيهَارَ جِي، بِاللہ پييمَ بو،
وِجِي رُوَ بَرُو، دِڪيان دوستَ مِيهَارَ کي.

At the time of sleeping, my heart was attracted by the sound of the bells being rung at the other side of the bank of the river and the love of my beloved stirred my consciousness and filled my heart with the desire to see him face to face at once because I smelt sweet fragrance of Mehar, I swear by God.

6

ڪَٽِي ٿيو مِيهَارَ؟ ڪَٽِي ٿو گهنڊُ گُڙي؟
ڪَٽِي ڏونهي دوستَ جِي؟ ڪَٽِي پريون پارَ؟
جَنهن مون سڀ ڄمارَ، جَر ۾ جهوئون ڏنيون.

Where is Mehar and where his bells are ringing? Where is beloved's living at the other side of the river for which I have been diving in the water for whole life?

7

ميهاران مِرڪَ، پيتائين پريمَ جي،
تنهن مُنڌَ مَتوالي ڪي، سَنديءَ ساءِ سُرڪَ،
لڳيسَ ڪام ڪِرڪَ، لوهان تڪي لَطيفُ چئي.

Suhni drank or tasted that draught of love of Mehar that intoxicated and crazed her mind very much just as an arrow of love sharper than steel stroke her, says Latif.

8

مَري تان مَ ميهارُ، وَتَانُ وَلَهُوَ مَرِئِي،
وَچِنَ جي وَچارَ جو، وَنگوئِي مَ وارُ،
ساهَرُ مُونَ سِينگارُ، ماڻهنَ لِيڪو مِهڻو.

Oh God! Mehar may not die and his cattle farm or residence may not destroy or remain empty or vanish. My beloved Mehar may live a happy life and even his hair may not be weak or be bald. Mehar (Sahar) is truly beautiful and decorated for me although my relation or attachment with him is derogatory or reproachable in the eyes of people.

9

چَاهَڪَ جَري تارَ تَري، آيُون مَٽي ٻيٽَ،
لڙ لَنگهينديُون ليٽَ، لَطَفَ سارُ لَطيفُ چئي.

After the buffaloes or herds grazed fully the pasture, crossing the deep water of the river, reached at the well of the village/island for drinking water which will gather at the call of Sahar and by God's grace they will cross the deep water, says Latif with great pleasure.

10

چاهڪَ چَري تارِ تَري، آيون مَٽي ڪُن،
 ڪوڙين ڪَر ڪَٽنديُون، ساهڙَ جي سَمَن،
 مينهُون ساڻ اَمَن، پَرَجي پارِ لَنگهنديُون.

• The buffaloes grazed fully and crossing the deep water in the river, avoided the whirlpool and reached at the well at the call of Sahar, they will reach safely with their raised heads. (In both poems/baits, there is indication of grace of the Prophet (PBUH).

داستان پنجون

سانده درياءَ آهي، ۽ ڪنڌيءَ جو ڪوبه پتون نه ٿو پوي، سير ۾ ساهه جي سوڙهه
 منجهائي ۽ سمورا ڏوهه ساري جان ڏڪي ٿي. اهڙي هنڌ هيءَ ديواني گهڙي ٿي پوي، سڪ
 وارن جو واهرو پرين آهي، انهن لاءِ تار ترڻ آسان آهي، هوبنا ترهي جي گهڙنديون ته به سائر
 درياهه ٻوڙي نه ٿو سگهي، جيڪي ساهه جو سانگي لاهي پريل مهراڻ ۾ گهڙيا سي پار پيا.
 جن کي ساهڙ لاءِ سڪ آهي، تن لاءِ هن پَروچڻ واجب آهي، سهڻي اڌ رات جو ڪُنن ۾ ٿي
 گهڙي، جنهن وقت ماڻهو سڀ ننڊ ۾ آهن. ڌڻيءَ جا عاشق به آڏيءَ جو پرينءَ ڏانهن سفر
 ڪن ٿا، هو دنيا جي پاڻيءَ ۾ پنهنجو پاند نه ٿا پُٽائين.

سهڻي ايئن مري ها ته ٻين ماڻهن وانگر هجي ها پر عشق ۾ ٻڏي مئي. سو پنهي
 جهانن ۾ سُرخرو ٿي وئي. جن جون اکيون سپرينءَ ۾ آهن تن کي ساگر چهي نه ٿو سگهي،
 سهڻي لاءِ درياهه ۾ ڪوبه خطرو نه هو پر هر ڪا لهر لعلن سان پُر ۽ ڪٿوريءَ کان سرس
 هئي. خدا جي مردن لاءِ به روحاني سفر ايئن آهي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 5

The river is continuously spread out so there is no indication of the side and sight of the residence of the beloved. In the waves, breath is suffocated and all sins and wrong doings when remembered, the whole body is trembling. In such side, the unconscious lady has entered into the river. The beloved is helper

of the lovers who always remains in the longing of their beloveds. For them the swimming in the fast flow of water is very easy. If they jump in the water without any swimming material, the river cannot drown them.

Who without caring their existence entered into the fully filled up river, they succeeded to cross it. Who long for the beloved, it is their duty to meet them at the other side of the river. Suhni, enters into the whirlpools in the midnight when all people are sleeping and are not awakening. God fearing people are also travelling to their beloveds in the midnight. They do not wet their clothes in the water in this world.

If Suhni had died like other people, she wouldn't have been remembered but she drowned and died in the river so she has been rewarded mercy of God in both the worlds of God. Who see their beloveds and keep their eyes into dears, the water of the river cannot harm them. Suhni had no danger in the river but it was decorated with jewels of diamonds and pearls and perfumed with fragrance having more sweet smell than musk. For God fearing people, spiritual travel is alike also.

1

سانده سڀ درياه، پري ڪنڌي پار جي،
 چڪي چوليءَ ۾ گهڙي، جتي جي وڙاه
 پسيو ڏوه ڏڪي هنئون، ر مٿي اُوراج،
 جي توه ٿئي تو ڏانهن، ته وير وهينو ناه ڪي.

The river is spread out continuously and other side is very far away. This frantic girl has entered into those waves where there is danger of death. In the waves, the breath is suffocating and remembering her all sins, so her heart is trembling. Oh God! the wave cannot harm, if your kindness is with us.

2

سڪڻ وارن سُڙو، جي دهشت سان درياه،
 اوڙڪ اُئين جو نه رهي، آڙينا ارواح،

ويندي ساهڙ سامهون، صدقو ڪنديون ساهُ،
جن کي حُبُ انهن جي آه، ساهڙ ساڻي تن جو.

If the river is dangerous or full of fears, for lovers, it is easy to cross. Their spirit cannot live till the last moment without water. Lovers lose their breaths or sacrifice themselves in going to Mehar (Sahar). Who have love with Sahar, he is their helper and protector.

3

گهڙياسي چڙهيا، ايئن اٿيئي،
مئي مٽي مهراڻ ۾، پئو ٿيو ڏيئي،
ته ميهار مليئي، سنيوڙو سيٿاه سين.

Who entered into the river, they crossed it successfully. You should jump into the full river, Mehar will soon reach you for help or along with the helping hand. (Who are not caring for their existence and jump into the water, God protects them with helping hand).

4

اڪيون منهن ميهار ڏي، رڪيون جن جوڙي،
رءُ سَنَدُ سَيدُ چئي، تار گهڙن توڙي،
تنين کي پوڙي، سائڙ سگهي ڪين ڪي.

Who glanced at Mehar and entered into the full water of the river without swimming material or tool, they cannot be drowned in the river or the river cannot drown them.

5

جيڏانهن چت چاهُ گهڻو، آر به اوڏانهين،
وڃي وه واکا ڪيو، تڪو تيڏانهين،
ميهار ملائين، لهرن منجهه، لطيف چئي.

My heart is attracted by the side, there is fast flow of water. That side, the water of the river is roaring and roaming Oh God! You may contact me Mehar in the flow of the current of the river.

6

پَلِيَانِ پَلِيُو نہ رهي، نِرَتُونِ نِينُهَنِ نَبَارُ،
گَهَرَانِ گَهَوِرِيُو چَنَدُووا، اُتَلِ مُونِ اُپَارُ،
جَنِينِ مَنِ مِيهَارُ، هَلَنُ تَنِينِ حَقُ تِيُو.

My pure love cannot be curbed or checked even tried sternly,
I jump or enter in the water and sacrifice my life as I have great
stir for love in my heart or mind. In whose heart, Mehar dwells,
they must or it is their duty to go to the other bank of the river.

7

سَنَدُو دَمَرُ دَهَكَارُ، هَذَهِينِ كُونَهِي هِنِ كِي،
هِيءِ پَاتِيءِ سِينِ پَانَهِنَجُو، پُسَائِي نہ سِينِگَارُ،
كَارُنِ مُنَدِ مِيهَارُ، كَارِيءِ رَاتِ كُنِ تَرِي.

Suhni has no care or fear from her husband Dam. She does
not make her dress impure with the worldly desires. This wife or
lady swimmer drowns in the waves of water in the river for
meeting Mehar only.

8

جِيَهَرُ لَوڪُ جَهَپَ كَرِي، ذَرُو جَاڳَ نہ هُوءِ،
اَوَهِيَرِ اچِيُو، اديُون! پَهَ پَرِيَانِ جُو پَوءِ،
جِي كَچُو چَوَنِمِ كَوءِ، تہ مَرڪُ پَانِيَانِ مِهُتُو.

When people are sleeping and do not awake, that time oh
my sisters or friends! I care for beloved. If people reproach me for
that I feel it pride for me. (For lovers, reproaches are like delightness).

9

تہ كَرَكِينِءِ سَئي؟ سِر نہ گَهَرِي سَهْٽِي،
هَتِ حِيَاتِيءِ دِينَهَرَا، هَذَ هِنِ تَانِ نہ هُئي،
چُڪِي تَنَهِنِ چَرِي كُئي، جُو دَنَسُ اُنِ دُهي،
سُهْٽِيءِ كِي، سِيَدُ چَئي، وَدُو قَرَبَ كُهي،
هُنَئِينِ هُونَدُ مَئي، پَرِ بَدِيءِ جَا بِيْٽَا تِيَا.

If Suhni had not entered into the wave, her name and fame would not have spread or lived for ever. Here (this world) she would not have lived. The sip of love that had been drunk to Suhni by Mehar, that made her intoxicated or much attracted her madly. She would have died normally, but when drowned and vanished, she got double reward of graciousness and martyrdom. (Martyr has great grandeur here and there (In this world and the world to come). In true love or sacred love to achieve martyrdom is great thing or prize).

10

ڪا جا ڪُن ڪَرِين، پنيءَ پُڻ جُهڻ پاڻ ۾،
اُڪيون تنهن آبِ ڪي، آڏيءَ اُڪيرين،
توڻي تڪون ڏين، ته به اُڃ اُٺين نه لهي.

In the early morning, the whirlpools whisper something themselves in such a manner that my eyes yearn or long for seeing that water. The true lovers drink draught by gulps, their thirst is not quenched.

11

دائِر جا ڌرياڻ ۾، سا مڃي ڪني ڪو؟
اَھس اِي اُنڊو، پاڻي ڪٿي ته پيان.

The fish which always remains or lives in the water in sea or river, it drinks the water. (Human being has also the same habit not to recognize the importance of light of true love and therefore he gets strayed).

12

لهر مڙوئي لال، وهن ڪٿوريان وترو،
اوڀارا غبير جا، جر مان آچن جال،
ڪُنن گهڙي ڪال، سڪ پريان جي سُهڻي.

For Suhni, every wave of the river is full of diamonds and more fragrant than musk. From the water, she gets much fragrance

for which, she jumped into the whirlpools yesterday.

13

جيڪي ڏٺا تارِ ۾، ڪنڌيءَ سو ڪهيڄ جُرُ،
جُرُ وڌو، جهاجهه گهڻي، پاندمر پُڻاڻيڄ،
ساهڙ ساڱاهيڄ، ته ثابت لنگهين سير مان.

Oh Suhni! what you saw in the sea, you should give the account at the side of the sea. The water is much or abundant, you do not wet your dress or be faithful to Mehar (Sahar). You should recognize Sahar (Mehar) so that you can cross the waves safely.

14

جاهڙ آندر جي، ساهڙ ڏني ساهه ڪي،
ساهڙ چڙي نه ساهه جي، ساهڙ ساهڙ ري
ساهڙ ميڙ، سميع! ته ساهڙ چڙي ساهه جي.

What attachment, Sahar has given to my heart, that will not open without Sahar. Oh hearer (God)! meet me Sahar so that the difficulty or confusion or suffocation I feel in my breath should be removed or vanished.

وائي 3

اڪيون پير ڪري، ويججي، وو! ويججي،
سُريان جي ڳالهڙي ڪنهن سان ڪين ڪجي،
لڪائي لوڪ ڪان، ڳجهڙي ڳوٺ نجي،
مُحبتيءَ ميهار جو، سور نه ڪنهن سلجي.

VAEE (FLATULENCE)

Making the eyes as feet, walk, and walk there. Nobody should be told about the beloved. Hiding him, take him to your home or village. The pain or difficulty of the longing or love of the beloved (Sahar) should not be disclosed with anybody. (In heart love should be covered or enclosed).

داستان چھون

جڏهن الله تعاليٰ اڃان هي جهان نه ٺاهيو هو تڏهن فقط سندس ئي حسن موجود هو ۽ سالڪن ساڻس تڏهن ئي پيچ پاتو هو. جڏهن پاڻ روحن کان پڇيو هو ائين ته مان اوهان جو رب نه آهيان؟ تڏهن ئي عارفن پنهنجي دل ۾ سندس نالو رکيو آهي. تمثيل يا مثال ۾ ايئن چئجي ته سهڻيءَ تڏهن کان. بلڪ ان کان اڳ ميهار سان نينهن اڙايو هو. جيڪي شروع ۾ سندس حق ۾ لکيل هو سوئي کيس گذارڻو پيو. الله جي عاشقن کي به ازل کان ئي شهادت لکيل هئي، سهڻيءَ جي اندر ۾ عشق جي اهڙي اُڃ آهي جا سمنڊ پيئڻ سان به لهڻ جي نه آهي، ساگر ڇڻ هن لاءِ هڪ سرڪي آهي.

سهڻي ان وقت ڪُنن ۾ ڪاهي پوي ٿي جڏهن چنڊ جو نشان به نه هو ۽ درياھ ۾ هيبتناڪ هلُ هو. درياھ گهٽن کي ٻوڙيو آهي، پر هن خود درياھ کي ٻوڙي ڇڏيو. اي سهڻي! (اي سالڪ) ساهڙ (حقيقي محبوب) ڏانهن ويندي ڪو ترهو ساڻ نه ڪٺ. هو ٻڌندڙن کي سير مان ڪلهن تي چاڙهي پار ٿو ڪري.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 6

When God had not created this world, there was only His beauty and God fearing people had got His attachment. When God asked all spirits that He was not their Creator. At that time, saints kept His name in their hearts. For example, it can be said that Suhni then was attached or before that time, with Mehar. Which was return in her fate from the beginning, she has passed in the test accordingly. The lovers of God were also rewarded martyrdom from the beginning. Suhni is so much thirsty that is not quenched even by drinking all the water of the river or sea. The whole ocean is like a sip for her. Suhni jumped into water at that time when there was sight of the light of the moon and in the river there was noise of whirlpools of the water. The river has drowned many people but Suhni herself drowned the river or sea. Oh Suhni! Going to Sahar, do not take with you a swimming tool. He crosses the waves to all the drowned people, by taking them on His shoulders

1

ساهڙ جا سينگار، اُن لکيا اڳي هئا،
 نڪاڪُنَ فيڪون هئي، نڪا ٻي پڄار،
 مَلڪِنِشا مَهَندي هئي، توڙي جي تنوار
 مُحَبَّت سان ميهار، لايائين لطيفُ چئي.

The beauty of Sahar (Mehar) was already in existence before the writing of the nature. Still there was not the order of "Be and it became" and not any other conversation but before the birth of angels, the sweet talk by Suhni had been heard and learnt. She at that moment attached herself love with Mehar.

2

گهيڙ لنگهيو گهاري، ميثاقان ميهار ڏي،
 اَلَسْتُ بِرَبِّكُمْ، قالو بلي، پراها پاري،
 ڏسيو ڏيڪاري، پرت پريان جو پيڇرو.

Suhni had known all ways and crossing spots of the river since the beginning. That day was when God asked souls, "Am I not your creator? And the souls had replied "Yes". She also made that promise as promised by souls. She herself shows others the same path which she had seen to meet her beloved.

3

اَلَسْتُ اَرِواحِنَ كي، جڏهن چيائون،
 ميثاقان ميهار سين، لڌيون مون لائون
 سو موٽي ڪيئن پانهون؟ جو محفوظان معاف ٿيو.

On the beginning day when God asked souls, "Am I not your creator?. That moment I Suhni married with Mehar. Whatever is written in nature, how it will not become true or it will not happen.

4

اَلَسْتُ اَرَوَا حِنَ كِي، جَذَهِن اُمُرُ كِيَو اَحَدُ،
 هُو مَنَ كايو ميهارَ ڏي، سهڻيءَ سِڪَنَ سَدَ،
 دِلو دَوَرُ دَرِياهَ جِي، كِيو اِرادي اَدَ،
 جيڪي ايسَ ڏانهن عَهْدَ، سو پارِي مُنڌَ پاتارَ ۾.

On the beginning day when God, the One, asked Souls, "Am I not your Creator"? Since that day Suhni's heart was drawn to Mehar and she desired to love him. The destiny or the fate broke her earthen pot in half in the waves of the river. What was covenant, the woman fulfilled it in the bottom of the river.

5

اَلَسْتُ اَرَوَا حِنَ كِي، جَذَهِن جاڳايو جَلِيلَ،
 سَنئينَ راهَ، سَيَدُ چُئي، سونائونَ سَبِيلَ،
 وحدتَ جِي واديءَ ۾، ڪوڙينَ ڪِي قَلِيلَ،
 دَرِياهَ جِي دَڪِيلَ، لَڪينَ لَهوارا ڪيا.

When Almighty God aroused the souls with the question "Am I not your Creator" since then Suhni has been in search of the righteous path, says Syed. Only few out of millions in the valley of Oneness, found it. Many are drowned by the delusion of the river.

6

ڪامان، پچان، پچران، لُچان ۽ لوچان،
 تَنَ ۾ تَونسَ پَريُنَ جِي، پيانَ نہ ڀاپان،
 جِي سمنڊَ منهن ڪريان، توءَ سُرڪيائي نہ ٿئي.

I become weak, hot, parch, boiled and trembled but I am thankful to my love. I have so much thirst of longing to meet my beloved that it does not quench even I drink a lot of water. If the whole sea, I put into my mouth, it is not even a sip for my endless thirst.

7

ڪاري رات، ڪچو گهڙو، اُتُنيھِ اونداھي،
چنڊ نالو ناهِ ڪو، درياھِ ڏڙ لائي،
ساهڙ ڪارڻ سُھڻي، آڏيءَ ٿي آئي،
اي ڪمِ الاهي، ناتُ ڪُنن ۾ ڪير گهڙي؟

It is 29th dark night and Suhni takes carelessly or being unknown a raw earthen Vessel. Suhni came at the river at the midnight for Mehar. It happened due to wishes of God that Suhni put herself in the whirlpools of the river.

8

ڪاري رات، ڪچو گهڙو، نڪا سيٺھ ساڻ،
وجهي ويرم نہ ڪري، پريان ڪارڻ پاڻ،
مُحَبَّتَ ڪي مھراڻ، سُڪي سَڀ پَتَ ٿيو،

The night is dark and raw Vessel and no swimming material is with her. She did not wait even for a while and jumped into the water for her beloved in the river or sea. Before loyalty or love of Suhni, the sea became drought plain. (True love defeats sea, mountain and even desert).

9

اورارِ نہ پَرارِ، ويچارِ وَهَ وِج ۾،
سُڪيءَ ڏنيءَ سُپرين، ٻيو مڙوئي تارِ
تون گهڙ، ڪير نہارِ، ٻڌندڻ سين ٻاجهون ڪري.

Humble Suhni is neither at this side nor at other side but she is in the midway. Her beloved is at the dry side of the river but in the middle there is only water. Oh Suhni! (Oh dear)! do not sleep here and there but enter into the water. God helps the drowning lovers or beloved.

10

هِن پَارِ، نَه هُنَ، وَيچاري وَه وِچ ۾،
 نيچُ نِهاري نِه گهڙي، تنهن ۾ پيسن تَن،
 اَلله! ساڻ اَمَن، آران ڪنهن اُڪارئين.

Neither this side or the bank nor that side or bank of the river, the helpless/hapless lady remained in the middle of the current of water as without checking or seeing at the earthen pot/jar which had a hole, jumped or entered into the river, Oh God (Protector)! With peace and safety, You may pass or cross this source less lady from the fast or swift flow or current of the water in the river.

11

سُهسين سائِرَ گجَن، توءَ سَهجَ نِه مَتي سُهڻي،
 تِه ڪي نينهن چِجَن، پَر تهين پَرِين جي؟

Although many oceans are roaring yet Suhni does not change her intention or behaviour. In this way, lovers cannot be separated or denied or avoided. (True love cannot be avoided even in hardships and difficulties).

12

سُپيريان جي تُرهي، بُڏي! هَتُ مَ لاءِ،
 صَباحُ تو چونداءِ: "اسان تو اُڪاريو."

Oh drowning girl! do not touch the swimming tools or raft offered by your beloved. In the day of judgment, they will reproach you, "we crossed you the other side or they helped you to cross".

13

سُپيريان جي تُرهي، بُڏين، توءَ مَ لڳ،
 جي پائين پرينءَ مِڙان، تِه پُور اُبتي وِڳ،
 پاءُ تيدانهن پَڳ، ناهِ جيڏاهين نِجُهرُو.

If you drowned in the water, you do not take raft or any float of your beloved as helper or supporter to cross the waves. If you want to meet your beloved, go opposite or swim in opposite direction of the flow of water. Take your steps that side where there is no safe way or place of any safety to cross the waves of the water in the river.

14

سُڪيءَ ٻُڌن جي، ساهڙ ساڻي تن جو،
لهرن سرِ لطيف چئي، ڪلهن جاڙهيون،
جي پڇن پنڌ پري، تن اُماڻي اورهُون.

Who are drowning in the dry (before drowning they do not care for life or who think themselves dead), their helper is Sahar (God). He puts them or carry them on their shoulders and cross them upon the waves of water. The beloveds or dear ones who asked for the destination, he crosses them just as it was very near or at very near distance.

15

سُڪيءَ جي سانباهه، ٻُڌين، توءِ ٻُڌ،
ڪڪ، ڪانڊيرا، ڪائون، ميڙي، ٻڌ ۾ مڏ
نڪو ساهڙ سڏ، نڪا سُجھي سُهڻي.

To reach on the dry side (to meet Sahar) if you drowned, then you are allowed to drown. By collecting straws and thistles, do not make there raft and float then there will neither be any sound of Sahar (Mehar) nor any cry of Suhni will be heard.

16

جي تو بيت پانين، سي آيتون آهين،
نيو من لائين، پريان سندي پار ڏي.

What you think poems, they are actually verses or spiritual directions or instructions, or guidance. They attach the heart or

conscience of a man with God Almighty's obedience or abode or side or place.



داستان ستون

انسان کي ٻوڙڻ ۽ تارڻ وارو الله ئي آهي، ٻئي ڪنهن جي به هتي نه حُجت ۽ هَمارَ آهي، جو هي ڪم ڪري. هو ئي شال دنيا جي ڪارونپار ۾ مدد ڪري، سهڻي ساهڙ جي محبت ۾ ٻڏي مري وئي نه سندس ڪو ڪانڌي ٿيو نه کيس ڪو ڪفن ڏنو ويو. ڪانگ ۽ ڳڳه سندس ڪانڌي ٿيا ۽ درياءُ سندس جنازو ڪڍيو. سندس ٻڏڻ کان پوءِ ئي ساهڙ کيس سڏ ڪندو سير ۾ وڃي ٿو ملي. هو ملاحن کي مدد لاءِ پُڪاري ٿو ۽ درد مان درياه تي دانهي ٿو. قيامت ڏينهن به پاڻ فريادي درياه تي هوندو. سهڻيءَ جي سڪ اڙلي ۽ اصلي آهي ته ساهڙ جو نينهن سائس ابدي ٿيو پوي. تڪو طوفان هجي يا درياه تار ته به اهو ٻڌندو ئي ڪو نه جنجو ساهڙ ساڻي آهي. اي سالڪ! تون به اندر آئيني وانگر اچو اوچر ڪر ته محبوب جو مشاهدو ماڻي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 7

God drowns and saves the human being. No other can either interfere or boast to do so. May He help guide all in the dark world. Suhni drowned and died in the waves of water in the river in the love of Mehar (Sahar).

Neither she was taken in the corpse-bearer or path-bearer nor she was given any shroud or a winding sheet. Crows and stalks birds served her as corpse- bearer and also funeral. After her death, Sahar met calling her in the waves of water. He calls fishermen for her help and complains God against the river.

On the day of judgment, he himself will write first report against the river. The love of Suhni is true and original since the start of universe or this world. So the love of Sahar becomes also original, immortal and eternal.

Even in case of volcano, storm or if the river is full of water,

that men cannot drown whose helper is Sahar (lover). Oh human being! you may clean your inner or eternal behaviour like a shining glass so that you can observe the sight of your beloved.

1

ٻوڙئين، چاڙهيئين، تون ڏٺي، ٻئي جو دعويٰ رسي نه ڏم،
هن منهنجي حال جو، ميهڙ تي معلوم،
رڪ پيلي جو پيرم، جو اچي پيو اجهور ڀر.

Oh God! drown or rise (drown), no other one can do so, Mehar only knows about me, kindly protect my raw earthen Vessel as it becomes very fragile and breaks into pieces.

2

کانڌي ڪنگ ٿياس، وهن جنازو سهڻي،
بگها جي ٻيٽن جا، ڪلهائن ڏناس،
اڪئين ملڪ ڏناس، توءَ من ڪاڍو ميهڙ ڏي.

The corpse bearers of Suhni were crows and other birds of rivers and the river took her corpse stretcher. The cranes gave her shoulders with her eyes, she asking angels (Munkar Nakeer) or (refugees and answer givers) but her attention was inclined or busy with Mehar.

3

اُڀو تڙ ميهڙ، ملاحن سڏ ڪري،
آئون پڻ وجهان هٿڙا، ايئن پڻ وجهو چاڙ،
گهريون ڪارونپاڙ، مان ملنئون سپرين.

Standing on the river side, Mehar calls all fishermen there and request them, "I put my hands in the water and you should spread your net in the water". Then jointly we all try to find out the dead and drowned body of Suhni. May we receive my beloved, Suhni.

4

ڪنڌيءَ جهليو ڪانهن، عاشقُ اُيو آهون ڪري،
 تو ڪيئن ٻوڙي سهڻي؟ ٻيلي مُنهنجي ٻانهن،
 درياه! توتي ڏانهن، ڏيندس ڏينهن قيامَ جي.

At the river side, Mehar is crying catching in his hands the seasonal grass and saying, "oh friend river, "how and why you drowned my wife Suhni? I shall submit my first report against you on the day of judgment.

5

جتي پيرَ پرن، پُريُون پون پواريون،
 تانگه نہ لڏي تارئين، مَپُ نہ ماتيڙن،
 ڪنڌيءَ اُپا ڪيترا، سيڻا هيا سنڪن،
 تون ڪيئن تن تڙن، اُچيو، اُساري! گهڙين؟

Where whirlpools and slides are falling or crumbling, swimmers cannot know the bottom and earthen pot swimmers did not get information of the deepness, the people standing at the sides of the river with their swimming tools and bags are fearing or feeling danger, at such dangerous spots, how oh careless! you Jumped into the deep unknown and unmeasured water?

6

سانپارا سڏ ڪيو، اُپا چَوَنِم: "آءُ"،
 هڪ تڪوئي تار وهي، ٻيو لڙ لهرِيُون ۽ واءُ،
 ساڻي جن الله، ٻُجهان سي نہ ٻُڏنديُون.

Standing on the other bank of the river, my beloved calls me and says, "Come"! Firstly, the river water is deep and flowing very fast and on the other, there is roar of the turbulent waves and also the storm is blowing. I am of the staunch belief that they will never drown whom God protects or helps.

7

هاري! حَقُّ رڪيڇ، سانپارا ساهڙ جو،
 خواب، خيال خطر، تن کي تَرَڪُ ڏئيڇ،
 اندرُ آئينو ڪري، پَرِ ۾ سوڀسيڇ،
 انهيءَ راهَ رَميڇ، تہ مُشاہدو مائئين.

Oh careless girl! recognize the closely standing Sahar. You should avoid all your whims and fears. Clean your mind and heart like a glass so that you can see your beloved. In this way or if you adopt this way, you can see your beloved Sahar or Mehar.

8

سانپارا سيئي، تَنُ جنين جو طالبو،
 مَنُ پريان نيئي، پڳهيو پاڻ ڳري،

Those beloveds are in infront for whom my heart is longing for. My beloved has fastened highly my heart with him.

داستان انون

ٻڌڻ وقت ڪي طاقتون ٻوڙن ۾ هٿ وجهي بيهن ٿا، ڏسو ڪڪن کي ڪيڏي مهر آهي، اُهي يا تہ ٻڌندڙ کي ڪناري تي آئين ٿا، يا درد ۽ سچائيءَ سان پاڻ سان سير ۾ هلن ٿا، سَرَ جو ڪمزور ڪانو بہ اونھائيءَ مان ڪيڏي پار ڪري ٿو، اها ڪڪن جي ڳالھ يا ساراھ جتي ڪٿي مشهور آهي.

اي طالب! تون بہ پنهنجو ترھو سو گھو ڀڪڙ اونھي ۾ پيو ڪو بہ مددگار نہ ٿيندء، جيئن سھڻيءَ کي ڪڇي دلي جي ٻاھرئين ڏيک ۽ رنگ روپ ڀلايو، تيئن انسان کي بہ جوانيءَ جي دور ۾ ٻاھريون حُسن ڀلايو ڇڏي، انساني جوين ۽ جمال کي اھڙوئي جٽاءُ آھي، جھڙو پاڻيءَ ۾ ڪڇي گھڙي کي انسان ويچارو عاجز ۽ بي وس آھي. رڳو مٿس محبوب جي سڄي نظر ھجي تہ جيئن ڪمزور دلگير نہ ٿئي، ساهڙ جي صلاح ئي ٻُڌن کي پار مان ڪيڏي ٿي نہ تہ هنن ويچارن ۾ سير ۾ ڪو بہ سَت نہ ٿو رھي، سچن سالڪن آڏو موت اچي سامھون بيھي تہ بہ سھڻيءَ وانگر سندن لاڙو محبوب ڏانھن آھي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 8

At the drowning time, some strong people, catch the grass and protect them from the waves. See how much the straws and grass are kind and sympathetic. They either take the drowning to the sides of the river or faithfully and truly move them in the waves. Even very weak reed straws cross them from the deepness of water.

These qualities of straws are praised every where. Oh demanding man! catch the swimming tool tightly because in the deepness of water, nobody can be your helper. Just as Suhni had been misguided by the beautiful look of an earthen pot, like that the human being in his youth is also impressed and misguided by the attraction of the open beauty.

The youth and beauty of a human being have alike durability as a raw earthen vessel or pot has. The human being is fragile and feeble. He needs a loveable and faithful sympathy of his beloved so as he should not feel dejection and distress.

The advice of Sahar (beloved) takes the drowned away from all the waves otherwise they become so much feeble on the waves that they are unable to move. If in front of true lovers, the death appears, Suhni like lovers and beloveds have only beloved in their minds and hearts.

1

هُڏندي ٻوڙن کي، کي هاتڪ هٿ وجهن،
پَسو لڄ، لطيف چئي، کيڏي کي ڪڍڻ،
توڻي ڪنڌيءَ ڪن، نات سائڻ وڃن سير ۾.

At the drowning time, some sensible and active people catch the plants of the grass for protection purpose. See how much even these straws and grass are kind and sympathetic. They take the drowning to the sides of the river or travel with them as sympathizers.

2

ڪڇي ڪاٺي ڪانهن، ٻڏا ڪڍي ٻار ۾،
يا لنگهائي، لطيف چئي، يادريان ڪري ڏانهن،
ڪما حق ڪڪن جي، آهي ڳالهه اڳانهه
جيڪي ڏي ٻڏن کي ٻانهن، نات ساڻن وڃن سير ۾.

The weak reed plants take out the drowned from the deep water. Either they cross them or in the beginning they cry sorrowfully and painstakingly. It is very famous about these grass plants as it is common. Either they help the drowned or travel with them in sympathy.

3

آهئين هٿ اُمان، ٻڏ ٿرهو تار جو،
لهريون، لڙ لطيف چئي، جهليا جنگ جوان
اونهي تر آ گهٽيا، آڏي پائي آن،
جي پيا منهن مهران، تن ٻانڏن ٻيٽ نه اُجهي.

You have to go there (other world) at last. You should fasten raft or float in the deep water. The waves and currents of water stopped young people. They stopped in the deep and accepted their weakness. Who jumped into the river or sea those travelers or swimmers do not like to stay at the land (or safe place).

4

ڪڇي سان ڪهي، پڪو پڇي نه سُهڻي،
لنگهيو، لڙ، لطيف چئي، وڃارن وهي،
سا ڪئن نينهن نه؟ جنهن کي نينهن نڌو ڪڍي.

Suhni goes to the river with the unbaked jar or earthen pot; she does not care for the baked one. She crosses the turbulent water, says Latif, goes to her herdsman beloved. How that one overcomes the love by which one has already been over powered?

5

ڪڍيا جي ڪُلال، سي پسي خال خوش ٿئي،
 پاڻيءَ جُٽ پُڻاڻيا، ڌاءُ نه جهلي ڌمال،
 سڀڪَ ڀانڀا سُهڻيءَ، جوين جي جمال
 آڪي جا احوال، مُعلمُ ٿيا مهران ڀر.

The paintings and flowers painted on the earthen Vessel by the Potter, Suhni became happy to see them. The water erased those paintings and the colours faded away. The intoxicated of the youth beauty, Suhni thought it a parched earthen pot. The sea or river made known the raw or the parched position of the pot.

6

ڪچو تان ڪوہ؟ پڪو نَظَرُ پرينءَ جو،
 ساهڙُ منهنجو سپيرين، ڏم ڏنيئي ڏوہ،
 جي ڇتو جي چوہ، تہ پورينديس پار مٿي.

If the pot is raw or the parched, then what? The sight of my beloved is firm and hard. Sahar is my beloved, to see Dam is great sin. If the storm is fast or the river's water has fast flow, I shall go to my beloved at the other side where he is having rest or living.

7

ڪچي ڪٽ نه جهليو، ڀيلو ڀيو پُري،
 سارَ ڇڏيائين سير ڀر، ٻانهن کان ٻُري،
 لَٽي لهريون ويئون، چوڌاري چُري
 هيئنڙي مَنجھ هُري، ماهيت مَلڪ الموت جي.

The unbaked pot could not bear the force of waves and water, therefore the pot broke into pieces. Suhni tried to swim but her arms tried to close and then she dedicated herself to the waves and mixed herself with the water. Waves surrounded her body and drowned her. In her heart, there was the picture of the death angel (Izraaeel).

8

پيلي ٻُلائي، ڀسي ڇٽَ چري ٿئي،
 ”هَر! هَر! هُڏي سهڻي!“ ويرن ۾ وائي،
 ڪڇي ڪيرائي، لال لهرن وچ ۾.

Suhni was misguided by the unbaked earthen pot as she was attracted by its paintings. The cries came from the waves, “Hi! Hi! Suhni drowned and went into the waves of water. The unbaked Vessel or pot drowned this diamond and pearl and so waves, carried her through the water.

9

پڪو گڻج پاڻ سين، ڇڱو ڇٽائي،
 ڪڇو ڏيڇ ڪلال ڪي، مُنهن تي مَوٽائي،
 سو سُنُ هنئين سين! جيڪي فائق فرمائي،
 مَوڃون مُنجهائي، مارينئي مهراڻ جون.

Oh Suhni! take a parched pot, get it painted carefully, take it. First of all unbaked pot should be given back to the potter personally. Oh Suhni! what God said, follow it meticulously otherwise, the waves of the river will drown you or kill you. (God has said take His also a firm source otherwise you will be harassed and perplexed).

10

پُر، پَلپرا سُپرين! ڀلا ۾ بيراہ
 توريءَ تاري ناه ڪا، والي! تورءَ واہ
 ساهڙ جي صلاح. تن ڪي ڪڍي تار مان.

Oh kind merciful! You may return and meet me in hardship. Oh owner! without You, I have neither source nor strength. The consolation of Sahar's kindness and agreement protects from the waves of the water. (Sahar here means guide, God Almighty).

تَنَ کي کَڍي تارِ مان، صُلحُ ساهڙَ جو،
اُت آڏو اچي کين کي، پيليپو پئي جو،
ميهڙَ کج منهنجو، ڪو اوکُ ڪنهن آڙ تان.

Agreement and kindness of Sahar, takes away from the waves of water. There is no other source to help. Oh Mehar! you only can bestow salvation or protection from the waves and whirlpools of the river, sea, ocean etc. (In this world also, we need kindness, mercy and graciousness of God Almighty (Ameen).



داستان نائون

جَل ٿر ۽ وڻ ٿڻ ۾ هڪ ئي محبوب جي وائي آهي. هستي رڳو حبيب کي آهي، ٻي ڪنهن به شيءِ کي وجود نه آهي، هر ڪا شيءِ منصور وانگر ”اناالحق“ جو نعرو پيئي هڻي، منصور ته هڪ هو، جو ڪُٺو ويو، پُرهتي ته سهسين منصور آهن. سُوريءَ تي چاڙهجي سو ڪنهن کي چاڙهجي! پاڻي هڪ آهي پر لهرن کي لکين لباس آهن، حق تعاليٰ هڪ آهي، پر کيس سُهسين رنگ ۽ روپ آهن.

سندس انت ۽ پار ڪونهي، سندس مشاهدي ماڻڻ لاءِ هرڪا خواهش ترڪ ڪرڻي آهي. پرينءَ کي ملڻ ڪو سولو نه آهي، قيامت ڏينهن وصال ملي ته به ويجهو چئبو. طالب جي وَس ۾ رڳو سُهڻيءَ وارو ذوق آهي، نه عشق جو انت آهي، نه معشوق جو، هن پنڌ ۾ بيحد سڪ گهرجي، ري سراهيءَ سَل سُهڻا آهن ۽ ري ڪُوري جلڻو آهي. کي پنهنجي جفا، کي سائينءَ جي همراهيءَ شال هو ڪا رَنڊڪ اڳيان نه وجهي، عاشق اهو، جو ساعت جي جدائي کي سڄڻ جو وڏو رُس سمجهي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 9

Every where in water and land or desert, there is only one name to be heard and taken. All might is to only the creator (Allah) no other thing has durable existence. Everything is like Mansoor's slogan of "Ana-al-Haq". Mansoor was only one who

was murdered and killed but here in this world there are many Mansoors. To whom we put on gallows.

Water is one but waves have many shapes of waves. God is only one but His colours or shapes vary. He has neither end nor place or living abode. We have to cease our every greedy desire to associate or see to Him. It is very difficult and hard to meet the beloved. It will be considered very close or near if meeting with Him is destined even at the day of judgment. The man with this desire has only the attachment of love like Suhni.

There is neither an end to love nor end to the meeting with the beloved. In this field, there is only need of continuous and eternal longing for. Beautiful people are without antimony and then to be burnt in the oven. Some with their own efforts and others with the kindness of helper (God).

May God not put any sort of hindrance to reach this destination. Lover can be called who does not tolerate a short while separation of his beloved and consider a moment in separation as his end of life.

1

جَرِ تَرِ تَکِ تَنَوَارَ، وَنِ تَنِ وَائِي هِيڪَڙِي،
سِيئِي شِيءِ تِيَا، سُوڙِيءِ سَزَاوَارَ،
هَمَہَ مَنصُورَ هَزَارَ، ڪَهڙَا چَاڙهِيو چَاڙهِيئِن.

In the water or on the land every where it is reportedly heard, "I am God", for that purpose every repeater of these words is liable to be hanged. Thousands things are like Mansoor Halaj, who will be reserved for hanging.

2

سَيَتِ پِچارِ پَرِيئِن جِي، سَيَتِ هَوَتِ حُضُورَ،
مُلُڪَ مَڙِيو مَنصُورَ، ڪَهِي ڪَهَندين ڪِيَتَرَا؟

At all spots or places, the beloved is being remembered. The whole universe is Mansoor, how many did you kill and will kill.

3

لَهَرِن لَڪَ لِبَاسَ، پاڻي پَسَنُ هِيڪَڙو،
 اُونهِي تَنهِن عَمِيقَ جِي، واري چڏو مَاسَ
 جِتَ ناهِ نِهايتَ نِينهن جِي، ڪوئِ اُتَ پَنهنجي ڪاسَ،
 تَڙن جِي تَلاسَ، لاهِ تَه لالَن لَڳِ تئينَ.

Waves have many lacs or multi shapes and dresses but water is alike one in sight. For that deep ocean, you may stop thinking. Where love is limitless or love has no end and limit, there you should avoid desiring anything. For spots or places (which are safe or peaceful) stop searching them so that the beloved may come close to you.

4

وِجانَ ڪِينَ وري، هوندَءَ چَئي رَهي رَهانَ،
 دُوهِنِءَ پَاسِي دوسَ جِي، ماڳهين پَٿان مَري،
 صَوَرَتَ تَه سُنهن ڪا، ڪَيسَ جِتَ چَري،
 وصالانَ فَرارَ جِي سُجِي ڳالهه ڳري،
 تِلاهين تَري، مُنهن ڳنيو موٽيو وِجانَ.

Suhni says, "I should not return home again and without asking Mehar, I must stay with him but near the living place where smoke comes, I should die. I have actually not been amused by the beauty and beauty of my beloved but I have been attracted by my own liking and longing. More priced or more precious thing is separation of my beloved than meeting or being together. (What is separation, is not of use in togetherness. It is why I diverting my face return to the bottom.

5

جِي قِيامَ مَڙن، تَه ڪَرِ اوڏا سُپرينَ،
 تِهان پَري سَڄَن، واڏايون وِصالَ جونَ.

On the day of judgment, it will be considered very close and near. Congratulations for our togetherness or meeting are seemed

to be far away. (To be close or to be together with the beloved is very impossible).

6

آئون ڪه نه ڄاڻان ائين؟ ته جر گهڙي جو ڪو ٿئي،
 قضا جا ڪريم جي، تنهن کان ڪنڌ ڪڍيو ڪيئن؟
 هڪ لکئي، ٻئي نينهن، آئي اوليس اول ڀر.

I did not know that after jumping into water, I shall be ruined. Whatever God ordains, one cannot avoid it. First fate and fortune written by God, and secondly unlimited or mad love with Mehar, both pushed me in the waves of sea or river.

7

نه ڪا تيءَ نه ڪانهن، نه ڪو ڏوه قلم جو،
 انگ اُٿيئي لکيو، جيت نه رسي هانهن،
 ڪنهن کي ڏيان دانهن؟ قضا قلم وهائيو.

Nothing wrong neither with wooden stick (From which the pen or pencil or reed steel was made or cut), nor of the pen or cutter which cut it accordingly and enabled it to write. The nature wrote the fate and fortune there where no arm or force for help is used or extended by anyone. (Nobody can erase or ruin that writing of the nature or the Creator God). How and to whom I should complain to any one against when all the fate or happenings have been written by nature or God Almighty.

8

نڪو سَندو سَور جو، نڪو سَندو سِڪَ،
 عَدَدُ ناهِ عِشَق، پُڄاڻي پاڻ لَهي،

Neither limit to pain nor to longing, liking and love. There is no measurement of love. Love knows itself its end. (Love whatsoever deep, is incomplete. It is difficult to find out its end, love is limitless).

9

عَدَدُ نَاهِ عَشَقِ جَو، سُوْطِي ٿِي سَاٿِي،
 ڪانهِي پُڄاٿِي، مَهَنَدان، منڌا! مِيهَار جِي.

No end to love. Hearing this be close to love or faithfulness.
 Oh girl! further more, Mehar has also no end.

10

سِڪُ تَنهنجِي، سُوپرِين! اندر ٿِي اَجَهَل،
 ٻر ڪيو ٻاهر نڪري، ڪُوري ڪانڻِي ڪَل،
 رءُ سِيراهِيءَ سَل، مون ڪي ڏنا سَجَٿِين.

Oh beloved! your longing or love is abundant in my heart.
 From my skin burnt in the kiln or furnace, it is drawn out strikingly.
 My beloved has made holes in my body without drilling machine.

11

ڪي تران ڪي تار مون، ڪي سگهان ڪي سگه
 آڏو ڏيڇ مَر لڳ، مون هيڪليءَ وَلها

A little I myself try to swim, a little you may swim. A little, I
 make efforts at my risk, a little help me in my efforts. Oh husband!
 you do not put any hindrance in my way or in my struggle.

12

ڏني ڏينهن ٿِيامَ، ڪوهُ جاتان ڪهڙا پرين؟
 سَهسين سَجَ الهِي، واجهائيندي وِيامَ
 تَنين سالَ ٿِيامَ، جَنين سَاعَتَ نہ سَهان.

Many days have passed to see my beloveds. How I should
 recognize them? How should I recognize who are they? Many suns
 have set to see them. Without their company or companionship,
 years have elapsed, without whom I could not pass a single
 moment.

متفرقہ ابیات

ساهڙ جي صحبت کان سواءِ سُھڻي نيسوري ناپاڪ آهي، پرين جي ڀر ۾ آهي ته ڇڻ
تَرَڪيائين. ساهڙ جو به هن کان سواءِ هيٺو حال آهي ۽ بخار ۾ ڦاٿل آهي. ميهار جو
مشاهدو توڙي جي تن لاءِ دوا آهي. جيستائين جيئري هئي تيسين هر رات جو اونداهيءَ
۾ درياه تَري، محب ميهار وٽ پيئي وئي ۽ ڪڏهن به نه ورڇي ويئي. چنڊ جي چانڊاڻ هن
لاءِ عذاب هئي چو ته ميهار جي اوريان ڪنهن جو به منهن ڏسڻ هن لاءِ سَور هو. مٺي کان
پوءِ به لهرن جي پاند ۾ لڙهي، ساهڙ ڏانهن پئي لڙهندي هلي. سندس اکين ۾ ميهار لاءِ اها
ئي اڪير هئي. الله جا عاشق به جيئري ڪڏهن ويساند نه ٿا وڻن ۽ مٺي کان پوءِ به رجوع
رَب ڏانهن ٿا ڪن. اسان تي الله جون پلايون سمنڊ جي لهرن ۽ ٿر جي واريءَ جي ڪٽڻ کان
ئي مٺي آهن.

VARIANT POEMS

Without the love of Mehar, Suhni is impure and unsacred. If she is near beloved, it is felt that she has bathed in the water. Sahar is also helpless without her and looked unwell or attacked by fever. The look or sight of Mehar is just like medicine or rescue for her. Till she was alive, she would swim the river and meet with her beloved Mehar in the dark night and never became lazy or idle to meet her beloved.

The moon light was great hindrance for meeting her beloved because before gathering Mehar, it was unsafe or shameful act to see her all other people. Even after death, she floated in the waves towards Sahar (Mehar). In her eyes, there was the same longing and love for Mehar.

The lovers of God also do not become lazy and idle to remember the name of their Creator God when alive but even after their death, they are so attached with their God. (We are graced by our Almighty God in such a quantity more than waves of oceans and particles of sand of desert (Thar).

1

ساهڙ ڌاران سهڻي، نسوري ناپاڪ
نجاستَ ناهرِ ڪري، انين جي اوطاق
هوءَ جي ڪير پياڪ، پاسي تنين پاڪ ٿئي.

Without Sahar, Suhni is impure. She will lose her impurity at his residence. Who are milk drinkers, sacred or pure, in their closeness, she will be pure and sacred.

2

ساهڙ ڌاران سُهڻي، هيءَ تان جُنبي جوءَ
هِن پاڻيءَ سين پانهنجو، مُور نہ مٿو ڌوءَ
جي پرينءَ پاسي هوءَ، تہ ڪر توڙيءَ تڙ ڪيو.

Without Sahar, Suhni is impure. She is not absolutely washing her head with the water of Dam (her husband) or this world's water. Is she close or near to her beloved, it should be understood that she took bath and became pure or sacred.

3

ساهڙ ڌاران سُهڻيءَ، هيءَ تان جُهڪي زال،
توڙيءَ تپ شروع ٿيو، هيءَ! هيڻيءَ جي حال،
جڏيءَ رءُ جمال، اگهي ٿي اُهرن ڪري.

Without Sahar, Suhni is weak and bowed down. It is sorry on her debility and weakness. Whom the fever has started to attack. She is bowed down and weak physically, lost her help and crying of pains and bodily aches.

4

ساهڙ ڌاران سهڻي، آهي پر آزار،
ڏم پاسي پر ڏڪندو، صحتَ وٽ سنگهار
توڙيءَ سندي ٿن جي، دوا پر ديدار،
جي پسي مُنهن ميهار، تہ سگهيائي سگهي ٿئي.

Without Sahar, Suhni is unhealthy and sick. To be near Dam (her husband), she feels patient or weak and ill. With Mehar, she is fit and healthy. The medicine for the health of Suhni is to see Mehar. If she has a sight of Mehar, she will soon be alright and fit.

5

ڏيهائي ڏمرُ ڪري، مٿي مُحَبَّتُ مون،
تَنهنَ ڪي اُچي تون، پَرِيمَ! ڪوهُ نہ پَلئين.

Beloved's longing stresses me daily. Oh beloved! why `not you come and restrain it and stop it.

6

جان جان هئي جيئري، ورجي نہ وِڻي،
وِجي پون پِڻي، سِڪَندي ڪي سَڄَڻين.

Till Suhni breathed, she never felt tired to meet her beloved. In the love longing, she went into the bottom of the river.

7

جان جان هئي جيئري، وِڻي نہ وِساندِ،
لُڙهي لُهرَن پاند، مُيائي مِيهارَ ڏي.

Till Suhni was alive, she did not take rest. Even after her death, she drowned in the waves and floated to her beloved Mehar.

8

وَرُ اونداهي راتڙي، ڪوہ چاندوڻيءَ چنڊان،
اوري مِيهاران، مُنهن مَرِ پَسان ڪو پيو.

Let it be dark night, I do not like the moonlight, it should be lost or avoided. Before Mehar, I should not see the face of any other man.

9

سائِرَ ٻوڙي سُهڻي، نه ڏوري نه ڏنڊ،
اڪين منجهه اُڪنڊ، مِيائي ميهار ڏي.

Suhni was drowned in the ocean, neither small channel nor a pond. Even after her drowning, she longed for Mehar and floated to him.

10

سانوڻ لَهريون، تَر واري، سروار يا تروار،
انهان ئي اُٻار، مون سين پلي پال ڪيا.

In summer season, there are as many waves in the river, as particles of sand and as many as hair on the heads, more than these all, God Almighty has favored me.

واڻي 4

منهنجون سڀئي آيل! ماءُ مَن مُرادون پُنيون،
جهڙي پريان ڳالهڙي، تهڙي ٻي نه ڪاءِ،
ڪجي تان ڪوڏ ٿئي، سُجي تان سيباءِ،
ويهه داتا جي در تي، سُڪر جنهن جُڳاءِ،
ڪانهي حدِ حمد جي، ته ڪريان لالَن لاءِ،
ڳڻيو ڳڻيان ڪيتريون، وڏيون وڏاڻيءَ؟
سو مون هٿان نه ٿئي، جيڪي تو جُڳاءِ،
تو سڄيون، تو سنڌيون، سڪن توهين ساءِ،
اُڄ تنهنجي اُجيون، لوچن توهين لاءِ،
دل دانهن ري نه رهي، مون کي ماڻ جُڳاءِ.

VAEE (FLATULENCE)

Oh dear mother! My all aims and hopes are fulfilled like the status of my beloved, there is none other. If I repeat it, it gives pleasure and in hearing it, it is liked very much. You may beg from that helper, when we should thank and pray. There is no limit of that praise which is offered for the beloved (God). How

much Your greatness and grandeur, I should count and measure? What I should do that is very difficult for me. Who long for your kindness, and pleasure, they are still longing for. They have been made thirsty of Your greatness and they are in search of Your favour and grace. My heart is not stopped of crying and making complaints for which I should have patience to thank You and pray for Your kindness and graciousness.

*

سر سسئي آبري

(سسئي ۽ پنهنجاءَ جو قصو ۽ ان جي روحاني معنيٰ)

راجا دلو راءِ جي زماني ۾، نائون نالي هڪ ٻانڀڻ پانڀرِ واه جي ڀرسان رهندو هو. سندس زال جو نالو مندر هو. پيريءَ ۾ کيس هڪ ڌيءَ ڄائي، جيڪا سونهن ۾ سج ۽ چنڊ جهڙي هئي. قدرت سندس انگ هڪ ڌارئي ماڻهوءَ سان لکي ڇڏيو هو. اهو ٻڌي نائون ۽ ان جي زال هن ماڻڪ کي هڪ صندوق ۾ وجهي درياه جي حوالي ڪري ڇڏيو. قضا سان اُها صندوق لڙهندي، ڀنڀور جي ڀرسان سمنڊ جي واه جي ڪناري تي پهتي. ان شهر ۾ محمد نالي هڪ هاڪارو ڌوڀي رهندو هو، جنهن کي لالا چوندا هئا.

سوين ڪاريگر ڌوڀي هن وٽ ڪم ڪندا هئا. هو به اولاد جو سڪايل هو. اُها پيتي ڪاريگرن اچي اڳيان رکيس، پيتيءَ ۾ هيءُ ملوڪڙو ٻار ڏسي، هو خوش ٿيو. ٻار کي گود ۾ وٺائين ۽ مٿس نالو ”سسئي“ رکيائين، جنهن جي معنيٰ چنڊ آهي.

سسئي ٿوري وڏي ٿي ته ڌوڀيءَ سندس لاءِ هڪ عاليشان محل اڏايو، جنهن ۾ هوءَ صبح ۽ شام سهيليُن سان پيئي گهمندي ڦرندي هئي، ان زماني ۾ ڪيچ مڪران جا قافلا واپار لاءِ ڀنڀور ۾ ايندا هئا، ڪن ماڻهن وڃي پنهنجاءَ سان سسئيءَ جي سونهن جي ساراه ڪئي. پنهنجاءَ سندس حسن جي هاڪ ٻڌڻ سان مُشڪ ۽ عنبير کڻي قافلو تيار ڪري اچي ڀنڀور نڪتو. سسئي به قافلي جو ٻڌي سهيلين سان گڏ ڪٿوريءَ جو سودو ڪرڻ ويئي، هڪ ٻئي کي ڏسڻ سان ٻنهي جو پاڻ ۾ پيار ٿي ويو.

سسئيءَ هڪ سهيليءَ سان پنهنجي دل جو حال اوريو، ان وڃي پڙهس سان ڳالهه ڪئي، پر ڌوڀيءَ سڱ کان انڪار ڪيو ڇو ته پنهنجاءَ پرديسي هو ۽ سندس ذات نه هو. سهيليءَ بهانو ڪري چيس ته ”پنهنجاءَ ذات جو ڌوڀي آهي، اعتبار نه اچيو ته آزمايوس. محمد ڌوڀي اها ڳالهه قبول ڪئي ۽ پنهنجاءَ کي هڪ جوڙو ڌوڻ لاءِ ڏنو. پنهنجاءَ پان امير ماڻهو هو سندس هٿ نفيس هئا، سو ڪپڙا ڌوئيندي ۽ ستيندي چلجي پيس ۽ ڪپڙا به ڦاٽي پيا. پنهنجاءَ کي مايوس ڏسي سسئيءَ چيس ته فڪر نه آهي هر هڪ ڪپڙي جي ٽهه ۾ هڪ اشرفي وجهي ڇڏ ته پوءِ ڪا شڪايت نه ايندي، آخر پنهنجي جي شادي وڏي ڌور سان ٿي، شاديءَ کان پوءِ پنهنجاءَ وطن واپس وڃڻ جو خيال ٿي دل تان لاهي ڇڏيو. سندس ڀاءُ وڏي چنري سمورو احوال پيءُ آري ڄام کي ٻڌايو جو ٻڌندي ئي بيحال ٿي ويو. پوءِ سندس ٽن پکن چنري، هوتي ۽ نوتي کيس دلداري ڏني ته پنهنجاءَ کي ڪنهن به طريقي سان

واپس وٺي ايندا. جڏهن ٿيئي پاڻ پنيور ۾ پهتا تڏهن سندن گهڻي مرحبا ۽ خاطر تواضع ٿي ۽ ڪيئي ڏينهن ڪچهريون ٿينديون رهيون. هڪ رات مجلس ۾ پنهنون جي پاڻرن کيس شراب ۾ اُلوٽ ڪري، اڌ رات جو اٺ تي ڪٿي ڪيچ ڏانهن روانا ٿي ويا، سسئي ان وقت ننڊ ۾ هڻي.

صبح جو جڏهن خبر پيس ته پريشانيءَ ۾ اچي وئي ۽ برپتن، جبلن ۽ جهنگلن ۾ ڪاهيندي وئي. جڏهن پڻ جبل وٽ پهتي تڏهن اُڃ ۽ ٿڪ کان ماندي ٿي ڪري پيئي. رب جي قدرت سان اُتي هڪ پاڻيءَ جو چشمو پيدا ٿيو. پياس مٽائي وري سفر شروع ڪيائين، هاڙي جبل وٽ ڦوڙ ننڊي جي اُٿل ڏسي مايوس ۽ ماندي ٿي پيئي، نيٺ پنڌ ڪندي واپس اچي ماباڙنيءَ جي ڀرسان پهتي، اُتي هڪ پهڙ تي هڪ پنهور جي جهوپڙي تي نظر پيس. اُتي وڃي هن کان پنهورءَ جي پڇا ڪيائين، پنهور جو کيس ڏسڻ ۽ مست ٿي پوڻ جو خدشو محسوس ڪيائين، سسئي سندس خراب نيت ڏسي الله جي در ٻاڏايو، ستار سندس ستر ڍڪيو. جبل ڦاٽو ۽ سسئي اندر هلي ويئي. پنهور اهو ڪرشمو ڏسي پشيمان ٿيو، ۽ الله جي در توبه زاري ڪري اُتي هڪ قبر ٺاهي انجو مجاور ٿي ويهي رهيو. هو ڏانهن پنهنون جو خمار لٿو ته پاڻرن کان پڇي پنيور ڏانهن واپس وريو. وات تي ان قبر تي نظر پيس، ۽ اُتي رهي جو پلئ ڏسي دل ۾ خيال ٿيس. پوءِ پنهور کيس سمورو احوال ٻڌايس. پنهنون زار زار روئي الله تعاليٰ در سوال ڪيو ته ”اي رب! تون وڃڻ تي ڪي ملاءَ“ ڏئي سندس گذارش قبول ڪيس، پيهر جبل ڦاٽو ۽ پنهنون وڃي سسئي سان هميشه لاءِ هڪ ٿيو. شاھ صاحب سسئيءَ تي پنج سُر چيا آهن. سسئي آبري، معذوري، ديسي، ڪوهياري ۽ حُسيني، سڀني سرن ۾ سسئيءَ جي ڏاکڻن ۽ ولايت جو احوال آهي.

آبري لفظ ”آبري“ يعني ڪمزور يا نا توان جي مٿيل صورت آهي. هن سُر ۾ سسئيءَ جي ڪمزوري ۽ ضعيفائيءَ جو ذڪر ٿيل آهي. ان ڪري ئي هن سُر کي اهو نالو ڏنو ويو آهي. هن سر جو مضمون هي آهي: هن سُر ۾ اهوراز سمجهايو ويو آهي ته پاڻ ۾ پيهي، روح رهاڻ ڪرڻ سان انسان پاڻ خدا ٿيو وڃي. سسئي کي وهم ورسايو نه ته هوءُ پنهنون پاڻ هئي. هتي جي هٿ جون سڀ وٿون وساري ۽ سموري سرڪار ”ناه“ ۾ رکي روحاني پنڌ ۾ پوڻ گهرجي. اي طالب! تون روحاني رهبرن جون هدايتون ٻڌ ته سروخرو ٿين. جي انهي راه ۾ مريين فنا ٿين ته تنهنجو بخت وڏو چٽو.

اهو انسان پليل آهي، جو جاني کي جبلن ۾ گولھڻ ٿو وڃي، اهو شخص به گمراهيءَ ۾ آهي جو سمجهي ٿو ته ڪتابي علم سان حقيقت کي پروڙي سگهيو، پرڻ! اندر ۾ ئي آهي ۽ سندس پسڻ بنا، علم جي هڪ رتي به ڪارائتي ناهي. سسئي ۽ پنهنون حقيقت ۾ هڪ آهن، پر اثباتاڻپ جي ڪري ٻه آهن، انسان ۽ الله جي وچ ۾ ڪو به حجاب يا ويڇو نه

آهي. جدائي هڪ وهڻ آهي.
 ڪونهي اُت ڪوهيار، جت تو پوري! ڀانئيو
 پنڌ مَر ڪَر پهاڙ ڏي، وجود ئي وڻڪار.

TUNE (SUR) SASSUI ABRI

In the times of Raja Diloo Rai, a Banbhan Naunmal lived in the Bhabhar Canal. His wife's name was Mandhur. In the olden age, she gave birth to a daughter who was beautiful like a sun and moon. When their parents heard from a palmist of the time that their daughter will marry with an outsider man, they put the newly born child in a box and floated in the river. Fortunately, the box floating reached near Bhanbhor in a channel of the ocean. In this city a famous washer-man namely Muhammad lived who was called as Lala. Hundreds of expert labour washer-men used to work under him. He was childless and desired to have children. The labourers kept that box before him. He was very much happy to see this charming child. He kept the child in his lap and arms and took to his wife who also became happy to bring up. He named the child as Sassui which means moon. When Sassui grew up, the fisherman built a mansion for her living where she used to play and enjoy there with her girl friends. Those days for commercial purpose many caravans used to visit Bhanbhor from Kech Makran. Some caravan people after their return told Punhun the prince of Kech about the beauty of Sassui. Punhun after hearing the praise of the beauty and attractive structure of Sassui, took caravan with all kinds of perfume (Musk, Ambeer) for sale and arrived at Bhanbhor. When Sassui heard about the caravan, she visited there along with her friends for purchased some of the good quality musk brought for sale by Punhun from the Kech Makran. When they saw each others, they liked and fell in love with each other. Sassui disclosed this secret of love with some girl friend who discussed this matter of marriage with her father who first refused because of two facts one Punhun was outsider and he

was not a washer-man by caste. The girl friend pretended that Punhun was also washer man by caste and nevertheless he could be tested. The fisherman allowed to give a pair of clothes for washing purpose. Punhun himself was a rich man of his area whose hands injured badly in washing those clothes and as he was not expert or he had never washed the clothes before, the clothes were torn into pieces. When Sassui saw Punhun in grief for his failure in washing well the clothes given to him for washing as test by the fisherman, Sassui consoled him not to worry and suggested to keep golden pieces into each cloth as to see gold, the owner of the clothes would not make any complaint for his torn clothes rather he will be happy not to disclose this loss of his clothes with the washer man. The marriage of Sassui Punhun took place with eagerness and pomp. After his marriage with Sassui, Punhun lived happily with his wife in Bhanbhor and forgot to return to his country to his father and other relatives. His elder brother Chunri when informed his father Arijam the land lord and King of the area of the marriage of Punhun with Sassui at Bhanbhor, he lost his senses and became sick, then three brothers, Chunri, Hoti and Noti consoled their father to take Punhun back and meet him. When three brothers reached Bhanbhor they were received honourably with great hearts and they enjoyed very much there, gatherings with Punhun and their Bhabi (brother's wife Sassui). At one night Punhun was over intoxicated to drink him a great quality of wine and when he became out of senses, they took him on their camels and left Bhanbhor for Kech Makran leaving their Bhabi Sassui there in her house at Bhanbhor. As Sassui was sleeping that time, she did not know tragic happening that time. When early in the morning she knew that the guest brothers of Punhun (her husband) took him by his brothers on their camels to their own country, then Sassui cried, wept and repented sorrowfully, painfully and felt all end of her happy and enjoyable days with Punhun (her husband). She decided to leave Bhanbhor alone and walked on feet behind Punhun. She suffered all shocks of separation and tragic events without her husband. She crossed the mountains and walked on feet all the way. Her

feet got many injuries and her whole body ruined in walk in search of Punhun. First she reached at the PAB mountains and fell there in grief and feebleness. She felt thirst but a natural fountain of water occurred and she drank and quenched her thirst. She again started her journey. when she arrived at the Har mountains, she saw a river namely Phor River full of waves or currents and very fast flow of water in it. She returned from there and walking on with her injured feet, she reached at the Mabar current of water there she saw on the top of the mountain a hut of a Panhwar (Poor man or shepherd of local area). She went there and asked him about her husband Punhun. When she sensed that Panhwar's intention became bad to catch her and defame her, she prayed to God Almighty for her safety and protection. God heard her inner voice for respect and honour of true love with her husband and her tragic and painful journey to find her husband Punhun, the mountain opened and she entered into the ditch so was buried there by the Panhwar. The Pahnwar repented to see this natural miracle made a grave of Sassui there and himself became the guard or protector of her grave which is near the mountains after Gadap town on the Hub Road.

When Punhun gained his senses, he also fled away from his brothers and took the way back to Bhanbhor. On the way at the mountains, he saw a grave and a guard sitting (Panhwar) there, he asked him about the grave where a piece of cloth on head of Sassui was visible to see. When Punhun recognized that piece of cloth in the grave of Sassui, he also begged at that place to be buried in the Sassui's grave. God heard the voice of love of Punhun and opened the mountain and Punhun himself was buried with Sassui his lovely wife and he became one with her.

Shah Abdul Latif has said 5 Surs (Tunes) on Sassui

1- Abri 2- Maazoori 3- Desi 4- Kohiyari 5- Hussaini.

In all 5 episodes, there is account of Sassui's tragic life and efforts to find her husband exiled by 3 brothers of Punhun on their camels. Abri means "Abhri" very weak and feeble. In this episode

Sassui's account of feebleness and debility has been described very beautifully by Shah Abdul Latif Bhitai of Bhitshah near Hala, Matiari Hyderabad, Sindh. For this reason, this name has been given to this episode (Sassui Abri). The secret of this episode is as follows:

1. To sit together and enjoyment of lovely chit chat human being becomes one like God.
2. Sassui was misled by her own mistake otherwise she herself was Punhun.
3. All greediness or greedy desires of this world must be forgotten and spiritual journey should be started.
4. Oh needy man! Take advices of spiritual guides and leaders and follow them meticulously, then you will achieve success in your all efforts.
5. If you die and finish in these efforts and ways, you will be miraculously lucky and fortunate.
6. That man is mistaken, who finds his beloved in the mountains.
7. That man is also wrong who considers that with the bookish reading or knowledge, natural truth can be understood.
8. The beloved is in the heart and without his sight or look, any point of knowledge is not useful.
9. Sassui and Punhun are one in reality but without understanding or unawareness, they are considered or counted as two.
10. There is no separation and any distance between God and human being.
11. Separation is only an empty idea.
12. "There is no husband or beloved, where you have considered and refused. Do not walk to mountains, your existence is itself a place of rest".

داستان پھريون

عشق جي اُسات عجيب آهي. جيڪي نينهن جي ٿانوَ ۾ پاڻي پين، تن جي اُج مورگو وڌيو وڃي. جن سپرين جي حسن جي ساگر مان سُڪي پيتي آهي تن کي اُجان اُج آهي. پربت جو پنڌ نسوري سُج آهي، سسئي جهڙا عاشق ئي اهو پنڌ ساجن ڪارڻ قبول ڪن ٿا. جن کي پاڻيءَ لاءِ اُج آهي، تن لاءِ پاڻيءَ کي به اُج آهي. جانب اسان کي ساه ڪان به ويجهو آهي. ان ڄاڻ کيس گولهي نه ٿا لهن ۽ سڪڻيون دانهون ئي دانهون پيا ڪن. پرينءَ ڏانهن ويندي عاجزيءَ کي اڳيان ڪرڻو آهي. روحاني پنڌ ۾ وڃين وات وٺجي نه جيءَ کي جفا ڏجي، نه جان کي جيئارجي، نه نجهري کي پئجي، نه اُن کي اڏجي، نه دنيا کي ڇڏجي، نه ان کي چُهڻجي، نه ڏڪن کان ڊڄجي، نه سڪن لاءِ سڪجي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 1

The thirst of love is very wonderful, who drinks in the pot of love, they do not quench their thirst which is increased with gradual drink. Who have sipped from the ocean of beauty, they still feel thirsty. The walk to the beloved is totally difficult and hard. Such walk can only be accepted by lovers like Sassui for her beloved Punhun. Who have thirst for water, for them the water has thirst also. The beloved is close to us more than our breath. Unknown people cannot find it and make any baseless cries. A walk towards beloved needs humbleness and longing for him. In the spiritual walk, one should take a balanced way neither trouble yourself for any body nor also care for breath of life. Neither destruct yourself and nor construct yourself. Neither leave the world nor stick to it. Neither fear your pains and sorrows, nor worry for happy days.

1

جي سڄهائي سڪ، ته پڻ سڪي سسئي،
پيتائين پنهنوءَ کي، هڏ نه پڳيس هڪ،
ان تڙ منجهان تڪ، ڏني پاڻ اُج ٿئي.

If Sassui burns in the heat of love, she would not forget the

love. She has drunk the wine of love in the company of Punhun. Therefore her thirst is not quenched. Who has taken a sip from the fountain, the thirst in his heart is increased.

2

پسي جهاجهه جمال جي، جنين پيتي پڪ،
اڀر آڳانجهو ٿيو، سورُ اُنين کي سڪ
هڏ نه پڳين هڪ، سدا سائر سِير ۾.

Who took a sip from the ocean of beauty of the beloved, they were attached with the love and longing for the beloved. They are remaining in the waves of the ocean but their thirst is not quenched.

3

مُحَبَّتَ جن جي مَن ۾، تن تشنگي تار،
پي پيالو اُج جو، اُج سي اُج اُٿيار
پُنهنون پاڻ پيار، ت اُج سين اُج اجهائيان

Who have inner love or love in the heart, they feel thirsty abundantly. You may drink a cup of longing and increase your more thirst with it. Oh Punhun! you may drink me a cup of thirst (Longing) as to enable me to quench thirst with the thirst.

4

مُحَبَّتَ سَندو مَن ۾، پُر پيالو جن،
پيئڻ پَرچاءُ ناهِ ڪا، ڪنهن جنهن ڏاهِ ڏين،
تنهن نهايت ناهِ ڪا، جنهن سُجا سُج وِجن،
تيلان اُج مَرَن، سدا سائر سِير ۾.

In whose heart, the cup of love is full (who are filled up in love), they are so much burning in the flame or blaze of big fire that they live disturbed or restless. In such barrenness or desolation, these true lovers walk on feet, there is no end of it. They are always in the waves of ocean but their thirst is not quenched.

5

سَدا سائِرَ سِيرَ ۾، اَندرَ لَهي نَ اُجَ،
 پَسَنَ جو پَرِينِءَ جو، سا سَپائِي سُجَ،
 تيلان مَرَنَ اُجَ، سَدا سائِرَ سِيرَ ۾.

They are always in the mid-stream of the ocean/river but their thirst is not quenched. Seeing the beloved is like the travelling in the barren desert. Although those lovers are in the mid-stream of the ocean or river, yet they are dying in thirst.

6

ساجَنَ كارِ سُجَ، مَرُ قُبُولِي سَسُئي،
 اَندرَ جَنينَ اُجَ، پاڻي اُچيو اُنَ کي،

Let lovers like Sassui start journey of desolation for her beloved. Whose hearts are thirsty for them, the water itself has thirst. (For whom he is longing for the beloved, the lover also longs for him).

7

پاڻيءَ مَٿي جهُوڙا، مُورَڪَ اُجَ مَرَنَ،
 ساهان اوڏو سُنَرينَ، لوچي تان نَ لَهنَ،
 دَمُ نَ سِجائِنَ، دانهُونَ کَنَ مُنَ جِيئَنَ.

They have built up huts near water or river but these mad people remain thirsty. The beloved is near the vein of breath but they cannot find him. They are unaware or unknown of their own breath, only they roar and cry like mad or unknown.

8

سَسُئيءَ کين سمجھيو، اوري آريءَ ساڻ،
 ڪري پيڪُ پُنهُونَ سِينَ، پاڌاريائين پاڻ،
 جَتَ وِجايو جاڻ، ٻانڀڻَ ٻَروچَنَ سِينَ.

Sassui did not exchange secret of love to remain close with

her beloved Punhun. She made acquaintance with Punhun. (She did not mix her entity with her beloved). This unknown (Bhanban or rich family girl) lost her entity in the Baroches or nomadic people of Balochistan. (When she was in company of Punhun, she was upright or full of dignity with self entity but in separation she lost her self entity).

9

لڳي ڪوسو واءُ، لوڪُ مڙوئي لهسيو،
 اُين مَنجهان آيو، هيءُ! هيءُ جو هُڳاءُ
 طُيورَن تنوارِيو، پنهنوءَ پُڄاڻاءُ،
 رَسِيو سُورُ شَبان ڪي، وُحوشَن وِٽاءُ
 مِروئن موتُ قَبولِيو، اُپر افسوساءُ،
 بَر پڻ ڪَن بُڪاءُ، اُڪنديا آريءَ لاءِ گهڻو،

(After exile of Punhun by his brothers on their camels, Sassui cried and mourned sadly which hurt everybody everywhere). Such hot weather became that affected or hurt every one. From the sky also came roaring voice.

After Punhun's exile, the birds also made noise of murmur. Shepherd saw his animals also hurt and felt sad and sorrow. Pigs also became ready to die. The deserts also roared and mourned for the separation and exile of Punhun. (Here pathetic fallacy has been used).

10

مَهَندي مُحتاجي ڪري، پُنيءَ پيرُ ڪڍج،
 ڪُهيليائي! ڪيچ ڏي، حُجَ مَر هَلائيچ،
 پاڻا ڌارَ پريتڻو، سسئي! ساڻ ڪڍج،
 اوڏي عزازيلَ ڪي، ويجهي تان مَر وِجيچ،
 نا اميدي نيچ، تہ اوڏي ٿئين اُميد ڪي.

Oh unlucky! do not show dignity when going to Kech. Oh Sassui! take with you greedless love and longing. Do not go to the devil (Satan). Feel hopeless and do not be hopeful. (To go away

from devil means be greedless).

11

ويھ مَ، مُنڌ! پنيپور ۾، هاڙهي هڏ مَ هَلُ
ڪوڙي ڪَڇ مَ ڪڏهن، سڄي ڳالهه مَ سَل
جانب لاءِ مَ جَلُ، سُورِ وسارِ مَ سسئي!

Oh lady! you should live in Bhanbhor, do not go to Harha Mountain. Do not tell a false story and do not talk truth. Oh Sassui! do not burn for the beloved and do not forget pain of separation.

12

سُڪين ٿي مَ سَنري پسي دُڪ مَ دَرُ،
پَني ڪَرمَ پانهنجو، گهوري! اڌ مَ گهرُ
ماري! هڏ مَ مَرُ، مَڇڻ جي جيارئين.

Do not feel happy in good days, do not fear in bad days. Oh dejected! do not destroy your own home, and do not build it. Oh sweet! do not die and do not even make alive your existence.

داستان ٻيو

پرين جو حسن ڪمال يا پورن سندرتا آهي، سو اسان کي وڪ کان ئي ويجهو آهي، جن ڇت پنهنجو هن دنيا تان ڪٿي روحاني دنيا ڏانهن ڪيو، سي ترت وڃي کيس مليا. جبل ۽ بر جو پنڌ نهايت اڙانگو آهي. اُتي لڪون پيون لڳن ۽ تيز تپش آهي، سسئيءَ پاڻ سان پاڻيءَ جو هڪ پاڻ به نه ڪنئون. هوءَ وڻڪار جي به واقف نه آهي. هن پنڌ ۾ نه ساڻس ڪٽنب آهي نه قبيلو، هت هيڪلي ئي حيل هلاڻا آهن. هڪ وڻ اوچا ٻيو هر هنڌ پيا نيلا نانگ سرن، چوڌاري اندوڪار لڳو پيو آهي ۽ ماڻهن جي دل ۾ به ڪا مهر نه آهي، اهڙي پوائتي هنڌ هڪ محبوب جي ئي رهبري ڪبي. اهائي وڃيو سسئيءَ جهڙي طالب کي ڪيچ پهچائي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 2

The complete beauty of the beloved is totally natural so it is very close to us nearer than a step. Who forgot this and attached preferably with the spiral world, they soon meet the beloved. Their walk to mountains and deserts is very difficult. There hot air is blowing and therefore scorching heat. Sassui has not taken a single quarter kilogram of water. She is unknown of the shade of trees. She has neither her family member nor clan in her walk. Here she has to face loneliness. At one side, there are tall trees and on the other big blue snakes are moving on every step. Every where there is darkness and no any kind of graciousness in the hearts of people. At such dangerous place, there is need of guidance of the beloved. They will be only the source of taking Sassui safely to the destination of Kech Makran to meet her husband punhun.

1

پَسي ڏونگر، ڏاه! جَمِرَ هَلَن ۾ هيٺي وهين
 لانجي لڪَ لطيفَ چئي، پُنيءَ ڪيچين ڪاه
 پُجي پُورج، سسئي! بلوچائي باه،
 اِن وڙائتي وڙ جي، آسَر هَتِ مَر لاه،
 جو اڪنئون اوڏو آه، سو پرين پَرائهون مَر چئو،

Oh servant! Seeing high mountains, lest you should delay or late or slow in the walk. Crossing all passes, follow or go behind Kechians, or Kechies. Oh Sassui! be acquainted with the heart of love of Punhun, walk or move further or ahead of. Do not forget the consolation of your dear and loveable husband. The beloved who is nearer than eyes, do not consider him away from you.

2

هتان ڪٿي هت، جن رَڪيو، سي رَسيون،
 ساجُن سُونهن سُرَت، وِڪان ٿي ويجهو گهڻو.

Who took their existence from here (this world) to there (coming world) they reached soon at their destination. Owner (Allah) Who is natural beautiful or complete beautiful and all known (all sensible), He is nearer than a step.

3

جيُڪس ياد ڪياس، وَرَ وِجي وَثڪارَ ۾،
جَلدُ جَرِيدي پَنڌَ ۾، اڏيُون اُچُ ٿياس،
وِجي ڪيچُ پُنياس، باروچاڻي باجهه سين.

Perhaps, my husband has remembered me in the shadow of trees. Oh friend sisters! for this purpose, I have been fast alone in the walk. With the blessing of Baroch (Punhun) I reached Kech soon.

4

واقُفُ نه وَثڪارَ جي، پاڻي گَنيمِ نه پاءُ،
جَبَلُ جَلدايُون ڪري، تِڪَ ڏيڪاري تاءُ
لڳي لُڪَ لطيفُ چُئي، معذورن مَتاءُ
اُتي اوڏو آءُ، جِتِ هِرتُ هيڪلي آهيان.

I am not known of the shade of trees and I have not taken a single quarter kg of water with me. The mountain is troubling by becoming more scorching hot and showing more warmth. On the weak source and helpless women, hot air is blowing or more heat is spreading. You should come near and meet me in loneliness.

5

وڏا وَنَ وَثڪارَ جا، جِتِ نانگ سُهَن نِيا،
اتي عبداللطيف چُئي، ڪَيا هيڪلين جِيا،
جِتِ ڪُڙمَ نه قبِلا، اُتِ رَسَج، رهبرَ راهِ ۾.

The trees of shades are tall and there blue snakes are moving. There alone weak and sourceless women have tried hard. When neither families nor clans are available or present. Oh Knower of all things! There You may come and guide me to take the right

way towards my beloved husband Punhun.

6

ويچاري وَلُڪار، اڳ نہ ڏٺو ڪڏهين،
مِهَر نہ هُئي ماڙهين، هو سڀ هندو ڪار،
جَتُ ڪيائين يار، سُوَرَن ڪارنُ سَرَتِيون.

The sourceless Sassui had not seen shade of trees with her eyes before. People were very unkind and merciless, there was only darkness and unawareness. Oh friend sister! I related and made Jat (Punhun) as beloved husband for facing or bearing troubles, pains and hardships.

وائي 1

هوءَ جي هليا هوتَ سونهارا،
مون نہ وهيٿا، پُنهونءَ سَگِيٿا،
سَسُئي پُچي ساڻ جاءِ اوطاقون اوتارا،
آن ڪي ويندا گڏيا؟ آريائي اِهَ پارا،
تليون تونر هَلَوِيُون، مِينِ سِرِ موچارا،
مون ڪي نيندا پاڻ سين، ڪامل ڪُرُ اجارا،
اڏيون! عبداللطيف چئي، دوسَ آيا دلدارا.

VAEE (FLATULENCE) 1

There beautiful beloveds went away. The relatives of Punhun were not in my control. Sassui asks for the houses and living places of Punhun's associates or relatives. Did you see or meet some Aryanis going this way side? Their camels were decorated with beautiful small bells of metal, tassel or bob and ornaments, I will be taken with them by those high clans (original) and complete. Oh sister friends! my heart felt friends have reached.

داستان ٽيون

محبوب حقيقي رُلڻ سان نه ٿو ملي، پر هڪ هنڌ خيال ۾ وهڻ سان سسئي پنهنوءَ کي اجايو وڃي ٿي هاڙهي ۽ وٽڪار ۾ ڳولهي، جي پنهنجي جيءَ ۾ جهاتي هڻي ته جانب کي اتي ئي لهي، جو ڏس ٻين کان نه پڇڻ گهرجي. نه وري انهن وٽان سندس ڪو سماءُ رُلڻ مان نه ملڻو آهي. محبوب ڏانهن هيٺئين جو پنڌ ڪرڻ گهرجي، نه پيرن سان، جاني ڪو ٻئي ڪنهن هنڌ لڪل نه آهي، پر پنهنجي اندر ۾ ئي آهي، رڳو ساڻس پريت نڀائي آهي. ست تي هلڻو آهي. هن بر جي پنڌ ۾ پاڻ وساري هلڻو آهي. ۽ سڪ کي ساڻ ايئن رکڻو آهي، جيئن جاڙا ٻار گڏ ڄمن، ۽ مشڪ جو ڪٽو منهن ۾ مڙهجي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 3

The real beloved does not meet by roaming but he meets with the concentration sitting at one place. Sassui without reason finds Punhun in Harhe mountain and shade of trees. If she looks inner or in her own heart, she will find her dear there. She should not ask about Punhun's whereabouts from others. She also cannot get his information by roaming here and there. To her dear, she should walk by heart not on her feet. Her dear is not hidden at other place but he is in her heart. She has only to be loyal with him and do according to his directions. In the walk of this desert, she has to walk by forgetting herself and she has to keep her longing in the manner as the birth of twin babies and decorate the face with a drop of musk perfume.

1

پُنهنوءَ ڇڏيو پوءِ، جانبَ جَبَلُ ڳولئين،
 تِلاھين تَنگُون ڪَرائين، جِیلا نھين تون جوءِ
 ساڄنَ سُجَ نھاڙئين، ڏُکي! ڏوھ ڪِیوءِ،
 هاڙهي هوڻ نه هو، وري پُڇُ وينين ڪي.
 وري پُڇُ وينين ڪي، سندس پُنهنوءَ پاڙ
 ساڄن سڀ ڄمار، ڏُکي ڏورج ڏيل ۾.

Leaving Punhun, you find your beloved in the mountains! In the manner you married with Punhun, you are acting in vain in the same manner. Oh aggrieved! as you find your beloved in deserts, you are doing fault. Your dear is not in Harhe mountain, you should return and take his information from those who are sitting concentratingly alone at a place. Oh sad woman! you should find your dear in your area for ever.

2

ڪونهي اُت ڪوهيارُ، جِت تو، پوري! پانئيو،
پَنڌُ مَر ڪَر پهاڙَ ڏي، وَجُودُ ئي وَتڪارُ،
ڌارِيا پانئنج ڌار، پُڄُ پريان ڪَر پاڻ تون

Oh simple girl! Punhun is not there where you thought. Do not walk to the mountains because the shade of trees is with you. Take outsiders or other people as outsiders or foreigners or unrelated. Ask yourself about whereabouts of your dear beloved.

3

سڀئي ساري، سَسئي! گهر ڪُنڊون تون گهور،
وڃي ڏور مَر ڏور، ڌرا منجهر دوست ٿيو،

Oh Sassui! you should check all corners and sides of your house or residence. Do not search your beloved at far away places because the beloved is within your heart.

4

سوئي ڪٿيو ساڻ، سوئي ڏورئين، سَسئي!
ڪڏهن ڪهين نه ڪير، ڄڻ منجهان ڄاڻ،
پُڄُ پريان ڪَر پاڻ، ته تون تڏائين لهين.

Oh Sassui! You go carrying the same and search even the same! No one has gathered any thing from roaming here and there. You should collect information of beloved from self, you can find him from there also.

5

جو تون ڏورئين ڏور، سو سدا آهي ساڻ تو،
لالن لاءِ، لطيفُ چئي، منجهي ٿي مُعذور!
منجهان پنئن پروڙ، تو منجه آهيس تڪيو.

Whom you search, he is always with you. Oh weak! you may look into within yourself. You should find him within yourself. He lives in your heart.

6

وڃين ڇو وڻڪار؟ هِت نه ڳولئين هوت کي،
لِڪو کينِ لطيفُ چئي، ٻاروڇو ٻئي ٻار،
ٿي ۽ ستي، ٻڌ سَندرو، ڀرتِ پُنهون ۽ سين ٻار،
نانئي نيئن نهار، تو ۾ ديرو دوست جو.

Why do you go to shade of trees? Here you should find your beloved! Barochal (Punhun) is not hidden at other place. You should remain pure, fasten your belt, be sincere with Punhun. You look down and look into within yourself. The living place of your beloved is in your heart or within yourself.

7

هل هنئين سين هوت ڏي، ڀرين ڪَرمَ پند،
رائي پُڄُ مَر رَند، رڙهه روحاني سسئي،

You go with your heart and do not walk on feet. Oh Sassui! do not walk on feet. oh Sassui! do not find path of the beloved from the sand of the mountain but go spiritually.

8

ڪجي پَند، ڀڄان تو، ڪيچين ڪارڻي ڪيئن؟
بيخود هليج بَر ۾، آئون ٿو چوان ايئن،
سِڪڻ ساڄن سيئن، مَتان مَني ڇڏئين.

I ask you how to walk to Kech or Kechians? I advise you that forget yourself while walking through all deserts. Oh sweet! do

not lose or forget longing for beloved till you meet him.

9

مَتان مُني! ڇڏئين، پرتيڻو پاڻا،
جاپن جيئن ڄاڻا، پڻ هونج تن جيئن.

Oh sour! lest you should keep away your love from yourself.
Just as twin children, get birth together, as such you should
remain attached or together with your love or lover.

10

مَتان مُني! ڇڏئين، پاڻان پريتڻو،
گُڻوريءَ ڪُڻو، مڙهي مڙهڻ مُنهن ۾.

Oh sour! lest you should separate yourself from love. The
drop of perfume musk, you should apply on your face. (Love and
musk are compared with each other).

داستان چوٿون

جن کي اندر ۾ سڄي سڪ نه آهي، سي ڪيئن طريقت جو ڏکيو پنڌ ڪندا،
ڪوڙي سنڌ ڪندڙ وچ ۾ ئي رهجي وڃي ٿو، سڌ هر ڪوئي ٿو ڪري، پر بُڪ ۽ اُج ڪو به
نه ٿو سهي، هر ڪنهن کي پنهنجي جان پياري آهي، هي پنڌ اهو ڪري، جو جيءُ منو نه
ڪري، جن جي اندر ۾ باهه يا آگ آهي، سي ئي جبل جهاڳين. فراق جي ڳالهه وصل کان
مٿي آهي، جدائيءَ ۾ ئي محبت جو مڇ پري ٿو، سسئي، پنهنوءَ جي ورهه ۾ جوڳياڻي ٿي
آهي، سفر ۾ نه ڪو ساڻي اٿس، نه ڪو سونهون ته به ڪيچ ڏانهن ڪاهيندي ٿي وڃي.
پنهنوءَ ته ساڻس گهڻائي قول ڪيا، پر پهرين پاڙڻ سسئيءَ تي آهي، رهبر گهڻائي دلاسا
ڏئي، پر جفا ۽ جُهد طالب جي سر تي آهي. هن کي سسئيءَ واري سڪ ۽ سڄائي هئڻ
جُڳائي. سسئيءَ هاڙهي جبل کي رتيون ڪري، پنهنوءَ جي پيرن تي جان ڏيڻ لاءِ تيار
آهي، طالب کي اهڙي صداقت هئڻ گهرجي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 4

Who have no true longing for beloved, how they will walk on the difficult way of Tareeqat (Second way of Sufis or God fearing people). The untrue desiring people remains in the middle way or path. Every man keeps desire but does not bear hunger and thirst. Everyone keeps his breath dear. This way will take that man who has not own heart sweet and dear, who have heat of love or longing for beloved, they should go ahead to cross the mountains. The value of separation is higher than meeting or living together. In separation, the blaze of fire is burning. Sassui has been devotee or snake charmer for Punhun due to his separation or exile. In the journey, she has neither companion, nor guide but she continues to travel or walk to her beloved Punhun. Punhun made many promises with her but first of all to make up promise is upon Sassui. The leader extends many consolations but the punishment and endeavors are to be suffered by the lover or who keeps love in the mind. He should indicate truthfulness and longing of the similar nature which is kept by Sassui for him. Sassui making sand to the Harhe mountains, she is ready to sacrifice her breath to follow the footprints of Punhun. Who has desire alike, he should have also the similar truthfulness and loyalty.

1

هيج نه هوندو جن، سي ڪيئن وندر وينديون؟
وهو وچ رهن، سهسين سڏن واريون.

Who have no longing or love, how they will walk to *Windur* mountains and flood flow channel. Many untruthful desire keepers or lovers remain in the middle of the way of *Windur*.

2

سڌائتي سڀڪا، بک نه باسي ڪا،
جيهيءَ تيهيءَ ذات جي، جُبنش ڪانهي جا،
مون سين هلي سا، جاجيُ منو نه ڪري.

Everyone has desire to love but no one is ready to accept or bear the hunger and thirst. Not such a single desire keeper has dare to walk in such condition. With me (Sassui) go such a woman who has not her breath dear or wants to save herself.

3

وَرِيَتِيُونِ! ورو، آئون نه وَرندي وَرِي،
جاڏي هنَ جَبَلُ جو، تانگهيديس ترو.
جتن سانُ ذرو، نينهن نبيرڻ نه ٿئي.

Oh women with husbands! You all return. I shall not return without my husband. I shall search even every corner or bottom of his hard mountain. It is very difficult for me to leave camel riders or separate for a short while or some moment with the relatives of my husband Punhun.

4

وَجو سَپُ وَرِي، ائين جي وَرَن واريون،
ڦوڙائي فِراق جي، سُجِي ڳالهه ڳري
پُنيان جن ٻري، ڏونگر سي ڏورينديون.

Women with husbands or married women should go back or return. The matter of separation is very hard and difficult to suffer. In whose houses or hearts, fire is blazing or flaming, they can walk in the mountains.

5

اَڄِ مِلينديس، ماءُ! ڏاڃا ڪنديس ڪپڙا،
جيڃان! جوڳياڻي ٿيان، مون کي جهل مَ پاءُ
هوٽ ٻروچي لاءِ، ڪنين ڪُنر پائيان.

Oh mother! I shall wash my clothes today and wear orange colored dress. Oh dear mother! I shall be snake charmer. You should not stop or prevent me. I shall wear in my eras necklaces of snake charmers or travelers for my dear Baloch.

6

مون کي ڀانئڻي ڀاڄ، ڏير ڏورائڻا هليا،
اڳيان اُٿي اُن جي، خوب نه پڪم ڪاڄ،
ميڙي آپ سرتيون، نه کي گايَم گاج،
سامون هٿان نه ٿي، جيڪا رسم راج،
آيل! آئون اڪاڄ، ٻولُ ٻروچي وِٿرو.

Considering me a foreigner or outsider, my brother in laws went far away. I did not prepare good quality of food for them. I could not gather my girl friends and sang songs before them. Very sorry, I could not perform that tradition which is in vogue in our society. Oh dear mother! I could be called of no use, the agreement of my Baloch Punhun is of high grade and value.

7

پهرين تون پاريج، پارڻ پوءِ پُنهونءَ تي،
ٻولُ مَرو ساريڄ، هو جو ڪيءَ هوت سين.

First you must make up your promise, then Punhun will do so. What promise you had made with your beloved, do not forget it.

8

توسين ٻولُ ٻهون، سَهيڻ ساڄنُ جي ڪري،
ڪندينءَ تون ڪُهون، جي نالو گِڙيءَ نينهن جو.

If your beloved makes many promises but you have taken the name of love, then you have to make attacks in the journey.

9

سُٺي ٻولُ سَندان، جَمَ سُهين سسئي!
ڪندينءَ ڪو ڪيٿان؟ جُسي اُن اورانگهيا.

Oh Sassui! Hearing their promises, you do not be lazy to sleep. What will you do to them, if they forget their promises to follow them or make up them.

10

سَڃُ اُلتِي سَسُئيءَ، رَتَ وَرَڙو روءِ
 پَهي نه پاندي ڪو، جنهن ڪَر پُڇي لوءِ
 موڙهي وڃي توءِ، موٽڻ جي ڪان ڪري.

At the sunset, Sassui is weeping blood tears. Neither there is any messenger nor any passer by whom she should ask about the country or town of Punhun. She is confused, nevertheless she does not intend to be back to her home or return to her home.

11

ڇَلان، مَنجهر نه ڇاڪَ، پُران، پونم پُرڪڻا،
 مَتان ڪا مُنڌَ ڪري، موٽڻ جي مزاکِ
 چُتُ سَندو مون ڇاڪَ، هاڙهي هڏَ هڻي ڪيو.

If I walk fast, I have no strength, if I go, feet are injured or skin of my feet is rising up. No woman should be talking of return back home with me.

12

موٽڻ جا مَڌڪُورَ، جان لي چيسَ جيڏئين،
 پَريٽ پهرين پُورَ، نيئي پهچائي پُنهونءَ ڪي،

Women friends gave her many advices to return but the washer woman (Sassui) was taken to reach Punhun with one stroke or time.

13

موٽي مران مَ ماءُ! موٽڻ ڪان اڳي مران،
 لُڇي لاکَن لاءِ، شالَ پُونديس پير تي.

Oh mother! I should not die after return but I should die and finish before return. I should fall on the footprints of my beloved and then die.

وائي 2

معلوم حال حبيب! مون کي دردِ قديمي وو!
 دردِ جديدي، حب حبيبي،
 آلودي آزار کان تولد ٿيس، طبيب!
 شادي ڏئين صحت جي، غمي لاءِ، غريب!
 آهڻان ٿي آهون ڪريان، نعرو منجه نصيب!
 ڪاهل آهيان ڪوڙي، رسي لاءِ، رقيب!
 حاڏق آهڻين هن جو، اچين شال، عجيب!
 دوا آهڻين دل جي، پُچ پُچ رهيس طبيب!
 آلا! عبداللطيف کي، ڪوڙي لاءِ، قريب!

VAEE (FLATULENCE) 2

Oh dear! you know my fact that I have an old pain or attachment of love. For my beloved, I have longing for him which gives me a fresh and modern pain. Oh my Physician (my beloved) for you, I have been attacked by this disease. Oh wonderful! give me a happy news about my well being and health and excuse my sins and give me relief from troubles and hardships. For you my beloved, I cry and cry which is written in my fate. I am lazy and unfortunate. Oh dear! You may come and relieve my trouble and also take away my hardship. Oh dear! you may come, you are active and clever physician for this. I am tired to ask for physicians. You are medicine or reliever of disease. Oh dear beloved! you may come and attach or embrace Abdul Latif with your chest.

داستان پنجون

جن پنيور (دنيا) کان پڇي، ڏونگر ڏوريو، تن کي پنهنونءِ جو وصال نصيب ٿيو،
 هو اندر ۾ جهاتي پائي ٿو ڏسي ته پاڻ کي پرينءِ سان هڪ ٿو ڏسي، پوءِ نه ڏونگر آهي، نه
 سسئي مڙيوئي پنهنون آهي، سسئيءَ پنهنونءِ جي غم ۾ حجاب، سينگار ۽ سونهن کي

ترڪ ڪيو ته پاڻ ئي پُنهون ٿي پيئي. پاڻ سڃاڻڻ ڌاران ٻيو سڀ علم فضول آهي، اي طالب! هيڪر هئڻ (خودي) چڱو ته عجيب سان ملين، ڇو ته عاشق ۽ معشوق جي وچ ۾ خودي ئي حجاب آهي، محبوب حقيقي اسان کي ڳچيءَ جي رڳن کان ئي ويجهو آهي، هو هر هڪ دستوءَ ۾ سمايل آهي، سڀ ۾ هو پاڻ آهي، ٻئي ڪنهن به چيز کي ڪو وجود يا هستي نه آهي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 5

Who left Bhanbhor (this world) and suffered from the pain of walking, they were lucky to meet Punhun. When he looks into self or in his heart, he finds himself as one with his beloved. Then neither pain nor Sassui is there. Everywhere there is seen Punhun. When Sassui in the love and worry of Punhun avoided lavishness, decoration and beauty make up, she herself converted as Punhun. All knowledge is in vain for recognizing himself. Oh Seeker! First forget self, then you will meet your beloved because between lover and beloved, there is hindrance of selfishness or selfdom. The real beloved is closer to us than the vein of breath or breath vein. He is enclosed or appeared in all shapes of human being, in every human, he looks himself, there is no existence or entity in any other thing.

1

پڇي جان پَنِپُورُ کان، ڏونگرُ ڏوريو مون،
ڪاهي رَسِيَسَ ڪيچَ کي، جتي پاڻ پنهنون،
سَپِيَتَ آهئِين تون، قضا ڪَندين ڪِن سِين؟

Just as I left Bhanbhor and travelled in the mountains, then I strikingly reached Kech where Punhun was. Oh God! You are in all things, then you will verdict of death against whom (Like Mansoor).

2

پيهي جان پاڻ ۾، ڪيَمَ رُوحَ رهاڻ،
تہ نڪو ڏونگر ڏيهه ۾، نڪا ڪيچِين ڪاڻ،
پُنهون ٿيس پاڻ، سسئي تان سُر هُئا.

As I looked into myself or into my heart, talked with my soul, upto this time I could not see in the world that there was neither any mountain nor I felt any desire for Kechians. As long as I was Sassui (I considered myself as a separate entity) up to that time I felt pain for separation but when I lost my existence, then I considered myself as Punhun.

3

پُنھون ٿيس پاڻهين، ويو سسئيءَ جو سُرمُ،
هڪليون هلن جي، پڇي تن پَرمُ،
جو وندر ۾ ورمُ، سودو سريس هتهين.

I became myself Punhun and curtain or separate entity of Sassui went away or disappeared. Who alone walk to find Punhun, their curtain vanishes away. What ever she had to bargain in Windur near Gadap, she received here.

4

پُنھونءَ ٿيس پاڻهين، ويئي سسئيءَ جي سونھن،
خلق آدم علي صورتہ، اٿن وٽن منجھہ ورونہ،
چريءَ منجھان چونہ، کڻي هوت هنج کيو.

I myself became Punhun and lost the beauty of Sassui. (Human being is the part of the ocean of real beauty, when he recognizes himself, he becomes one with him). (God has created Adam (Human being) in His own shape). This sound is heard from all trees. This senseless (mad) girl according to her desire (inner saying) or liking, received her beloved, she took him or sat him in her lap or married with him.

5

ويئي سونھن سسئيءَ جي، پُنھون ٿيس پاڻ،
سپن جي سيد چڻي، آهي ات امان،
پنپور جا پاڻ، آڏا عجيبن کي.

The beauty of Sassui vanished away and her reverence and grandeur was raised by Punhun himself. Shah Abdul Latif says that the place of all is that. (According to Quran, all things will return to their original places). Bhanbhor means the relations of this world are hindrances between us and the beloved.

6

وہمَ ورسایاس، نات پنہون آئون پاڻ هئي،
پاڻ وچایمَ پانهنجو، پئي پريان جي پاس
رتي علمَ نہ راس، داران پسنَ پرينءَ جي.

I forgot all respects and submissions, otherwise I myself was Punhun. I forgot myself to remain close with my beloved. Without seeing my beloved, no knowledge is useful.

7

هيڪر هئنُ چڏ، تہ اوڏي تئين عجيب کي،
ماڙ آيتُ شيئا الا ورايتُ الله نيئي آجها، اوڏانهين اڏ،
تہ هوتُ توهين کان هڏ، پرين پاسي نہ ٿئي.

At once you should end your self so that you can be close to your beloved. I could not see such a thing where in I saw the beauty of God. You go and build up huts near the beloved so that your beloved should not be away from you or he cannot leave you or he can not be separate from you.

8

هوتُ تنهنجي هنج ۾، پچين ڪوہ پهي؟
وفي انفسڪم، افلا تبصرون، سوچي ڪر سهي،
ڪڏهن ڪا نہ وهي، هوتُ ڳولهن هت تي.

Beloved is in your heart, why do you ask messenger? His signs are in your heart, then why not you search and then recognize him. No Seeker went to shop to find him there.

9

هوٿُ تَنهنجِي هَنجَ ۾، پُچِين ڪوهُ پَريانُ؟
وَنَحْنُ اقْرَبُ اِلَيْهِ مِنْ حَبْلِ الْوَرِيدِ تَنهنجو توهين سان،
پنهنجو آهي پاڻ، آڏو عَجِيبن ڪي.

Beloved is in your lap (inner) why do you long for him? Your beloved is with you as it has been revealed in Quran: "We are nearer to him (human being) than his breath veins". Our selfhood is hindrance between us and beloved.

10

ووڙيمر سڀ وٿان، يار ڪارڻ جَت جي،
اللهُ بَڪُلُ شَيءٍ مُحِيطٌ، اي آريائيءَ اهڃاڻ،
سڀ ۾ پُنهون پاڻ، ڪينهي ٻيو پروچ ري.

For beloved (Punhun means Allah (God)) I searched all places, houses, residences and areas. God is surrounded to all things. It is the sign of the beloved. Punhun himself (Real beloved) is attached or annexed to all, no one is without Him.

وائي 3

اهڪيءَ اڳهه آهي، وڙامون ڪي تان نه ڇڏيندو تڪ ۾،
پچي پوءِ پين ڪي، لڪن ۾ لڏ لاهي،
آري اگهاڙن ڪي، پُنهون جامُ پَراهي.

VAEE (FLATULENCE)

He is my source of help in the difficult days, therefore He will not leave me in the fast flow of the ocean in this world. He helps to unload the burdens of backward poor people in the passages of mountains. Punhun himself dresses the clothes to the naked people. (God saves or gives covers to sourceless and needy people).



داستان چھون

پنھون، سسئيءَ کي آزار جو پيالو پياري ويو آهي ۽ سندس اندر ۾ محبت جو
 ڪورو ٻاري ويو آهي، پرينءَ جا سهڻا وار ڏسي، هن پنهنجو سمورو آرام وڃايو آهي. جن
 کي محبوب جي زلفن ڪُٺو آهي، سي شهيدن جي صف ۾ شمار آهن، ۽ انهن کي ڪنهن
 ڪفن جي ضرورت نه آهي، عشق ۾ فنا ٿيل اڳي ئي پاڪ آهن. انهن کي غسل جي ڪا به
 غرض نه آهي، نازڪ بدن سسئي ريشم کان ئي وڌيڪ نفيس پيرن سان ڏونگر جهڳيندي
 پئي وڃي ۽ دل ۾ ايئن پئي چوندي وڃي ته: ”اي پرين! جنهن کي اوهان جي نالي نوازيو
 آهي، تنهن کي اوجھڙ ۾ اڪيلو نه ڇڏجو، شال منهنجو پريتر مون وٽ واپس وري ۽ اچي
 مون سان پنهنجو ناتو نباهي.“

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 6

Punhun drank Sassui a cup of poison or hardship and burnt in her heart an oven of love. To see the beautiful and charming hair of his beloved, she has lost her every easy living and rest. Who have been slaughtered by the attractive hair of the beloved, they are counted in the row of martyrs and they have no need of coffin. Who are already ruined in love, they are pure and pious. They also do not need the last wash before their burial. The fragile Sassui with her silky feet walks in the hard stones of the mountains and repeats in her heart that "Oh beloved do not leave in the lurch alone that one who has been graced by your name". May my beloved come back to me and perform faith of relationship.

1

جُڏائي جو جامُ، ڏنائون ڏکيءَ کي،
 مَنگَلُ مَنهنجي مَن ۾، ٻاريو هوتِ حَمَامُ،
 اَرِڪَ ٿيو آرام، ڪاڪُلُ پسي ڪانڌَ جو.

Beloveds have drunk a cup of separation to the servant of their door. Dear beloved has burnt a furnace of heat in my heart. After look of my husband's hair, my rest has gone away.

2

دَرْدُ نہ لَهي دَارُوئِين، زُلفِ زورِ دَنومِ
کاکُلُ کَالِ دَنومِ، رُخساري ٿي رُوپِ سينِ،

Here have put on me the force of hardship or burden. Now my pain will not be relieved with medical treatment or medicines, yesterday I have seen curvy hair looking charming on the cheeks of my beloved.

3

کاکُلُ کُني جا، کَفَنُ تنهن کين ٿئي،
مَنجه شَهادَتَ سان، لُڏي ۽ لاڏ کري.

Who is slaughtered of hair, she receives no coffins she is already decorated in beautiful and attractive dress of martyrdom.

4

ڏکا، ڏونگرَ ڄامَ! مَڪَرِ معذورِن تي،
توتي لَڇ، لَطيفُ چئي، آهي سندي عامِ،
مارِ چئي معذورَ کي، وَنِها ڪانڌا ڪلامِ،
پرچِ پيادن سين، الله لَڳ، علامِ!
جانوازي آهِنجي نامِ، سا هوت! مَرِ چڏج هيڪلي.

Oh lord of hardship! do not show your terror with very weak and debility stricken. You are honour and shame for all. +Oh lucky husband ! do not kill this weak uttering adversely or saying any abusive words. Oh my relative or legal husband ! for the sake of God, you must patch-up and meet with the pedestrians (who walk on feet in love) who is graced with your name, Oh dear do not leave her alone in lurch or separation.

5

پير پَتا نئي ڪُنڙا، ڏونگرَ مٿي ڏي،
قَتِياڻُ فقيرِ جا، سيرُون ٿيڙا سي،
جَهڙي تهڙي حالِ سين پوي پُنهن ڏي،
وِجي، مان وري، ٻانهي ۽ ٻنڌڻ جَنهن سان.

Sassui with her soft and more feeble than silky feet, walks in the mountains. The back of her feet are pierced and injured with blood coming out of them. She in that merciful condition walks on her feet to her beloved Punhun and says like this that "May he come back as with him there is relationship of his servant."

داستان ستون

جيڪي وندر ڏانهن وڃڻ لاءِ تيار هجن (جيڪي عشق جو ڏکيو سفر ڪرڻ لاءِ تيار هجن) سي پل سندرا ٻڌن، ٻين جو هن پنڌ ۾ هلڻ مُحال آهي، پنهون اتي ٿو وسي، جتي ڪانهائيت ئي نه آهي. جي ساري عمر سندن عشق ۾ ٿيون رُلن، تن سان ريڌالن جي ريس نه آهي. جو هن مارِگ ۾ مري ٿو، سو وڏي بخت وارو آهي، سسئيءَ جي محبت لازوال آهي، رائي ۽ رُجن جي پندن کيس رنجور ڪري ڇڏيو آهي، سندس سمورو سينگار ناس ٿي ويو آهي، ته به هوءَ لڪ لاجيندي ۽ ٽڪر ٽاڪيندي، پنهونءَ جي جستجو ۾ ڪيچ ڏانهن ڪاهيندي پيئي وڃي، سپرينءَ ويئي يا سُتي نه ٿو ملي پروڙڻ ۽ ڏاکڙين سان ٿو هٽ اچي. تون خوديءَ سان جانب ڪي نه ملندين، پر عجز ۽ نياز سان. جي ساڻس وصال چاهين ته دنيا جي سموري ڪاروبار کي ترڪ ڪر ۽ نيستي اختيار ڪر.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 7

Who are ready to go to *Windur* (who are ready to travel to the difficult path of love), they should fasten the belts. Others or not able to resume this walk or travel. Punhun lives at the place where there is no end. Who are roaming the whole age in their love, there is no comparison or rivalry, envision, jealousy or emulation. Who dies in this disease, he is lucky and fortunate. The love of Sassui is immortal or endless. The walks in hard stones of mountains and deserts has made her tired and sick. Her every decoration has ruined but she is still active to cross the passages of mountains and facing stony walk, continuously going in search of her beloved Punhun towards Kech. The beloved does not meet with sleeping and sitting lazy and idle but he meets with that in concerted endeavours and movement. You cannot meet your

beloved with selfishness and laziness but with humbleness and bowing down. If you want to meet him, try to forget all the worldly affairs and be totally devoted and unselfish forgetting your breath for existence.

1

وَنَدْرَجِي وَجَن، سِي مَرُ ٻَڌَن سَنَدِرا،
ٻيون ڪوهُ ٻُڌَن، چوڙي جي ڇڏينديون،

Who are ready to travel to *Windur*, they should fasten the belts. Why others are fastening the belts who would unfasten and throw away them.

2

ڏيهه ڏيهان ئي ڏور، پر ڏيهان پري ٿيا،
سيڪَن ڪارن سسئي، پيئي پَرانهين پور
تون وڃين، هوت حُضور، مُهنجو جيئن جِلاھين ٿي.

The country of the beloved is away from my country but Punhun himself is away from foreign country. (Real beloved is where there is no end). Sassui has been prepared for faraway journey. Oh beloved! you, for whom I am alive, go away to the hall of audience of Ari (Punhun's father).

3

هڪانديءَ هوئي، اُٿي راتِ روان ٿيا،
ساه سَڳي ۾ سُورَ جي، پُنهون ويو پوئي،
رُهَ قضا! دَمُ ڪوئي، ته هڪَر هڪاندي ٿيان.

Remaining in meeting with me, you went at night fastening my breath with the thread of pain or hardship. Oh nature or fortune! wait for sometime (let me give time for living) so that I should meet my beloved at once.

4

هَڏِ نه ساه سُدَيِرُ، دَرماندي دوس ري،

پاڻي ويڙا ڀرت جو، زوراوڙ زنجيرُ،
جي جُسو، جاڳيرُ، هاڻي ملڪُ هوتَ جي.

My body is not in patience, my heart is restless with out my beloved friend. The forceful and mighty beloved has fastened my body with the chain of love. Now my body, heart and wealth, property, assets etc. is property of my dear beloved.

5

عُمر سڀ عشقَ سين، پُنهون جو پُڇن،
ريسَ ريڌاليون تن سين، ڪهاڙيءَ کي ڪن؟
مارڳ جي مَرَن، وڏو طالعَ تَن جو.

Who ask for the sights of Punhun's love in their whole lives, why do culprits, stupid, mean or low graded women envy with them? Who die in the spiritual way, their fate and fortune is very high and esteemed.

6

ويني وڙ نه پون، سَتي ملن نه سپرين،
جي مَتي رَندن رُگن، ساڄن مَلي تن کي.

Dear beloved does not meet in neither sitting idle nor in sleeping. The beloved meets only those who are weeping and crying on the roads or paths.

7

رائي کي رنجور، ٽڪر توڙ ٽاڪيو چڙهي،
لانچي لڪ، لطيف چئي، هلي ڏانهن حُصور،
رهيا سڀ رُڃن ۾، سسئيءَ جا سالور،
ساڄن ميڙيس، سور، سُڪ نه ميڙيس سپرين.

Sassui has been injured in the walks of mountains. Nevertheless, she crossing stony mountains and passages , she is dashing to meet with her beloved Punhun. Sassui has lost her makeup, decoration etc. in the desert. Pain met Sassui with her beloved but not the easiness or happiness.

8

منجهان پڻءُ پروڙ، سڀ ۾ پُڄج، سسئي!
 ويهي وڏي ڍڳ مان، ڌڻي وجهج ڌوڙ،
 ته تون ماڻيئين موڙ، جي پنڌ اهاڻي پارئين.

Oh Sassui! you consider in yourself, in every thing search for Punhun. By staining or sifting this heap of ash or dust (try everywhere) apply dust or ash on your face (find sacred dust or ash of your beloved), if you take this advice, you will achieve many treasures of wealth.

9

پريائي ته ٻار، ڦوڪ ته لڳي انبرين،
 هتي جي هُئڻ جون، وٿون سڀ وسارِ
 سموري سرڪار، نيئي رڪج ناه ۾.

If you have felt heat, it should or its flames may be raised up to the sky. Here (this world), all things related to your entity or self should be forgotten. All the affairs or matters may be taken and destroyed.

10

قد ٻڌي، تون ڪيئن، پهچندينءُ پنهنون سين،
 جيئن سڀنيو ساههئين سسئي، ٿئين تهوارون تين،
 مٺي! ٿيءُ مسڪين، همت هوت وڃائيو.

How can you meet Punhun if you are haughty or proud or arrogant? As you become haughty, you will be pierced or broken into pieces. Oh sour or pride or wrecked! be polite and kind. Pride or self arrogance loses dear beloved.

11

ٻلر لڳو ٻان، پسو! جوءُ جرا ٿئي،
 سامنڌ مري نه جئي، پيئي پڇاڙي ٻان،
 سسئي سورن سان، سنيوڙي سيد چئي.

An arrow has stricken to this polite lady, see, how She has been broken into pieces or how she is pierced. This poor girl neither dies nor lives healthy, only she takes breath or tries to live or remain alive. Sassui faces all pains and hardships or she is always bravely standing to bear all difficulties.

داستان انون

سسئي آڌر، نڌر ۽ آيري آهي، ۽ سندس سونهون ڪو به نه آهي، هوءَ پنهنونءَ لاءِ لال لڙڪ پيئي وهائي ۽ حب ننڍيءَ ۾ هيچ منجهان هنجون پيئي هاري، ساڻس ڪو به ثمر نه آهي، هوءَ جانب لاءِ جبلن ۾ پيئي جلي ۽ لڪن کيس لوسائي ڇڏيو آهي، هوءَ پهڻن منجهه پڇي، سڀڪ ٿيندي ۽ نيٺ راه منجهه رچي لال ٿيندي. رُج ۽ رائي ۾ سندس وس آهي، ڪيچ ڌڻين کي ڪارون ڪرڻ ۽ پنهنونءَ ڏانهن پير پيرڻ، هوءَ موت جي ڪنڌيءَ تي آهي ۽ عزرائيل سندس اوڏو اچي بيٺو آهي، هوءَ ملڪ الموت (موت جي فرشتي) کي به پنهنونءَ جو پانڌي پيئي سمجهي. قبر ۾ مُنڪر ۽ نڪير حساب وٺڻ وارا فرشتا، سندس سامهون ٿا اچن ته به هوءَ انهن کان پنهنونءَ جو ٿي پڇي. جت زور پيو ويڃي ۽ کيس پهچڻ ڪونهي. سارو راڻو جڏهن رت سان رڱجي ۽ جڏهن بر جا مڙئي پو پيلجن، تڏهن ساڻس مَس ڪو وڃي ميڙائو ٿئي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 8

Sassui is half, orphan and fragile or very weak. No body guides her or there is no guide for her. She weeps red (blood) tears for Punhun in the Hab River near Karachi. She weeps and falls her tears from her sorrowful eyes with pleasure, love and affection. Nothing is with her or she has no provision for journey. She is taking trouble or burns in search of her dear husband beloved on big mountains and warm heat or air has changed her colour into black. She will parch into stones and will be ash and reddish in colour or her skin will convert into red ash. In the barren desert and sand, she tries to call Ketchian lords and go to Punhun. She is about to die and the death angel is standing near her. She even thinks the death angel, as a messenger from Punhun. In the grave, the asking angel or enquiry angel or examination

angels all are standing in front of her, even from them, she asks about his beloved husband Punhun. When force or breath power leaves her and to reach her in difficult, the whole atmosphere changes into blood, and all fears of desert vanish away, then there is possibility of her meeting and receiving her beloved husband.

1

اَڏَر، نَڌَر، اِپَرِي، اَسُونِهِيَن آهِيان،
لُرُڪَ لَعَل لَطِيْفُ چُئي، وَر لاءِ وهايان،
هيجان هَنجون حَب ۾، هوتن لاءِ هاريان،
جَانِبُ ضَعِيفِيءَ سِين، پنهنون پَهايان،
پيهان، پَچايان، جي مان نيوپاڻ سين.

I am sourceless, weak , guideless. I am weeping blood tears for my beloved husband.in the Hub River, I also in love, weep and fall tears from my eyes for my dear. I try to get excuse from the dear Punhun humbly. Oh my dear beloved! If you meet with me, I shall surely grind or operate hand-mill and prepare or cook delicious food for all.

2

اَڏَر، نَڌَر، اِپَرِي، آهِيان اَسُونِهِيَن،
پَرڏِيهي پَرين ڪيا، مرڻ لاءِ مُونِهِيَن،
سُسُئي ڪي، سِيڏُ چُئي، تَنگُن ۾ تُونِهِيَن،
هاري، ڪيئن هونئين، رءُ سَمَر سڌون ڪرين؟

I am sourceless, orphan and guideless. I made relationship with outsiders for dying purpose. You are source or help for Sassui in difficulties. Oh confused! How do you desire for meeting your beloved free of cost without possessing any material or goods, property or luggage for journey.

3

اَڏَر نه نَڌَر، اِپَرِي ۽ سَڌَر ٿي سچي،
سُپُڪَ ٿي، سِيڏُ چُئي، پَهڻن مَنجھه پُچي،

مَعذُورٌ تِي مارو ڪيو، اولا ڪُنُ اُچِي،
منجهان راهَ رَچِي، ٿِيڙِي لالُ لَطيفُ چئي.

Oh sourceless, orphan or guideless! you should be strong to suffer difficulties in the love of your beloved. After burning in the mountains, you should be courageous or strong. All pains or hardships have attacked to this weak and sourceless lady. She has been very ripe in facing all the woes of a journey in stony mountains.

4

اُچِي عِزرائِيلُ، سُتِي جا جاڳائي سسئي،
ٿِي دَوڙائي، دليل، تہ پنھون ماڙھو موڪليو.

The death angel awoke Sassui from the deep sleep but Sassui presumed that Punhun had sent a message for her through the walking man.

5

مُنڪِرُ ۽ نَڪير ڪي جڏھن ڏنائين،
اڳيان اُٿي اُن ڪي، پنھون پڇيائين،
ادا اِتائين، ڪرويو ساڻ سَڄُن جو؟

When Sassui saw both examining angels under (Munakir and Nakeer) in the grave, Sassui stood up and asked them about the welfare account of Punhun. She said: "brothers! did you see the Caravan of Punhun passing from there"?

6

پاڻاڻي تِي پور پُٺِيءَ ڪيچينُ ڪُڪرا،
رائو مڙيوئي رتُ سين، ڪارڻُ ڪانڌ ڪُڪور،
لانچي لڪَ، لطيف چئي، اُٿي ڏونگر ڏور،
جَتُ وڃي ٿو زور، اُڀرُ تان اوڏي ٿئين.

Oh Sassui! follow Kechians (Punhun) as a companion, pierce stones of the mountains and make red all the mountains with your blood. You should stand and find him in the passages

and search all the mountains. Camel riders (Jat) (Punhun) walk fast, you should also make strides so that you can be close to him.

7

جُهٽَ پَٽِي، پُءُ جُهَگ، هاڙهي پُچُ مَرُ هُوتَ کِي،
 سورُ سُهيلي، سَسئي! لَڪَ تَنهين سين لنگهه،
 تہ سَپيريان جي سَنگ، مُنڌا! ميڙائو توڙئي.

You may endeavor, get into the forest and do not search Punhun in Harhe mountain, Oh Sassui! Pain is your faithful companion, you with his help stand up and pass or cross passages so that Oh lady! You should meet your Caravan of your beloved husband.

8

ڪَرِ ڪو واڪو وَسُ، وَهَ مَرُ مُنڌَ پَنپورَ ۾،
 چڙهي ڏاڍين ڏوگرين، پيرُ پنهنوءَ جو پَسَ.
 ڏورنُ منجهان ڏس، پوندءِ، هوتُ پنهنوءَ جو.

Oh sister lady! stand up and make a cry and make efforts. Do not sit in Bhanbhor in this manner. Go up on the top of the big mountains, Find the foot prints of Punhun. With search only you can get information of your beloved husband.

داستان نائون

هوت هلندڙ ئي هٿ ڪن، باقي وينلن، جي وَرَ ڪجهه نہ ٿو پوي. گهڻن ئي سالڪن رهبر جي اوجھڙ ڏوري آهي، پر منجهائين، ڪو بہ منزل تي نہ پهتو آهي، سسئيءَ ڇپر ۾ پنهنوءَ جي پيرن کي سونهون ڪيو آهي، نڪي صبر ڪري ويهڻو آهي، نہ پيرن سان پنڌ ڪرڻو آهي، نہ ويهي رهڻو آهي، سڪن جا سڀ لاڳاپا لاهي، هنئين سان هلڻ جڳائي پوءِ هي ڏکيو پنڌ ڄڻ پاسي ۾ نبريو. پڄ جبل بہ هڪ ئي چڪيءَ سان ڇڄيو پوي، سسئيءَ هيڪليا ئي پنهنوءَ ڏانهن پوريندي ٿي وڃي ۽ سندس ساٿي سواءِ سورن جي ٻيو ڪو بہ ڪونهي.

جي سور ساڻ آھن تہ لڪَ ليون ٿيون پُون ۽ آڏا ڏونگر سَنوان پَتَ ٿيو وِجن، سسئيءَ نيٺ
پنهنجي جانب کي پنهنجي جان ۾ ڏٺو ۽ نينهن جي برڪت سان سرفراز ٿي ويئي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 9

Beloved can be obtained by walkers but sitters cannot find anything. Many searchers have travelled the way of worries but no body has reached the destination. Sassui had hidden made shadows to the footsteps of Punhun and it is not allowed to sit idle. Neither walk on feet nor to sit idle will make aims successful. All happy days are forgotten and it is necessary to walk whole heartedly then distance will mitigate and reduce. The *Pab* mountain can be crossed and rushed with one stroke.

Sassui alone is advancing to Punhun and her companion is none except her sorrows and worries. If the pains are together, the passages convert as woods or forest and the difficult paths change as straight plans and plots. At-last Sassui saw her dear husband in her heart or within herself and with the blessings of her love, She got her ambition and destination and became grandeur in the eyes of the world or all people.

1

وِھُ مَ وِ ساري، پُڇا ڪَرمَ پَندَ جي،
نِرمَلُ نھاري، ھَلندي تان ھِٽَ ڪيو.

Do not forget your beloved and do not ask anybody about his caravan or his walking from here. With good intention or faith, the walkers or travelers found their beloveds.

2

اُوجھڙَ آسُونھن ڏيھ، گھڻوئي ڏوريو،
سَگَر لاءِ سونھن، پھتي ڪا نہ پندَ ڪري.

The guideless seekers searched very much the beloved in the desert place but without guide they could not reach the destination.

3

واء! وِجاء مَر سو، پُئيءَ جنهن پَنڌُ ڪريان،
چِتا! چَپَرُ پَرينءَ جو، پيرُ پَرِنيان تو،
بَر بوراڻو جو، سو لڳي، مَتان لَتئين!

Oh air! the footprints, I follow in my journey, do not erase them. Oh storm! in hardships, I entrust you the footprints of my beloved husband. It guides me in the barren deserts, so blowing with force, do not cover it with dust or sands.

4

دُور مَر تون ڏوريڃ، صَبَر ڪَر مَر سَسئي!
پُرنُ چَڏِ پيرن سين، وهڻ وساريڃ،
سُڪن جا، سِيڌُ چَئي، لاڳاپا لاهيڃ،
هينئين مان هليڃ، تہ پَنڌُ پاسي پَرِنبري.

Oh Sassui! (Oh seeker) do not find or search beloved far away, do not also sit idle in patience, leave walking on foot and similarly forget sitting silently. Break your relationships with happiness and convenience or ease. Walk with your heart so that you can reach the destination soon or complete the journey soon.

5

گهي جا گنيائين، وِڪَ تنهين ويجهي ڪئي،
چِڪيءَ چِنائين، پَنڌُ مَرُوڻي پَب جو.

After tiring, she took the step that made her nearer to her beloved husband. The all travel or journey of PAB mountain was completed with one stroke or force or stride.

6

سُو ڪوہ ڪري سِيڪا، تون، گهي! ڪڙج وِڪِ
تاڻج مَنجهان تِڪَ، تہ پَنڌُ پاسي پَرِنبري.

Oh tired! Every one can walk hundred miles or (180 kms) but you take one step or take one stride. You go fast so that your

journey completes in one moment or you may reach the destination in one moment.

7

هڪلائي هيل، پورينديس پنهنون ڏي،
آڏا ڏونگر لڪيون، سوريون سجن سيل،
ته ڪر ٻيلي آهن ٻيل، جي سور پريان جا ساڻ مون.

Now alone I shall travel or go to Punhun. Mountains and passages are difficult and tops of high mountains are also famous, if pains of beloved are together, suppose that they are my helpers or they extend me help.

8

دوست ڏنائين دل سين، ورڇي تان نه وهي،
لانچي لڪ لطيف چئي، پھڻ منجهه پهي،
سندي نينهن نه، ڪي سر فراز سسئي.

Sassui saw her beloved husband with her own eyes and never sat idle fearing the pains of walk on foot. Searching passages, she entered into the mountains. The wealth of love, made her grandeur and more sacred.

داستان ڏهون

سسئي ورلاپ ڪري پيئي چوي ته ”اي پنهنون! تون ويجهو اڃ ۽ مون کان پري نڪري نه وڃ. تو پڄاڻا، پنڌ ۾ پوري ٿي وينديس. تون هن نذر ڪي سفر ۾ هڪلو نه ڇڏ. توکان سواءِ منهنجي جيءَ کي ڪا جمعيت نه آهي. آريءَ ڄام منهنجي پٺيان عشق جو واڳه ڇڏي ويو آهي.“

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 10

Sassui cried and said, “Oh Punhun! you should come near or be close and do not be away from me. With out you I shall vanish

or finish in the walk or journey. Do not leave this sourceless and orphan alone or lonely. Without you my heart is bursting and does not relax. Arijam has left the crocodile of love for me or entrusted me with love.

1

آئون اوراهون، سپرين! پري وڃ ۾ پي!
 موٽ، مرنديس چرين، تون جيارو جي،
 هوت! مَر چڏج هي، پنهنون! پيادي پند ۾.

Oh dear! you may come near, Oh beloved! you do not go away from me. You may return otherwise I shall vanish in mountains, because of the fact that you are my saver and survivor. Oh dear Punhun! do not leave this pedestrian in the journey.

2

آءُ اوراهون، سپرين! ڏکي ڏيڃ مَر ڏاگه،
 وٽ چڏي مون واگه، آري! وئين عشق جو.

Oh dear! come close to me. Do not give me pain or injury or burns of separation. Oh Arijam! you have left me in the dangerous animals (Lions) of love.

3

هٿان هڏ نه چڏيان، صبرُ شڪرانو،
 ڏوڦَ زمانو، مون ورا! ويو وسري.

I shall follow thanks giving and patience. Oh my husband! I have totally forgotten every luxury of the world or worldly enjoyment.

4

ناه جمعيَت جان کي، هوت پُڄاڻا هاڻ،
 الله! سيئي آڻ، جن ساءِ چڪايمر سڪ جو.

Without my dear, I have no rest in my body and heart. Oh

God! You may return them who have tasted me their sweetness and love.



داستان يارهون

ڪيچي (ڪامل مرد) زبان سان ڪڇن نه ٿا، هُو سراپا ڪن آهن ۽ رڳو اشارن ۾ راز ٿا ٻڌائين. پنهنجو (ڪامل مرشد) جي اڳڻ ۾ رڳو ڪٿارو ۽ ڪوس پيو هلي. روحاني پنڌ ۾ مرشد (گروءَ) جون اکيون ئي طالب جي رهبري ٿيون ڪن، ڇو ته طالب پاڻ بي نور آهي. سڌ ڪجي ته پرينءَ کي ڪجي، هلجي ته به ڏانهن هلجي، ٻيا پنڌ نه پڇجن.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 11

Kechi (complete men) do not talk with their tongue. They have only ears and they only exchange views of secret in hints or pointing out. Punhun's (complete guide) house is full of slaughter and cutting. In the spiritual walk the eyes of guide are providing directions or guidance to the Seeker or who demands, himself is sightless or who does not see being eyeless. If you call, you should call to the beloved, go to him only, do not ask for other walks.

1

ڪُن ٿي، ڪيچين ڪڇيو ڪڇ مَر ٿا ڪڇن،
اِشارَتُون اُن جُون سَڪو تان سَجن.
وَتان ويهي تن، سَن تـ سوز پرائين.

You should make your whole body as ear because Kechis are speaking. You do not talk because Kechis are talking. Their hints should be understood for their calmness. Hear them to achieve the force of love or enticement and inspiration of love.

2

سَن تـ سوز پرائين، ”آءُ“ چيائون اڄ،
ٻولي ٻي نه سَڪيا، ”پاڻا“ چوندءِ ”پڇ“
واڃي وٽ مَر وُڃ، ٻُڌ تـ ٻيا ئي لهي.

They (Kechians) today said, "I". You should hear them and achieve enjoyment or enticement. They have not learnt other tongue or language, only they say, be away from self hood or pride", do not sound like drum (Do not cry every time). Only hear carefully their language they speak so that your grudge on hypocrisy should go away or finish.

3

ڪٽارو ۽ ڪوسُ، اڱڻ آريءَ ڄام جي،
ديت آهي دوسُ، مارڳ ۾ مِين جي.

On the courtyard of the house of Ari Jam (Punhun), there are heaps of knives and arrows and also slaughtering. Friend himself is blood recommendation for those who are finished in the way of love.

4

اڪيون آريءَ ڄام جون، انڌيءَ سين آهين،
هُو جي وڻ وندر جا، سي مون سونهائين،
ڏسيو ڏيڪارين، پيشاني پنهوءَ جي.

Arijam's (Punhun's) eyes are with this blind (Sassui). They guide me towards the trees of *Windur*. They see the face of Punhun, and then show me also.

5

سڏ مَر ڪَر سڏن ري، هلڻ رءُ مَر هَلُ،
جلڻ رءُ مَر جلُ، رڙڻ رءُ متان رڙين،

Without real calls (with out calling the beloved), do not make other calls. Without walking to beloved, do not walk to other place or side. Without burning in the flame of love, do not burn and without weeping for separation of the beloved, do not weep.

متفرقه ابیات

پنھون، سسئيءَ جي جيءَ ۾ عشق اُٿاري ويو آهي ۽ پاڻ ڏيکري ويو آهي، هاڻي
 سُسئيءَ جي اندر ۾ فراق جو ڦٽ پيو ڪڙهي. هيءُ مُنڌ هيٺسڙ سڀ نانا توڙي، ڪاهوڙين
 جيان لڪڻ ۾ بيٺي آهي. اي طالب! تون به سمورا حجاب لاهي، سسئيءَ وانگر روحاني
 پنڌ ۾ ڪاهي پئ. تون ڇانوڻ جي پُڇا نه ڪر. پر اُس ۾ اڳتي هل، تون جا بجا رُلي، پرينءَ
 کي ڏور ته آخر عشق ۾ رچي لال ٿين ۽ جانب سان هڪ ٿين.

VARIANT POEMS

Punhun has generated love in the heart of Sassui and he himself has disappeared. Now in the heart of Sassui, the injury of separation is blazing. Now this dejected and aggrieved girl has closed her all relations, like searchers or struggle makers, is standing in the passages of mountains. Oh Seeker! you also losing or forgetting all necessities or familiarities like Sassui, start walking on the spiritual ways. You do not ask for shadows but in the sunshine or heat, go ahead. You should roam in every place or spot, search your beloved so that at-last, you may reach the climax of love and become red in it and be mixed with one your beloved.

1

اُٿيو ۽ اُٿياڪ، ڪالھوڪو ڪاڏي گيو؟
 ويو جاڳائي، جيڏيون، برهه هي بيٺاڪ،
 چُرڦرڪاري چاڪ، سورُ سمهاري ڪين ڪي!

The risen and generated love of yesterday where has gone away. Oh Sisterly friends! This greedless and careless love, has awoken me. Its injuries and wounds have burnt fire in my heart and its pain does not allow me to sleep or take rest.

2

جان سامائين، سسئي! تان ويس وڙڻ جو ڪر،
 لاهي لڄ، لطيف چئي، ٿي بيگاريائي بر،
 ته ويندي پوئتي ور، اڳيان هوت حضور ۾.

Oh sassui! When you have grown matured, shameless dress may be put on. Do not feel shame, Latif says, roam in the desert and mountains and leave your home or be homeless so that your beloved may meet you or you may receive your beloved (worldly shame may be forgotten so that beloved may be received).

3

مُنْدَ نہ مَنجھان تَن، پَسي لَکَ لُڏَن جِي،
جا پَر ڪاهوڙين، سا پَر سَڪي سَئي.

This sad girl (Sassui) is not belonging to those, who fear or tremble to see the passages of mountains. The attitude or aptitude is possessed by struggle makers or labourers, that is also possessed by Sassui.

4

مُنْدَ مَر مَنهن ويهه، اُپي اوسرُ اُس ۾،
توسيئي سين ڪيا، ڏور جَنين جو ڏيهه،
پاڙي پاڙي، پيهه، وَتُ پُچندي پرينءَ ڪي.

Oh orphan girl! you do not sit in shed or shade but stand and go ahead in sun heat. You have related yourself with those whose country is very far away. You should roam here and there or everywhere and continue search for your beloved.

5

اولاڪَن اچي، مَعذور تي مارو ڪيو،
مَتان، وَر وسارئين، مَنجھان ڪَر ڪَچي.
لاهي لاڳاپا لنگهه تون، سيئن ڏانهن سَچي!
مَنجھان راهَ رَچي، ٿيندينءَ لعل، لطيف چئي.

All worries and sorrows have attacked this feeble lady. Oh husband! you should not lest forget this low graded family girl. Oh truthful girl! forget all your relations and connections with others, go to your beloved. You will be red in the walk on foot to your beloved, Latif says. (In search you will achieve your destination of paradise). *****

سر معذوري

”معذوري“ عربي لفظ آهي، جنهن جي معنيٰ آهي بيحال يا ضعيف. هن سر ۾ سسئيءَ جي عاجزيءَ جو احوال آيل آهي، هوءَ پنهنونءَ جي سڪ ۾ سڄ مان ستون ڏيندي پيئي وڃي، سندس حال هيٺو آهي، هن سر ۾ شاھ صاحب، طالب جي ڪشالن جو ذڪر ٿو ڪري، کيس نفس ٿو ستائي، پر هو مرشد جي صورت اڳيان رکي سڀني حرصن تي غالب ٿو پوي. سندس اڳيان هڪ ئي مقصد آهي: پرينءَ کي ملڻ. نيھن واري لاءِ جبل هڪ نوڻ (ميدان) ٿيو پوي. پرينءَ لاءِ پنڌ ڪرڻ هن لاءِ سعادت آهي، ارڏا ڏونگر هن لاءِ ڪا به هستي نٿا رکن؛ بلڪه هن لاءِ ڏوليءَ آهن، جو مرڻ کان اڳي ٿو مري، سو جانب جو جمال ٿو ماڻي ۽ هو عاشقن جي دفتر ۾ هميشه نالو ڇڏي ٿو وڃي. حافظ شيرازي ٿو فرمائي: ”اهو هرگز نه ٿو مري جنهن جي دل عشق سان زنده ٿيل آهي. اسان جو نالو هميشه لاءِ دنيا جي دفتر ۾ اڪريل رهندو.“ سسئيءَ جو نالو به انهيءَ ڪري امر آهي، جو هوءَ عشق ۾ فنا ٿي ويئي، وصل انهن لاءِ آهي جي ان هوند کي اوڏو آهن ۽ هوند کان پري، جو سڀني سڌن کي ”لا“ جو خنجر ٿو هڻي، سو ابدي حياتي ٿو ماڻي. اهڙا طالب جڳ جڳ ٿا جيئن ۽ موٽي ڪين ٿا مرن، هي پنڌ نيسيءَ جو آهي. نيھن جي راه ۾ رُڪ جهڙو ارادو گهرجي. طالب هر شيءِ ۾ محبوب جو ديدار ٿو پسي ۽ کيس وڻ وڻ مان جانب جي سُرهاڻ ٿي اچي. سسئيءَ جي فنا ٿيڻ تي ڏونگر ۽ مرون به ٿا روئن، سڄي عاشق جي فنا ٿيڻ تي ساري ڪائنات ماتم ٿي ڪري، پر هو وڃيو عرش جو هميشه وارو عيش ماڻي وري موٽي هن دوزخ جهڙي جُهان ۾ نه ٿو اچي، هن سر ۾ شاھ صاحب نفس جي شرارتن جو ذڪر ڪيو آهي.

طالب جي پُٺيان نفس هر وقت ڪُٽي واري بچ لايون بيٺو آهي، حقيقت ۾ نفس به انسان جي آزمائش لاءِ ئي آهي ۽ انهيءَ ڪري ملهائڻو آهي. هوشيار طالب ساڻس اها ڪار ٿو ڪري، جا ڇڄڻ ڪري ڪُٽي سان، هن سر ۾ شاھ صاحب ”ترڪ“ تي به زور ڏنو آهي، سڀ ڪجهه ترڪ ڪري طريقت جي راه ۾ هلڻ کي هو صاحب ”ننگو ٿي نڪرڻ“ ٿو سڏي ۽ سڀئي سڌون مارڻ کي ”مرڻ کان اڳي مَرڻ“ ٿو ڪوٺي. جو طالب، نفس کي ”لا“ جو خنجر ٿو هڻي ۽ مرڻ کان اڳي ٿو مري، سو جانب جو جمال ٿو ماڻي.

مري جيءَ ته ماڻئين، جانب جو جمال،
تئين هوند حلال، جي پنڊ اهاڻي پارئين.
مرٿان اڳي جي مُٺا، سي مري ٿين نه مات،
هوندا سي حيات، جيئڻا اڳي جي جئا.

TUNE (SUR) MAAZOORI (DISABLE) SASUI

Maazoori is an Arabic language word which means weak or feeble or disable. In this Tune (Sur), humbleness of Sassui has been described. She in the love of Punhun, throng to find him from the barren desert. She is too much weak and feeble. In this Tune, Shah Latif has described endeavors of lover (who desires to meet her beloved). She is being persecuted by her "inner self" but she keeps the picture or shape of her spiritual guide in front of her, she forgets her all greedy desires. Before her, only one purpose is to meet her beloved. For lover, the mountain is like a heap of salt. It becomes a sacred cause for her to walk on foot to her beloved. The difficult big mountains and troubles to cross them become of no harm but they provide her a Palanquin or a kind of Sedan to travel on it. Who dies before death, he enjoys the sweet company or sweet meeting of his beloved and leaves his name eternally in the record of lovers. Hafiz Sheerazi of Iran says, "He never dies whose heart is filled with love or whose heart is alive with love," and his name is permanently written in the record of the world. The name of Sassui is therefore eternally recorded because she vanished herself in the love of Punhun her beloved husband. Meeting is for those who are in front of nothing and are away from existence. Who forgets all desires and strikes them a Sword of "Laa" or No, he enjoys an eternal or immortal life. Such lovers or desire keepers, are permanently living every where or in both worlds, this world and to come and do not die again. This walk is of destruction or non-existence. In the way of love, there is need of an iron intention or firm attitude. The lover (Desire keeper or Seeker) sees his beloved in every thing and gets fragrance of all trees or flowers. On the pains and hardships faced by Sassui, they themselves and pigs in the mountains are weeping or falling tears. On the death of true lover, the whole universe is mourning but he enjoys eternal happiness on the sky and never returns in the hell of this world. In this Tune, Shah Latif has described all the mischieves of sensual desires, the breath or

selfhood. The sensual desires or selfhood is barking like a dog behind the desire keeper or lover. Actually the sensual desires or selfhood is just for the test of human being and for which it is very costly or valuable. The clever or careful lovers act with it like a dog's tick. In this Tune, Shah Latif has stressed on "Tark" or (to avoid). He considers to avoid everything is the way of Tareeqat (Right path or sacred way in religion), he also considers this way of passing life as to be naked or nude to walk or go outside. To kill or forget all greedy desires is considered as "to die before the death". The lover who adopts "La" (or No) or strikes the sword of No and dies before death, he enjoys to see the beauty of his beloved:

- After death, again living, you will enjoy seeing the beauty of your beloved, you will become sacred, if you follow this instruction or direction or advice.
- Who died before death, they will not be silent or ended after death, they will be alive or living, who lived before their life."

داستان پهريون

پرين ڏانهن پنڌ ڪندي، ڪي ڪوڙيون ٿيون ٽڪجن، جن جو عشق سڄو آهي، تن لاءِ جبل به ميدان ٿيو پوي. سسئيءَ جهڙا عاشق پنهنجي جسم ۽ جان جو ڪو به سانگو نه ٿا رکن، پوءِ ڀل ڪئي سندس ماس پرزا پرزا ٿي مرن جو ڪاڄ بنجي. جيئن شڪاري شڪار پٺيان ڪتن جي ٻچ ڪندو آهي، تيئن طالب پٺيان به مصيبتن ۽ ڪشالن جي ڪاه ٿي ٿئي، پر جي سندس مرشد ڪامل آهي ته اهي هن تي غالب پئجي نه ٿا سگهن. نفس ڪٿي مثل آهي ۽ هميشه مردار پٺيان پيو مري، سڄا طالب هر وقت مٿس نظر ٿو رکي ۽ ساڻس اها ڪار ٿو ڪري جا چچڙ ڪري ڪٽي سان، سسئي به پهڙن ۽ ٻريتن جي مڙني پسن مٿان غالب پيئي ۽ غالب پيئي ۽ نيٺ پنهنجو نالو سچن عاشقن جي دفتر ۾ هميشه لاءِ ڇڏي ويئي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 1

The untrue and insincere lovers are tired in walking to their beloveds. Who are true lovers, for them, mountains become plains. Lovers like Sassui do not care for their body and heart so that their flesh becoming pieces, may be eaten by pigs. Just as

hunter for hunting purpose excites a dog to strike or attack another, so the troubles and struggles attack the lover or Seeker, but if his spiritual guide is perfect, they cannot harm him. The sensual desires of a man is just like a dog which always eats the dead. The careful lover always is vigilant and treats it like a tick does with a dog or sucks its blood. Sassui also succeeded in crossing all passages of mountains and barren deserts and at last recorded her name forever in the list of lovers.

1

هلندي هوت پنهونءِ ڏي، ڪُهجن ڪي ڪوٽيون،
پَهَنُ تنين پَتُ ٿئي، جي لاءِ لالَن لونيون،
سڀ سَهيليون سڪَ ڪي، چُجهون ۽ چُونيون،
بانين! ٿي پوٽيون، تہ ڪتا ڪينئي ڪيچ جا.

Walking to beloved, the untrue and insincere are tired. Who roam to find their beloved, for them mountains become plains. In the field of real love, all sister friends (untrue friends or seekers), look narrow minded and less sighted. Oh Hindu lady (Sassui) you should be pieces in this walk so as the dogs of Kech should enjoy to eat your flesh.

2

تن پيئي جا نارَن ياد، جي پارِڪل پنهونءِ ڄام جا
سندي لالَن لاقِ، مٿان پوءِ منءِ ٿئي.

The tamed animals of Punhun Jam, they remembered Sassui. Oh lady! The beloved will meet you after death.

3

جاڳايسَ جَنبورَ، ڪُتي قَربَن جي،
بُهِي پونڪي اٿيو، گهڙي مَنجهان گهُور،
سڀ لاهيندو سُوَر، ڳري هِن غريب تان.

Beloved's wasp or hornet like rough or hard dog awoke her. It moved its body and barked loudly and harshly. It will bite and

the pain of poor will go away or vanish.

4

ڪٽو طالبُ ڏوندي جو اسين ڪٽي ڪپڙ
ڇهڻي آهي ڇيڙ، ڪارايي جي ڪن ۾.

The dog is fond of eating dead animal's meat but we are like tick for dog. Now in the ear of the dog, a tick is stuck.

5

سڳبان سيندياڙيا، ٻڃيا، ٿي بهن
ڦيريا نه فرمان کان، ملهه نه موتيڙن،
ڪونهي ڏوهه ڪٽن، ڏاڪاريا، ڏاڙهين ٿا.

The owner of dogs has excited them to bite through ringing whistles, so they are barking. They do not disobey the orders of their owner. Really, they are invaluable. There is no mistake of dogs. They are being excited to bite others so they are barking.

6

ڏکا، ڏونگر جا مرون، مر ٿا مون تي ڪن
پڙندا ڪين پريٽ تي، هن جا سڌر ٿا سڄن،
سڳائي جي سيد چئي، آهي سڌ سين،
هوند نه هت ٿرن، پر قرابت ڪم ڪيو.

Let the pigs of mountains should attack me. They cannot control washer woman because they know her strong and healthy friends and helpers. All know about this relationship. They would not avoid attacks but they have been affected and impressed by these relations. Hard days, cannot control the lovers because their helpers are spiritual guides).

7

سڌر سين سڱ ڪري، پر گندين پيياس،
ڪير برهمڻ؟ ڪن جي؟ ڪير ڄاڻي ڪيڻاس؟
هوند نه سنڌ سياڻ، هن پرين ڪيس پڌري.

Having relation with a strong beloved, I became famous in every country. Otherwise who will know or recognize her (to Sassui) that who was this Hindu lady and to whom she belonged? Otherwise, her name would not have been known even in Sindh, but now with this high and dignified relation, she has been made famous all over the world.

واڻي 1

خوبي مَنجھ خَفَتَ اي! دوست دَقَتَ آهي عبداللطيف کي
مَدَحَ مون کان نہ ٿئي، سَندي سُوَرِ صِفَتَ،
هَجِي ڪَريان هيچ سين، مُطالِعُ مُحَبَتَ،
حُزَنُ هُوتَ پَنهُونَ جو، رَگِياڻي راحَتَ،
پَريان جي پستانَ جو، فاقوڻي فَرَحَتَ،

VAEE (FLATULENCE)

Oh friend! for Abdul Latif, there is peace and comfort in pain and effort. I cannot praise the quality of pain. The word 'Muhabat' I should define with eagerness and read it with great liking. The pain for beloved Punhun is great comfort for me. It is peace for me to long for the chest of my beloved. (This poem has been recited in the praise of love and separation).

داستان ٻيو

جن دنيا جو ويس ۽ عيش چڏيو ۽ مڙهي لاڳاپا لڌا، تن جو تياڳ اگهيو. پرينءَ جي مشاهدي مائڻ لاءِ نند کي به ترڪ ڪرڻو آهي ۽ پاڻ سان ”ڪين“ ڪڍي نڪرڻو آهي، جن سينگار سان چاهه رکيو، تن ليلا وانگر وصل وڃايو. محبوب، هوند وارن کان پري آهي ۽ اڻ هوند وارن کان ويجهو آهي، هي پنڌ نيسيءَ جو آهي، هن پنڌ ۾ نه سمر ساڻ گهرجي، نه ساڻي، جن کي مال ساڻ آهي، سي ڳورا آهن ۽ هن پنڌ کان عاجز آهن، جن کي پاڻ سان ڪي ڪينهي سي هُورا (هلڪا) آهن، ۽ هنن لاءِ سفر سٺائو آهي. حقيقي منزل تي رسڻ لاءِ حال (ذوق ۽ مستي) گهرجي نه مال.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 2

Who left or forgot the lavishness and decorative dress and delinked himself with the worldly affairs, they succeeded in their struggle, for seeing the beloved, sleep or rest is also abandoned and "Nothing" is to be taken with himself. Who liked decoration, they lost contact like Leela (Wife of Chanessar King). Beloved is away from rich who have worldly wealth and very near to poor who have nothing financially or they are empty handed. This walk is for destruction or ruination. In this walk neither any material is needed nor any companion. Who have material with them, they are heavy and they are unable to move for the walk. Who have nothing with them, they are trivial and for them the journey is easy. To reach at the real destination where beloved is available, there is need of neither lustfulness, wanton or pride and strength nor material.

1

آديون! وَرُ اُگھاڙ، وهانءُ جنهن وساريو،
جيڏيون! ڇڏي جاڙ، سڀ ننگيون ٿي نڪرو.

Oh friendly sisters! Who abandoned decoration or makeup and lavishness, he is celebrating a religious ascetic to renounce worldly objects. Oh friends! Abandon laziness and lethargy, go out shamelessly and fearlessly.

2

سڀ ننگيون ٿي نڪرو، لالچ ڇڏي لوپ،
سپيريان سين سوپ، ننڊون ڪندي نه ٿئي.

You all should abandon greediness, go outside fearlessly. To meet the beloved will not be achieved with sleep and rest.

3

سڀ ننگيون ٿي نڪرو، پَرَهَن ڇڏي پوءِ،
مَهَنَدِ مَرَنَئان هوءَ، ڪهي جا ڪين ڪئي.

You leave your dresses, be out fearlessly. Who does not take anything, she is advanced in walk or she wins the race (high graded, esteemed).

4

گهي جا کين کڻي پرين پڙهي سا،
وهي ويڙهجي جا، وصل تنهن وڃائيو.

Who does not take anything in the journey, she meets with the beloved. Who sits with all dresses, she loses her meeting or contact.

5

وصل تنهن وڃائيو، سيند سرامي سيئن،
سا لوتي ليلان جيئن، مٿيو جنهن مٿ ڪيو.

Who decorates hair with comb and puts in eyes antimony, she loses the contact with her beloved. Who likes stones and rings, she like Leela (wife of Chanessar king) loses her husband.

6

هونديان هوت پري، اوڏو آه اڻ هوند ڪي،
ساجن تن سري، ”لا“ سين لڏين جي.

Beloved is away for wealth and to poverty is very near, (He is away from wealthy or rich or worldly people but he is near to those who are poor or who have abandoned the worldly objects). Those receive the beloved, who take nothing with them.

7

لائي خنجر ”لا“ جو هي! خچر ڪي هن،
سڏن جون، سيد چئي، وٽون سڀ وڪڻ،
پير پروڙي ڪڻ، ته هلڻ ۾ هوري وهين.

On sensual desires, strike the sword of La (No) or except Allah no other name. Abandon all the affairs or matters of desires.

Take stride carefully, in the spiritual way, so as to walk ahead with the less burden.

8

هورنِ هارِ هو لنگهيو، ٿي جريدي جو!
هوندِ جنين سين هو، هوت نه هوندو تن سين

Oh young girl! You alone (without material and companion) go ahead or walk further. Those can cross the Harhe mountain who have no material. (In religious way, those cross and walk who have abandoned the world). Who are wealthy (worldly material and greed), with beloved will not be together for ever.

9

هورنِ هارِ هو لنگهيو، مٺي مُوسٽُ چڏ،
”لا“ سين اُٿي لڏ، ”ڪين“ رساڻي ڪيچ ڪي.

Oh unfortunate! Abandon your decoration and make up. Who have (nothing), they can cross the Harhe mountain. You take nothing with you in the walk. Nothing (destruction) can take to reach at Kech (Spiritual destination).

10

نڪا هٽ، نه هٽ، ڪا گوريءَ سنڊي ڳال،
ڪين پُهتي مال، حالِ پُهتي هوت ڪي.

The woman with the worldly material (heavy burden) has appreciation neither here (this world) nor there (spiritual world). The woman carrying worldly material with her cannot reach at the destination but can be reached there with the spiritual sentiments and pride.

داستان نيون

سُسئي، پُنھونءَ جي ڳولها ۾ لڪن ۽ لڪين جي اڙانگي پنڌ ۾ اچي پيئي آهي. واٽ تي وڻ به سندس راه ۾ رُڪاوٽون پيا وجهن. هوءَ عاجز ٿي وڻن کي به پيئي لياڻي چوي ته ”منهنجي ڪا سونهپ ڪريو، مون کي منجهايو نه“ سندس ارادو رُڪ جهڙو آهي. هوءَ پُنھون جي تلاش ۾ جُتي به پيرن ۾ نه پائيندي، توڙي ڪٿي لڪ ڪنڊا، اڱرين ۽ ترين ۾ لڳنس ۽ ماس چنيس. سڄي طالب کي به ائين ڪرڻ گهرجي، نه ته هو وصال کي هرگز ويجهو نه رسندو.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 3

Sassui in search of Punhun has started a difficult and hard walk in the passages and dens of the mountains. In the way trees create hindrances in her walk. Humbly, she appeals trees that they should guide her but not hinder or confuse her. Her intention is as hard as steel, she will not wear shoes in the walk to search her Punhun as to why not many thorns stick in her fingers and bottom of her feet and scratch their flesh. The true lover should also do like this otherwise he cannot meet or contact his beloved.

1

هَلندي هاڙهو مٿي، ڪَرڻُ ڪوه پيام،
اَرڏا آريءَ ڄام ري، گوندَر گُذريام،
لَڪيون، لَڪ، لَطيف چئي، اورانگهن آيام،
پُرڻ پُنھونءَ پُٺ ۾، اِي سعادَت سنديام،
مٿس ڪَم وڌام، وهان تان نه وس پيو.

I have to walk for many miles towards Harhe mountain. The separation of Arijam (Punhun my husband beloved), I am passing days in grief and sorrows. I have to cross passages and dens of mountains. To go behind or after Punhun is my fortune and luck. I have put all my responsibilities on him so sitting idle is not in my control or fate.

2

وَدَوِ كَیْمَ وَثَاہُ! اُونچا ڏونگر! مَرِ ٿیو،
تَمَوِ مَرِ نِیٿاہُ، تہ پیرُ نہاریان پَرینءَ جو.

Oh trees! do not rise or grow in my way or walk. Oh mountains! do not be high or rise high. Oh my eyes! do not weep tears so as I could see clearly and recognize the footprints or steps of Punhun (my beloved husband).

3

وارو! مون وٿراہ! ڪا سُدِ سونپ جي نہ ڏیو؟
وجهي وِراڪن ۾، مَعذُورِ ڪي مَرِ مُنجهاءِ،
مَنجهان پاڻ پياديون، هادي ٿي هلاءِ،
پريان ڪي پَهچاءِ، تہ لڳي لُونو نہ ٿئين.

Oh shades of trees! you do not guide me. Do not confuse the feeble and weak in the paths. You should move ahead to pedestrians as a guide. Reach me at my beloved lest you should not rot or burn or decay.

4

ڪَنڊا مون پيرن ۾، توڻي لڪ لڳن،
اَگرِ آڱوڻي نہ مِڙي، چُپُون پير چَنن،
ويندي ڏانهن پَرين، جُتي جات نہ پائيان.

If many lacs of the thorns stick in my feet and mountains injure my feet so much so that the finger cannot move with thumb but I shall walk to my beloved without shoes in my feet.

5

جُتيون سي پائينديون، جَنين پير پَرين،
لاڻيون سڀ پَرين، سَسُئي سُسپيرِين ڪي.

Those will wear shoes who have endeared their feet. For beloved husband, Sassui abandoned her all traditions, customs and cultural activities.

داستان چوٿون

پاڻ کي جنهن فنا ڪيو، سو بقا کي رسيو ۽ محبوب جي مشاهدي ماڻڻ جو لائق ٿيو. اي طالب! جيسين جيئرو آهين، تيسين هن دنيا سان لاڳاپا ٽوڙ ته موت تولا هميشه واري فرحت بنجي. جي جيئري مئا آهن، سي هرگز فنا نه ٿيا آهن. اُهي هميشه حيات آهن. انهن مري، ابدي (هميشه واري) حياتي هٿ ڪئي آهي. ڪنڌ ڪپائڻ ۾ ڪي ڪينهي، تون پنهنجي هستيءَ کي فنا ڪر.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 4

Who vanished himself, he reached eternal world and deserved to have a sight of his beloved. Oh lover! till you are alive, abandon your relations with this world so as the death should be pleasure for you for ever. Who have died alive, they are not vanished or extinct or destructed. They are immortal or eternally alive. They have died and got eternal or immortal life. Cutting off neck has nothing achievement, you should destruct your entity or extinct yourself.

1

مَري جِيءَ، تہ ماڻِين، جانب جو جَمالُ،
ٿِين هُونَدَ حَلالُ، جي پَنَدِ اِهاڻِي پارِين.

Vanish yourself, live in eternal world so as to see the beauty of beloved. If you follow this advice or instruction, you would be accepted by the dear beloved. (Die alive to meet your beloved).

2

مَرُ تہ موچاري ٿِين، اَجَلان اڳي اُجُ،
جان کي هئين جئري، تہ مُنَد! پَنِپوران پُجُ،
پُنهنءَ سان پُهَڄُ، تہ مَلڪَ المَوْتُ ماڻِين.

Before natural death, you should die today then you will feel comfort or pleasure. Oh girl! till you are alive, leave Bhanbhor

(this world). Be faithful with your Punhun (natural beloved) so as to see the beautiful death angel or Izrael.

3

اَجَلان اِگي، سَسُئي! مُنَدَا جِئِريائي مَرُ،
توليان تَنهن مَرُ، جنهن روح وِجايو راهِ مَرُ.

Oh Sassui! Oh girl! you should die before your natural death. Do not avoid the company or association of the friends who have sacrificed or destructed themselves in the mountains.

4

مَرُئا اِگي جي مُئا، سي مَرِي ٿين نه ماتُ،
هوندا سي حَيَاتُ، جئُٿان اِگي جي جُئا.

Who died before their natural death, they never die. They live forever (Amer), who have got the eternal life here (Life of spiritual world).

5

اُونچو اُٿاهون گهڻو، جِئُٿن ڪي جَبَلُ،
مَرُٿ! مون سين هَلُ، ته پئيءَ تو پَنَد ڪَريان.

For those who desire for living, the mountain becomes huge and high. Oh death! accompany with me so as to walk under your guidance.

6

تو سَگُ، ساہ! گهڻن سين، جِئُٿ! گوشي جاءُ،
مَرُٿ! مون سين آءُ، ته پئيءَ تو پَنَد ڪَريان.

Oh breath! (Oh life) you love or like many. (Oh breath! you are dear to many people or oh life! you have many relations). Oh live or alive! you should be at side or away. Oh death! you should come to me so as to walk behind you or make journey following you.

7

پَر ۾ پَچي پرينءَ کي، مَري نہ ڄاتو،
 ”موتو“ مُنڌ! نہ سو، کُنڌ کڄاڙيان کائين؟

You did not know to die for your beloved in secrecy or secretly. Oh girl! Have you not heard to die before the natural death? For what purpose you are cutting your neck?

داستان پنجون

اي طالب! تون پرينءَ جو مٽ ٻئي ڪنهن کي نہ ڄاڻ. تون ساڻس پريت نباہ. پيرن، هٿن، ڳوڏن پر پلي هل، پَر تنهن سان گڏ دل سان بہ پنڌ ڪر. سورن ۽ سختين جو سبق سُسئيءَ کان سک، جا تتيءَ ٿڌيءَ آريائيءَ ڏانهن ڪاهيندي ٿي وڃي. هوءَ وٽن ٿڻن ۽ پڪين پڪڻن کان بہ پُنهونءَ جا پتا پُچندي ٿي وڃي. جيڪي تقدير ۾ لکيل آهي، سو اوس ٿئي ٿو، تنهنجو فرض آهي سڀ برسر ڪرڻ.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 5

Oh seeker! you do not match anybody with your beloved. You should be faithful or keep faith with him. You may walk with feet, hands and knees but also walk by heart or with heart. Learn lesson of bearing all grieves and pains suffered by Sassui who is dashing to walk to Arijam in cold and warm seasons alike. She asks whereabouts of Punhun from trees and even birds in her walks. Whatever is written by God, it must happen or it appears to do. Your duty is to perform it well.

1

هٿين، پيرين، مُوٽَڙين، هَلج ساڻ هٽين،
 عِشق آريءَ ڄامر جو، نِبا هِي نِئين،
 جان جان ٿي جئين، تان پاڙج ڪو مَر پُنهونءَ سين.

You go with hands, feet (legs) and knees but walk with your heart and mind. Be faithful to Arijam (Punhun). Till you are alive or as long as you are alive, do not match any one with your husband.

2

هٿين، پيرين، مُونڙئين، ڪُهچ پَر ڪپار،
متان چوري! چڏئين، پَرِيٽِي پَچار،
توڪي سَنَدَ، سُسُئي! سَندي لَنوءَ لَغَار،
جي هُونئي هوت هزار، تڏه پاڙج ڪو مَر پنهونءَ سين.

You should go ahead with hands, feet, knees and head. Oh orphan! do not forget your love or remembrance of your beloved. Oh Sassui! you have support of love and attachment of beloved. If you have thousands of dear friends, do not match anyone with your beloved husband (Punhun).

3

تڏيءَ ٿڪي نه وهي، تَتِيءَ ڪري تان،
وڏائين وڻڪارِ مَر، سُسُئيءَ پاڻ سُڪان،
پُڇي پَ پَڪِين ڪي، پِيئي مُنڌ پَريان،
دَنَسَ ڏيهه وڻن جا، تن الله لڳ اُهڃان،
مان پَرجي پاڻ، اچي آريائي وري.

The tired (Sassui) does not rest in cold or cool but even in heat, she continues walking towards Punhun. Sassui has made her self weak and thin in trees of mountains. She in the walk also, asks whereabouts and addresses of Punhun. They gave all the information of trees of the local areas for God's sake. May Aryani (Punhun) reconcile and return.

4

توڻي ولاڙون، ڪَرين، توڻي هَلين وِڪَ،
لِڪَئي مَنجھان لِڪَ، ذرو ضايع نه ٿئي.

Even if you jump or take big steps, but what has been recorded or written by God in your fate, fortune or luck, nothing or a little cannot be erased or disappeared or taken back.

5

لِکِیو جو نِراڙ، سو اَنگُ کِیاڙيءَ نہ ٿئي،
پاڙيو وِٺي پاڙ، جيڪي لالَن لِکِیو لوحِ ۾.

What is written on the forehead, that cannot be changed and written on backside of head (natural backside of neck). What the beloved has written on your alphabet board, according to that writing, pass the days of your life.

6

کِیائين کيچُڻ لاءِ، جُسو جَلاوَتَ،
چڙي پِڻي چَپَرين، هاري سڀ حُجَتَ،
هُئي نَمائِي نَسَتَ، پَنڌُ وڌائين پاڻ تي.

Sassui for Kechis, parched her head or her body. She being orphan and sourceless abandoned her all considerations, ideas and arguments, dashed into the mountains. She was humble and submissive and also feeble and thin but she passed her whole journey perfectly with love and comfort.

7

ماڙهو ڏيئي مِهڻا، مون کي ڪندا ڪوهُ؟
جنهن چوريءَ ۾ چوه، سا پٿون ٿيندي پير تي.

What people will achieve to reproach me? The orphan girl who has fond, and enthusiastic love, she will be pierced into pieces on the footprints of (Punhun).



داستان چھون

سسئيءَ (طالب) سڀيان کي ترک ڪيو آهي ۽ حال کي ورتو آهي. طالب جي واڳ مُرشد ڪامل جي هٿ ۾ آهي. هو مُرشد ڪامل اڳيان سجدو ٿو ڪري. مُرشد ڪامل طالب جي اڌ جان ٿو وٺي ۽ کيس سو جانيون ٿو عطا ڪري. جيڪي مرڻ کان اڳ فنا ٿا ٿين، سي ابدي حياتي ٿا ماڻين. سسئيءَ جي مرڻ تي جهنگ جا مرون به روئين پيا ۽ ڏونگرن مان به اوچگاريون پيئون نڪرن. محبوب سان هڪ ساعت به مبارڪ آهي. سسئي نڙ مثل پيئي پاڪاري ۽ سندس سور جي ڪا حد ئي ڪا نه آهي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 6

Sassui (who has demand) abandoned tomorrow and has taken or owned the present. The rein of lover is in the hands of the perfect spiritual guide. He bows before the perfect spiritual guide. The guide takes away the half breath and gives gifts of a hundred lives. Who are vanished before their natural death, they enjoy the eternal or immortal life.

On the death of Sassui, the pigs of forests are weeping and grieves and pains also are crying and falling tears from their eyes. To live with beloveds only for short while, is esteemed moment. Sassui is sounding and crying like a hollow stick or pipe of *Huqqa* (smoking tobacco pipe) and there is no limit of her worries, difficulties and pains.

1

فردا منڌُ ڦٽي ڪئي، نقدُ ڪنيو نارِ،
هي جا واڳ وَلهيءَ جي، ويرم ڏي مَ وارِ،
جانڪي مٺيءَ مارِ، جانڪي ميڙ مٺي ڪي.

This lady or wife has abandoned tomorrow and taken with herself today or present situation. The rein of this poor girl is in your hands, do not delay to turn at your side. Kill this unfortunate or take her with you.

2

مُني ٿي مُدعا گهري، موت ٿيو موجود،
 اچين ته آج ڪريان، صُباح جو سُجود،
 جانڪي ني وُجود، جانڪي ميڙ مُنيءَ کي.

Here, this unfortunate girl is looking for fulfilling her hope, at the side, the death has appeared close. Oh beloved! if you come to me today now, I should bow my knees to you tomorrow (the doomsday). Either you should take my breath, or take her to you or meet her now.

3

ڏکي ٿي ڏڌور، لهسي لَنوءَ پُنهونءَ جي،
 ڏيئي اڳ اُتور، سَڀ نه ساڙي سَسئي.

This sorrowful and saddened girl, is burnt in the love of Punhun. Un-matched beloved putting her in the fire, Sassui was not fully burnt (she was half burnt).

4

ڏسَن ڏڪان اڳڙو، سسئي اَن مَر شڪ،
 ٿي ٻانهي، پَر اوڻيون، لُڌم پسي لڪ،
 وُر پُنهونءَ سين پلڪ، ڪو بهارهن وَرَه ٻين سين!

Oh Sassui, do not doubt the seeing of beloved is better than the decoration. Be sad for Punhun, fill the leather bags of water and do not move or fear from the passages of mountains. One moment with Punhun is very great pleasure than to pass twelve months with others or outsiders.

5

ڏکيءَ سَنديون ڏونگرين، پَسو! پتون پَوَن،
 مئي پُڄاڻا مُنڌ کي، روجه رُچن ۾ رُڙن،
 پُوڻا اِيهين چون، ته ”مئيءَ“ اسان کي ماريو!

See even in troubles and hardships, people are mourning for

this sorrowful or saddened girl. In deserts, doves are weeping on her death and are repeating that "that unfortunate girl put us in great pain and killed us".

6

ڏکيءَ سنڊيون ڏونگرين، اوچنگارون اچن،
هڻي سانگ سسئيءَ کي ڪلو ڪيو ڪيچين،
جي هٿان هوت مرن، هوت تنين جي هنج ۾.

All mountains mourned or wept aloud on the death of this grieved or afflicted woman. Kechians disputed secretly with Sassui and dragged her. Who are vanished by beloveds, they come into their laps. (Whom he kills or cuts, he meets with them).

7

ڏکي سنڊيون ڏونگرين، وڻ ٽڻ وايون ڪن،
وٽان ويهي جن، وڏيءَ سي وايوڙيا.

In mountains, all trees and shrubs remembered this grieved girl. This wounded and injured (Sassui) sat under trees and describing her painful account, wounded them or cut them off.

8

وڏيءَ سي وايوڙيا، رت نه ڏٺو جن،
موت قبوليو تن، ڏٺو جن ڏکيءَ کي.

This wounded (Sassui) cut those off, who have no blood in their body. (She cut off to breathless things). Who saw this grieved girl, they accepted to die. (Who destructed or vanished in grief).

9

وڏيل ٿي وايون ڪري، ڪٺل ڪوڪاري،
هن پڻ پنهنجا ساريا، هي هنجون هڏن لاءِ هاري.

The stick cut from the tree (Flute, bag pipe) is sounding music or are making charming sounds but the grieved Sassui is

walking crying and weeping. The flute is singing remembering its green spots or places but Sassui is weeping tears from her eyes for her beloved husband.

واڻي 2

اچي لالڻ! لَتِ، ميان! مُئيءَ جو لوڙه لَڪَن ۾،
 هو کانُ گُٿوريءَ هيرئون، مون ۾ صابُونُ جُٽُ،
 آريائي اچي ڪري، ڪا گهڙي مون وَتِ جُٽِ،
 گُٿوري ڪشُوءَ سين، هاريائون هُتِ هُتِ،
 درد منهنجي دِل جو، تون ڪامِل! اچي ڪُٽِ،
 اديون عبدالطيف چُئي، سر تائين آهي سَتِ.

VAEE (FLATULENCE)

Oh beloved! you should come to these passages and make grave for this dead girl. That Khan (Lord) is habitual of applying Musk (Sweet smell perfume) but in me there is smell of soap (I am washer woman and only soap is in my use). Oh Arijam! you must come here and pass some moment with me. Kechians have sprayed musk perfume on every shop or place. Oh perfect! you come and take away my grief and pain. Oh sisters! my bargaining is upto the sacrifice of my head or up to my death.



داستان ستون

سسئيءَ جي خيال ۾ سھسين ڏينهن گذري ويا آهن ته به کيس پنھونءَ جو ديدار نصيب نه ٿيو آھي. مٿان اچي موت سھڙيو اٿس، جو کيس پنھنجي مراد کان سڪائيندو. ھو؟ مور جي ٻچن وانگر وڻن تان ستون ڏيندي پيئي وڃي. سندس آواز پراڻهن پنڌن تي پڙاڏا پيو ڪري. سندس آواز ڪونج، چتون ۽ سارنگيءَ جهڙو منو ۽ دل چيريندڙ آھي. ھي عشق جو آواز آھي، جيتوڻيڪ ماڻھن جي خيال ۾ ھڪ مُنڌ جي ڪوڪ آھي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 7

Seeing sweet and beautiful face of Punhun has not been destined or obtained although death has come near to her which will keep her away or unfortunate for ever. She jumps from trees like the siblings of the Peacock. Her sound of crying calls makes echoes up to faraway places or areas. Her sound is sweet and heart harrowing like those of crane, parrot and a stringed musical instrument. It is a voice of love although people think it as a cry of a young girl or lady.

1

آئون نه گڏي پرينءَ کي، سَهَسِين سَچ ويا،
هَلَن وِیَر هِئان، دِیڪي شال دَمُ ڏيان!

Many days have passed but I have not met with my beloved husband. May I see him when I lose my breath here (from this world) or at the time of dying here (this world).

2

آئون نه گڏي پرينءَ کي، پويون ٿيو پَساه،
سِڪان ٿي سَڪرات ۾، رويو پِچان راه،
شال مَر وِجيم ساه، ڌاران پَسَن پرينءَ جي.

It is my last breath but I could not meet with my beloved. During my last breaths, I am longing for seeing my Punhun and weeping tears, I ask his whereabouts or his way. May I not die without seeing my dear beloved husband.

3

آئون نه گڏي پرينءَ کي، آيو عزرائيل،
جورائي سين، جيڏيون! نڪو قال نه قيل،
آيو موتُ ڏکيل، ماريندو مراد کان!

I could not meet my beloved and the death angel (Izrael) has stood near me or death angel has reached upon me. Oh sister

friends! there is no many argument or claim with this powerful angel. The death has reached to take from here. It will not allow me to fulfill my aim or hope (It will keep me away forever from getting my aim of heart fulfilled).

4

ولاڙيو وٿين چڙهي، رڙي پسيو رو،
وچان جو وچ پوءِ، سو ڪنهن پر ڪهي لاهيان!

Sassui stressing jump on the trees and seeing dust, and fog, she is weeping tears. She says. "the separation between me and Punhun, as to how I could remove by walks or through my walk".

5

ولاڙيو وٿين چڙهي، اونچن مٿي اڃ،
لاڳن ڪارڻ لڄ، باسيائين بردار جو.

Sassui with big steps climbs to the long trees today. For her beloved husband she obliged or agreed with trees.

6

ولاڙيو وٿين چڙهي، ڏيو پتولي لانگ،
تاري تاري چانگ، سسئيءَ مور بچن جڻ.

Sassui with silky dressed legs taking big steps, is jumping on the trees. On every branch or from branch to branch of trees, she is leaping or bouncing like siblings of the Peacock.

7

ولاڙيو وٿين چڙهي، پسو سگهه سنڊياس،
آڏيءَ ويو اڪڙي، نڪو پيءُ نه ماس،
سوئي سو سيٿاس، پري پڙاڏا ڪري.

She taking big steps, climbs on trees, see her strength or health! Neither her mother nor her father is with her. She walks alone in the midnight. Her companion is her same voice or sound

which is echoed in the strange areas or sights or distances.

8

رُجُنِ رڙ ٿي، ڪَر ڪوڙل جي ڪوڪ،
وَلو ۽ وُڪ، اِي تان آهِ عِشَقَ جِي.

In desert, Sassui's cries or sound of cries is heard like a Cuckoo bird's shriek, screech, scream or trill. This sound and this cry is absolutely the inner sigh of love or cry due to pain of love.

9

رُجُنِ ۾ رڙ ٿي، ڪَر ڪَرڪي ڪُونج،
نَعرو مَنجهر نِڪُونج، اِي آهِ عِشَقَ جِي.

In deserts, Sassui's cry is heard like a voice of a crane. Her voice is like voice of some crane coming from a fountain but actually it is a voice of love of Sassui for her beloved husband.

10

رُجُنِ ۾ رڙ ٿي، ڪَر سارنگي ساڙ،
اِيءِ عِشَقَ جو آواز، ماڙهو رَڪنِ مُنڌَ تي.

In deserts, the cry of Sassui is heard like a sweet sound of a stringed musical instrument. It is a sound of love but people consider it a cry sound of a grieved woman or lady.

*

سرديسي

”سرديسي“ هڪ راڳڻي آهي، جا ديبڪَ جي پنجن استرين مان هڪ آهي، منجهند جو ڳائبي آهي. هن سرُ ۾ سسئيءَ جي پڪي ارادن ۽ واٽ جي مونجهارن جو وستار يا ذڪر آهي. شاه هن سرُ ۾ سسئيءَ کي نهايت نازڪ انداز ۾ سندس ننڊ لاءِ ڏوراپا ڏنا آهن. سسئيءَ کي ڏاڳهن، ڏيرن ۽ ڏونگرن تنهي جي ڏک ڏنا آهن، تن کي هوءَ هوت کي ملڻ ڪارڻ سُڪُ ٿي سمجهي. چانگن کي زنجيرن جئن چوٽيءَ سان چڙهي ها ته سندس پُنهون هڻن پاڻ سان نه نين ها. پنهنجن وارن سان گورن (انن) جا گوڏا ونگي ڇڏي ها ته هوند هڻن لڪن جا لوڏا نه سهي ها! اها شاه جي سهڻي نازڪ خيالي آهي. سيڻ دي سي ڪجن، پرديسي ڪهڙا پرين؟ پرديسي ڪنهن ڏينهن لڏي، پنهنجي ديس هليا ٿا وڃن، پوءِ پنيور کان بس آهي. هو دمر به نه دمينا، تو وٽان پنهنون وٺي ساڻيه ڏانهن سڌاريندا. ڏيرن جا گورا به پنهنجي گام ٿا وڃن، پنهنجا نيٺ پنهنجا آهن ۽ ڌاريا نيٺ ڌاريا. سسئي ته به اها دعا پيئي ڪري ته ”شل آريجن کي ڪو ڪوسو واءُ نه لڳي.“

کيس آريءَ جو واسُ وڻ وڻ مان پيو اچي. مرون سندس ماس ڪائيندا ته به سندس هڏا هوت ڏانهن هلندا. سندس ويري مڙهي ست آهن: اٺ، اوٺار، ڏير، واءُ، سڄ، چپر ۽ چنڊ. انهن مڙني جي سازش ڪري، هوءَ اسر جي مهل چپر ۾ چلون پيئي ڏئي. پُنهونءَ جي پيغام تان سندس موت مباح آهي. آريءَ ڄام بنا، سسئيءَ لاءِ سڀ سياهي (اونده) آهي. رهبر کان سواءِ هن راه ۾ ڪوڙين توائي ٿيا آهن. سسئي ستياڻي ٿي، اهڙيءَ پر پنڌ ٿي ڪري، ٻئي ڪنهن جي هٿ جاءِ ناهي.

ڪيچ کان اوري ڪيتريون معذوريون ميون آهن، واٽون ويه آهن. ڪهڙي ڪر ته ڪيچي ڪيڏانهن ويا؟ سسئي، جي ڪيچان اوري واپس وري، ته پنهنجي ڪُل کي ڪڇو لائيندي. هوءَ ورڻ جي وائي نه ٿي واري. اهڙي طرح، سالڪ اڳيان به سهسين ڏاکڙا ۽ رنج هجن ته به هو دل نه هاري، بلڪ مڙني جڦائن کي راحتون سمجهي. سسئي، رڻ مان ائين چوه مان پيئي وڃي، جئن هرڻ جي رفتار ۽ هُما جو پرواز هوندو آهي. هونئن هي پنڌ اهڙو آهي، جو اٺ به دهلجيو وڃن ۽ حريف به حيران ٿيو وڃن. جن کي ڪو سمر ساڻ نه آهي (جن سڀ ڪجهه ترڪ ڪيو آهي ۽ پاڻ سان رڳو ”ڪين ڪنئي آهي)، تن سان هوت هميشه سان آهي. هو ڪين بر توڙي تر ۾ اچيو رسي. مطلب ته جنهن سالڪ سڀ ڪجهه ڇڏيو، تنهن رُب ڪٿيو.

TUNE (SUR) DESI (NATIVE)

Sur Desi is a kind of singing which is one of five wives of Deepak and is sung at noon time. In this Tune, the firm intention of Sassui and pains and troubles she suffered on the way to follow for searching Punhun are described. Shah Abdul Latif in this Sur has reproached Sassui in very delicate manner for her sleep or rest. Sassui considers as her pleasure for meeting her beloved all the grieves given to her by camels, brother in laws and the mountains. If she had fastened camels with her hair like chains, they would not have taken away Punhun with them in the way they took him. With her hair, had she tied camel's legs or knees, she would not have suffered swings or jolts in the passages of mountains. It is the best thinking or idea of Shah Latif to make relations with local people, outsiders cannot be loyal or faithful. Outsiders would leave you some day and return to their own country or area. Then they will not come to Bhanbhor. They will not see you and wait with you and take back their brother Punhun to their country. The camels of brother in laws ran swiftly, strangers are outsiders and own people are own. Nevertheless, Sassui prays that, "may *Arichians* be happy and do not be attacked even by simple fever or their limbs may not be warm". She smells fragrance of Ari from every tree. If pigs eat her flesh, her bones will move to her beloved husband. Her opponents are seven in all (1) camel (2) camel riders (3) brother in laws (4) storm or volcano (5) sun (6) a range of hills and (7) moon. Due to conspiracy of all these, at early in the morning or at hourly hours of the sunrise, she is roaming or stepping in the hills or mountains. On the message of Punhun, she deserves for her death. With out Arijam, for Sassui every where is darkness. Without guide, on this way, many crores of people have lost their breaths. Sassui becoming pious and sacred, walks here in this way where nobody is capable of it. Before Kech or before reaching Kech, many feeble and weak women have died or lost their breaths, ways or paths are twenty, it is not known or it is unaware which may Kechians go or which

way Kechians went. If Sassui returns from near Kech, it will be shame or degradation for her and her all relations. She does not mum for return before reaching Kech where beloved Punhun has been taken or exiled. In this way, if there are many difficulties and troubles towards saints or devotees, one should not fear or feel danger or be disheartened and dejected but think all hardships as pleasure and comfort. Sassui walks in the desert as swiftly as a dear's speed and flight of a moon bird. This way so much difficult that camels feel danger or they tremble and opponents wonder to see or hear. Who have no material with them (who have abandoned everything and have carried nothing with them) with them the beloved is present as helper for them. He meets them even in desert and Thar (Populated area). It is therefore concluded if any devotee abandoned everything, he will win his God (Almighty).

داستان پهريون

سسئيءَ کي اٺن، ڏيرن ۽ ڏونگرن، تنهي ڏک ڏنا آهن. انهن مڙني ڏکن کي هوءَ پرينءَ خاطر سُک ڪري ٿي سمجھي. هوءَ هيٺر ورلاپ پيئي ڪري ۽ ائين پيئي چوي ته ”سُمهڻ کان اڳ اٺن کي زنجيرن سان ٻڏي ڇڏيان ها ته هوند مون وٽان پنهنوءَ کي کڻي نه وڃن ها. ڏيسي سيڻ ڪجن، پر ڏيسي سيڻ نه ڪجن، جو سور پرائجن. شل ڪنهن جو پاڳ ڏنگو نه ٿئي.“ سسئيءَ کي وڻ وٽ مان سپرينءَ جي سرهاڻ پيئي اچي. هوءَ اٺن، جتن، واءَ، سج، جبل ۽ چنڊ کي ويري ٿي سمجھي ڇو جو انهن مڙني پنهنجي پنهنجي پَر ۾ ساڻس ڪلفت ڪئي آهي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 1

Sassui has been grieved by three, 1. camels, 2. brother in laws and 3. mountains. She considers all these grieves as pleasure and comfort only for sake of her beloved husband. Now, she is making cries and sounds sweetly and saying: “before sleeping, if she had fastened or chained the camels, Punhun would not have been taken away with them or exiled him with them. Own people or locals should be made relatives, outsiders and strangers should not be taken as relatives who put in all sufferings and all grieves.

"May infortune not happen with anyone". Sassui feels fragrance of her beloved from every tree and bush. She considers her seven enemies like (1) camel (2) camel riders (3) brother in laws (4) storm or air (5) sun (6) a range of hills and (7) moon because they all seven did not show sympathy with her.

1

ڏاڳهن، ڏيرن، ڏونگرن، ڏنهي ڏنم ڏک،
سي سڀ پانيمر سڱ، هيڪانڊ ڪارڻ هوت جي.

Camels, brother in laws and mountains, these three things pained me. I thought them as pleasure and comfort for the meeting of my beloved husband.

2

ڏاڳهن، ڏيرن، ڏونگرن، ڏکڻ آئون ڏڌي،
پُڄان پيرُ پُنهونءَ جو، وجهان وڪ وڌي،
ليڪي آئون لڌي، نات پکن ڪير پنڌ ڪري؟

I am pained and grieved by camels, brother in laws and mountains. (It is my duty). I should stress to go to Punhun by following and glancing at his foot steps. It was written in my fate otherwise who would walk in the barren deserts.

3

اڳڻ مٿي اوڀرا، جڏهن ڏاڳها ڏٺ ڏينهن،
وئي سڙڪ، سسئي! ويهه وهائيءَ سيئن،
چوئي سين چانگن ڪي، جڙ زنجيرن جيئن،
ته هوت تنهنجو هيئن، هوند پُنهون نيائون نڀاڻ سين.

Oh Sassui! when you saw in your courtyard the outside or strange camels, you must have hindered their way up to the midnight and also stood in their way. You should have chained camels with the braid or top knot of your hair, so that your beloved had not been taken with them in this manner or way.

4

اڳڻ مٽي اوڀرا، جڏهن ڏاڳها ڏينهن ڏٺا،
 ڪُنجون جي ڦِڦلن جون، تان ڪُنهن لڻ لڪاءِ،
 ته سُڀاڻي سَندياءِ، تڏي ساروڻي سَسُئي.

When in the day time, you saw strange camels in your courtyard, that time you should have hidden the keys of locks, Oh Sassui! the other day, your care would have been taken.

5

اڳي اُن رڙن، مون پيري ماڻ تڏي،
 پَلائيندي، پاڻ ۾، ڪُچيو ڪين ڪُنن،
 ڪا جا مامر مَنن، هِن پڻ هُئي هِن سين.

In the past the camels either cried or roared, but this time with me, they remained calm and silent. The pitiless camels when rose and started journey or left my house, they did not speak or raised their voice with themselves. It appears that these (would be dying) camels had conspired with those camel riders or brothers in law of Sassui.

6

ڇا جي ڏنگا ڏير، مُنهنجو ڏينهن ڏنگو مَر تڏي!
 اُنن ۽ اوڻيڙن جي، ڇا وهِيڻو وِڙ؟
 هِي ڪَمِيڻي ڪير؟ جا اُمَر ڪي آڏو ڦِري.

If brothers in law became or appeared cruel, no matter? May my luck should not be adverse! Time and moment, are not under control of camel riders and camels? Who is this valueless or unfortunate (Sassui), who may stand against orders of nature (written in the fate) or who may face with the natural (Writings).

7

ديسي سين ڪَجَن، پرديسي ڪهڙا پرين؟
 لڏيو لاڏوڻا ڪيو، پنهنجي ديس وِڃَن،
 پُڄاڻا پرين، ڪجي بس پَنپور ڪان.

Love should be with local people, outsiders or foreigners cannot be loved ones or lovers? They migrate to their own place, area, locality or country with all their luggage and household material. After leaving of my beloved husband, I also should leave Bhanbhor forever. (Bhanbhor should be left or taken permission to leave Bhanbhor).

8

اُنَ مَرِ اوري اُنَ، ڏاڳهن ڏڌي آهيان،
هڻي هٿُ هيئن ڪي، پري نيئي پلاڻ،
هوتُ منهنجو هاڻ، پنهنون نيائون پاڻ سين.

Do not take camels near me because I am grieved by them. They are cruel and may be beaten with stick, take them away. They just now have taken and exiled with them my Punhun.

9

جَتَ هَڏهيَن هُتَ، مون هِتَ هنڙي ۾ حلُ ٿيا،
چَنگَلُ جنين چوڦرا، راحتَ تن جي رُتَ،
گَنگن جي گُپتَ، چيڙي وڌيسَ چَرين.

Camel riders reached at their places or residences, but they are absorbed or attached in my heart here. The camels having quadruped round feet with points, their movement or swing or jolting or jerking is pleasure for me. The calmness of these dumb camels has thrown me in the mountains.

10

گَهَ سِرِ ٿئي مَرِ گُسَ، پڻي پوءِ مَرِ پرينءَ تي،
جنهن سِرِ ساڄن سَپرين، تنهن اُنَ لڳي اُسَ!
پنهنون پاڪَ پرسَ! هوتَ نه ڪَجن هيڏيون.

May the dust not rise up or fly on the path or way and touch my beloved. The camel on which my dear beloved is travelling or riding, may sunshine not come and strike him. Oh Punhun sacred husband! My darling! such long separations are not suiting you.

11

لَڏيندي لباسُ، جَتَنَ جيڏو ئي ڪَيو،
اچي آريءَ ڄامَ جو، وَڻَ وَڻَ مَنجھان واسُ،
مَرُون ڪَينمَ ماسُ، هَڏَ هلندا هوتَ ڏي.

Migrating or leaving Bhanbhor, camel riders played big magic. I smell fragrance of Punhun jam from each and every tree. If flesh of my body is eaten away by animals but my bones will move and go to my beloved.

12

اُنَ وِيري، اوتارَ وِيري، وِيري ٿِيڙمَ ڏيرَ،
چوٿون وِيري واءُ ٿيو، جنهن لَتيا پُنهون پيرَ،
پنجون وِيري سِجُ ٿيو، جنهن اُلهي ڪي اويرَ،
ڇهون وِيري چَڙ ٿيو، جنهن سَنوان ڪَيا نه سيرَ،
ستون وِيري چَنڊ ٿيو، ڪَڙيون نه وڏي وِيرَ،
واهيري جي وِيرَ، چَلون ڪَريان پَڻيرين.

My enemies were number one camels, number two camel riders and number three brothers in law, the number four enemy was storm or volcano which removed footprints of my beloved Punhun with the dust. Number five enemy was sun which set late. The number six enemy was mountain which did not make the passages and paths straight and safe. The number seven enemy became the moon which did not rise early. In the evening when all birds rushed to have rest in their nests, I forcefully walked in the mountains to reach my beloved husband Punhun.

داستان ٻيو

سسئيءَ جون سهيليون ميڙ ڪري کيس سمجھائين ٿيون. چونس ٿيون ته سفر دوزخ جي باهه اٿئي، ڪيچي توکي ساڻ نه نيندا جو تنهنجي نينهن ۾ ڏوئي آهي. ”سسئيءَ“

جو انگ ازل کان پنهنجيءَ سان لکيل هو. جو انسان جنهن به شيءِ جي طلب رکي، ان لاءِ جفا ٿو ڪري. سو نيٺ ان کي وڃيو حاصل ڪري. انهيءَ ڪري سسئيءَ کي به اها ئي آس آهي ته پنهنجيءَ سان نيٺ وڃي ملنديس. پنهنجيءَ کان سواءِ هن لاءِ نسوري اوندو آهي. جت پاڻ ۾ گجهيون مصلحتون ڪري هليا ويا. جن گسن تي دوڪ به دهلجيو وڃن. تتان سسئي ستيا رکي ڪاهيندي ٿي وڃي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 2

Sassui's friends humbly admonish her and say to her that "the journey is like hell". Kechi will not take you with them considering duality in your love. Sassui's fate was naturally written with Punhun. That human being who keeps in his heart the desire or demand and make efforts to get it fulfilled, atleast he succeeds to obtain or achieve it. Therefore Sassui has a firm hope of meeting with his husband Punhun. Without Punhun, there is darkness hither and thither. The camel riders play tricks and secret conspiracy plans to exile Punhun and leave her alone in Bhambhor. On paths feeling dangerous animals fear or danger, Sassui keeping hope in her God Almighty throng to walk in search of her husband Punhun.

1

مڙي مُنڌ ڏي آئيون، ساهيڙيون سَهجان،
السفرِ قَطْعُ مِنَ النَّارِ، هاري! موٽ هتان،
سَگَ صراطِ الْمُسْتَقِيمِ جو، اُٿيئي تان اڳيان،
سي ڪيچي نينڌ ڪيان؟ تنهنجو نينهن نفاق سين.

Friends after over sight came with high respects to this lady (Sassui) and requested her! Oh sorrowful! Journey which has been proposed by you is a place of hell, you come back from there. Still there is bridge of Sirat (straight-hood). Those Kechi will not take you with them because they consider that love is full of duality or bad intention.

2

جَذَانِ كُنْ فَيَكُونُ جِئِي، نِيو آريائيءِ ارواحُ،
 اَنگ اِگهين لَكيو، مُنهنجو ميثاقاءُ،
 مَن طَلَبَ شَيْئاً وَجَدَ وَجَدَ، اُتو عليءِ شاه،
 اِجَا اِن حَدِيثَ جُو، مون آسرو آه،
 پُنهونءِ جي پيغام تان، مُنهنجو موت مُباحُ،
 سرتيون! دُعا كُجاءُ، تہ ميٿائون مون ٿئي.

When said, "Be and it became" Punhun (God) got my breath. Then there from the very beginning my fate was written. Hazrat Ali (R.A) has said, "Who desires a thing and tries to get it, he will surely get it." That traditional saying is still in my heart. On the message of Punhun, my death is possible or traditional. "Pray that with Punhun I may meet personally".

3

سَبَهَ سِيَاهِي، آريءِ جَامَ ري،
 كَذَن پَسي ڪا نه ڪا، رءِ لَڪَن! لالائي،
 دودُ دِل تان دور ڪري، ڪر ساجن! صفائي،
 مَن لَاشِيخُ لَهُ فَشِيخُهُ الشَّيْطَانُ، اِن رءِ اونداهي،
 هوءِ جا هلي هيڪلي، سا گيرَبَ گمائي،
 بلا شِيخ مَن يَمشي فِي الطَّرِيقِ، اِهڙي اواڻي،
 تَنهِن رءِ تَوائي، ڪوڙين تِين ڪيٽريون.

Without Punhun Jam, for me is darkness. Without the beloved, no (Light shining) can be seen. (Without spiritual guide), there is darkness for the demand maker or seeker. Oh dear beloved! remove black out and make it shining or white. "Who has no spiritual guide, his guide is devil". Without guide, there is darkness or blackout. Who walked alone say to her, "Hi Hi" and "Hay, Hay", Sassui is falling on the stones and atlast reached the destination of camel riders. Oh God! we are thankful to you. For she reached at the pleasant place and met her beloved husband.

4

پني ٿا پرين، ساٿين سنڊ هٿن ۾،
ليڙن جو، لطيف چئي، مون کي منجه نه ڏين،
هوٿ پنهون ٿا نين، آسونهينءَ جو آڇڪو!

Companions are carrying water early in the morning, they have leather bags in their hands. They do not tell me the whereabouts of the camels. The only source of consolation of this distressed girl is beloved Punhun, they take him with them.

5

پڻ ٿا پلائين، اوني اڄ اباگرا،
پهه پارسيون پاڻ ۾، ڏير ڏهاڻي ڏين،
هوٿ پنهون ٿا نين، باروچي ٻولي ڪيو!

Today the camel riders are migrating or returning and they are hasty and standing. Brothers in law daily discussing secrets in Persian language (secret language unknown to Sassui). Talking Balochi, they take my beloved husband Punhun with them.

6

دوڪ ڏهليا ڇٽ، گورا هلن نه گس ۾،
چو سال ٿي نه چلڻا، ٿي تنگ نهاري ٿٽ،
سوڌي انين، سيد چئي، پوءِ پانچارين ڀرت،
ان اڙانگي پنڌ جي، ڪا نيشن پوءِ نرت،
سسئي وڏي ست، جا اهڙيءَ پر پنڌ ڪري.

The six years old camels fear on such paths and cannot move or walk, where four years old also cannot go, there Sassui walks through passages. Only five years old camels can understand them, while on such difficult paths it can be understood by mature camels only, whereas Sassui is so much determined that she can walk there bravely and happily.

7

”هيءَ! هيءَ!“ ڪيو ”هه!“، ٿي پاڻ هڻي سرِ پاهڻين،
 لذائين، لطيف چڻي، جوءَ جَتَن جي جاءِ،
 شُڪرَ بارِ! سندا، سٿاڻي ساٿ مڙي.

Say “He, He” and Hi, Hi, Sassui is throwing stones on her.
 At last, she found the destination of camel riders. Oh God Almighty!
 thank You, she at good spot or place met her husband beloved.

داستان ٽيون

سسئي، جتن کي نيزاري ڪري پيئي چوي ته ”مون کي چڱن کان گهلي، ساڻ وٺي هلو.“ کيس سپرينءَ جي سار ٿي ماري. ڪيچ (آخرين روحاني منزل) کان لڳ، ڪيئي طالب فنا ٿي ويا. پنهنونءَ جي اُنن جا غاشا لکن جي هيرن سان سينگاريل هئا ۽ سندس قافلو شهنشاهي رونق ۽ زينت وارو هو، جَتَ پُنهنونءَ کي بحري باز وانگر جهڻي اڏائي هليا ويا، ۽ قهر ڪري کيس ننڊ ۾ ڇڏي هليا ويا ۽ مٿس ڪا به ڪهل نه ڪيائون. هاڻ هوءَ لکن ۾ وڃي پُنهنون کي لوچيندي. ڏکيا ڏونگر سچن عاشقن کي ڇا ڪندا: هو نيٺ وڃيو حقيقي محبوب سان هڪ ٿين.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 3

Sassui supplicate camel riders and says, “Take from my hair, take me along with you. The remembrance of her beloved is vexing or persecuting her. Before reaching (Last spiritual destination) many lovers (Who desire or long for beloved) have finished. The camel’s Pannier of Punhun was decorated with lacs of Diamonds and their caravan was king like and of grandeur. The camel riders abducted Punhun like ocean hawks or falcons caught him and flew and persecuted Sassui by leaving her alone while she was sleeping and adopted unkind behavior with her. Now she is searching Punhun in the high hard and dangerous

mountains. The difficult and hard mountains what will do to the true lovers. They at last reach their beloveds and become out one with them.

1

اَللهُ ڪَارڻ، اونيّا! ليڙا، نِيو مَر لُر،
نِيو نماڻي پاڻ سين، ٻانهيءَ جُهلي پُر،
مون کي ماري مَنجھ ٿي، سندي هوتن هُر،
ڪچو لايان ڪُر، ڪيچان اوري جي وِران.

Oh camel riders! for God's sake do not drive camels very swiftly. Taking this humble servant from her tufts, accompany her with yourselves. I have been persecuting internally the remembrance of my beloved. If I return before reaching Kech, I will consider it as a defamation for my tribe or family.

2

ڪيچان اوري ڪيتريون، معذوريون مِيون،
واتون ويهه ٿيون، ڪُھ جاتان ڪيھي ويا؟

Before reaching Kech, many weak and feeble women have died. There are twenty ways to Kech. I do not know which way they took and went away.

3

ڪيچان آيو قافلو، جُنگُ سونهاريءَ جوڙ،
تَلِيارا توڏن کي، ڳچيءَ سونهن موڙ،
دولتَ چايان دوڙ، جي مُون نِيو پاڻ سين.

A well decorated caravan came from Kech. In the necks of camels, there were camels, collars with all shining and attraction. I should call myself with the name of 'Daulat' servant they take me with them. (In the past, the female servants were called with the rich names like, Chambeli, Jasmine (Gulboo) (flower fragrance) Daulat (Wealth) etc.

4

جُھوڙا جن جُهلَن ۾، هيري لَڪَ هزار،
لڳا واٽ وَڻن جا، پنهنوءَ کي پالار،
آن کي ويندا گڏيا، اهڙيءَ سَتَ سَوار؟
لنگهي ڪالهه قطار، تون آئي! اُڄ نهارئين!

In whose dresses, the diamonds of lacs and thousands were covered. The body of Punhun was touched by leaves and branches of trees. Did you see and meet the riders of such sweet faces and features? Oh poor girl! That row of camels passed from here yesterday, but you still are looking for their ways today?

5

مِزمانَن مَهي، آئي جهوڪيا جهوڪ ۾،
چاڻي چَنبن ۾ ويا، جئن باز سَتي بحري،
ڪوهيارو قَهي، ويو نهوڙي نَنبَ ۾!

The guests (camel riders) brought female camels kneeled down in the camels, sitting place. They trickily or forcibly took away Punhun with them like the ocean hawks or falcons. The unkind and merciless mountaineer (Punhun) went away and finished me in the sleep.

6

مون پانيو مُون وٽ، هميشه هوندا پرين،
ويڙهو ڏٺي ويڪرو، پَهي ويا پت،
ساه جنين سَت، وڪيُمر ٿي وٽڪار ۾.

I thought that my dear beloved will be with me forever. They taking big turn or change, disappeared in the well spread out plains or spots or plots and I wanted to sacrifice my breath in the mountains (Paradise) for sake of them.

7

مون ڀانيو مِزَمان، ھميشہ ھوندا پرين،
 ڪُھي ڪَمِيٽِي ھليا، ڪَھلُ ڪيائون ڪانہ،
 ڏيئي ويا ڏاھ ڪي، سُوَرَن جا سامان،
 جو رو رات جُوان، جيڏيون! جَتَ ڪري ويا.

I thought that my dear beloveds will be my guests for ever. They killed or slaughtered this poor girl (Sassui) and went away having no kind heart or mercy on my fragility or poor condition. They gave heaps or abundant pains and grieves to this poor girl (Sassui). Oh friends! In the night, the young camel riders persecuted me or did over all cruelty with me.

8

برہ مٿاڻيسَ بر، نَات سُڪي ڪير سڌون ڪري؟
 گھڻو ڏور يائين ڏُڪ سين، ڏيرَن لاءِ ڏونگرُ،
 وري آيسَ وُر، سَفَرُ مٿيءَ جا سابَ پيا.

Love compelled her to accept the walk in the barren desert or mountains otherwise how the prosperous or luxuriant will make such risky and painful desires? With endeavors, she searched brothers in law in the mountains. Also her husband came back and all her journeys achieved success (After death Punhun met her).

9

وَر ۾ ڪونهي وُر، ڏيرَن وُر وڏو ڪيو،
 نهارينديسَ نڪري، بوتَن ڪارَن برُ
 آڏو نڪَرُ نُر، مَتان روہ رَتِيُون تئين!

There is no dishonesty or insincerity in my husband but brothers in law were of bad intention or they had bad intention or played tricks and frauds with me. I shall walk in the barren deserts and mountains and will search camels. Oh mountain! be away from me or remove from here. Lest you will be broken into pieces or pierced into pieces.

وَر وَاڪا وِج ۾، لڪين آڏا لَڪَ،
هُو جي آڏا حق، سي ڪندا ڪوهُ ڪَنڊِين ڪي؟

Between me and Kech, there are many opposite and turning and curved passages. Those passages (Pains and struggles) which are bestowed by Allah or written in fate, or by husband or by the sun, what will they do or harm to working hard or struggling people.

داستان چوٿون

جَت پاڻ ۾ گُجھي مصلحت ڪري ۽ سسئي کي ويساه ۾ رکي، ساٿ سنپرائي هليا ويا. هاڻ سُسئيءَ لاءِ نسوري قيامت ٿي ويئي آهي. تقدير سندس پيچ ڌارين سان اڙايو. ٻاروچا سندس ذات کي پرکي، ڪانئس پُنهونءَ جو پلانڊ چڏائي هليا ويا. هوءَ ڌوپيائي آهي ۽ سندس واهپو صابن جَت سان آهي ۽ پنهونءَ ۾ مَشڪ جي سُرهاڻ آهي. هاڻ سواءِ زاريءَ جي سندس وَس ۾ ڪُجھ ناهي. هوڏانهن جتن کي ڪا فڪرات ناهي. شل نه ڪنهن جو سانگين سان پيچ آڙي. انهن لاءِ سسئيءَ وانگر قيامت ٿيو وڃي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 4

Camel riders secretly reconciled or discussed and planned and keeping Sassui in good faith, prepared and taken with them the companion of Sassui. Now, for Sassui, all round dooms day is prevalent. The nature fixed or settled her relationship with outsiders or strangers. Barocha (Balochis) knowing her caste status or tribe or family background, they snatched the company or association of Punhun with her. She is washer woman and her belonging is with the soap smelling but Punhun has smell of musk perfume. Now, without suffering pains and grieves, nothing is in her source or control, power and possession. At other side, the camel riders have no worry or any feeling. May not any one's

relation be with pretender or outsider companion. For them also, it becomes doomsday like with Sassui.

1

وارو! وَرُ وَنِي وِيا، آرِچا اَظلامَ،
 آندائون آريءَ جا، پُنهنوءَ ڏي پيغامَ،
 نَ ڪيائون پاڻ ۾، مُنھان مَخفي مامَ،
 سنيوار ساٿ ڪڍي، ويساهي وِريامَ،
 ڪاڪيون! رات ڦِيارَ، جيڏيون! جَت ڪري وِيا.

Oh cruel Aricha! You took away my husband with you. Lord of Ari's nation (Father of Punhun) brought messages for Punhun. Secret from me, they compromised and keeping me in good faith, the brave and young camel riders got preparation and took away with them my husband or companion or life partner. Oh friends! The camel riders in the midnight played with me the doomsday plan or I am suffering from the tortures of doomsday.

2

وارو! وَرُ وَنِي وِيا، ڪَري ڏيرَ ڏَمَرُ،
 هاڻي ٿيو حَشَرُ، پُنا ڦولَ ڦِيارَ جا!

Alas! my brothers in law emotionally took away with them my husband. Now I am suffering from the condition like doomsday, signs there of are clearly exposed now.

3

وارو! وَرُ وَنِي وِيا، ڏاڙهيءَ پَنپيا ڏيرَ،
 ڏيندڻيس ڏاڍين ڏونگرين، اُنين لَءِ اَليَرِ،
 ڪيچ پُهچي ڪير؟ وِڃڻ سين وَس ڪريان.

Hi! brothers in law with beautiful beards took away my husband with them. For them or to reach them, I shall make jumps or big strides in the mountains. Who will reach walking on feet to Kech? I shall not be lazy or weak to walk on feet.

4

جڏي وَتِ جالي، مان اَللهُ ڪارڻ لڪِ سيئن،
 آهي آريءَ ڄامَ جي، هِت هِتِ حوالي،
 عَيْبَ مون اڳرا، مان نِرمَلُ نِڪالي!
 پَرِٽِيائي پالي، ڪامِلُ نيندو ڪيچَ ڏي!

May for sake of God, pass a moment with me, the weak and distressed lady. This feeble here or there is following or at the disposal of Arijam (Punhun). May that sacred and pious remove my all weaknesses and defects. May this Perfect protect this washerwoman, and take to Kech. (She instructs to surrender herself before the Perfect guide).

5

پَرِٽَنَ جي پاڙي، جاڙُ گُذارِئِمَ جيڏيون!
 جنين مون ڪي ماريو، سُوَرَن سِين ساڙي،
 ارادي آئي، سانگِيَن سِين سَگُ ڪيو.

Oh friends! I passed or lived without reason in the neighbourhood of fishermen who pained me and burnt and killed me. My fate attached my relationship with pretenders or outside companions or travelers (Camel riders).

6

اَسِين پاڻ پَرِٽ، پورهيتَ پُنهنون ڄامَ جا،
 هوتُ ڪٿوري هيرئون، موڙِ صابُنُ چُٽَ،
 آتَنُ منجھ اُگھت، ڪانڌُ ڪُنھين جي مَ ڪري.

We ourselves are washer-men and labourers of Punhun Jam. Punhun is habitual of use of musk perfume but I am using soap and possess soap smell. (Being washer woman, I use the soap) May my husband not declare to marry other wife in the courtyard.

7

آءُ تان اُھڙيءَ جا ٻانهيءَ ڪي ٻائي چوان،
 مون ڪَمِيٽيءَ لاءِ، پُنهنون ٿي پَرِٽُ ٿيو.

I am just like that I should call servant as a Madam or rich lady. For me a poor girl, Punhun became a washer-man.

8

گڏيو ڏوبين ڌوءَ، پنهونءَ پارچو هٿ ۾،
اُتي آريءَ ڄامَ جو، قاصدُ آيس ڪوءِ،
ايءَ ڪامل! ڪم نہ سڏوءِ، جئن پَٽس پڇاڙين پوتئين.

When Punhun was washing the cloth keeping the cloth in his hand along with other washer men there, a messenger from the Lord of Ari brought a message, "Oh Perfect Lord!" it is not your job to wash clothes striking with your hands and arms.

9

نڪو ڪيچُ پَنِپور، نڪو مائٽ منڌ جو،
هورُ مڙوئي هِنَ کي، هوتن ڪونهي هورُ،
زاريءَ ڌاران زورُ، هلي ڪونَ حبيب سين.

For this girl (Sassui) also, Bhanbhor became Bhambhor and not Kech where no one became her relative or married with her. All grief is with this (Sassui). Beloved (Punhun) has no worry or anxiety. With my dear beloved, except humbleness there is no other way or treatment.

داستان پنجون

جيئن ختن ملڪ جوهرڻ پنهنجي سرهاڻ تي حيران ٿي، ڇو طرف پيو رلندو آهي ۽
جئن هُما پکي هر وقت پرواز ۾ هوندو آهي، تئن سسئي به سجن ۾ پنهنونءَ لاءِ سرگردان
آهي. هوءَ شايد سورن جو سبق هرڻ ۽ هُما کان سکي آهي. جن کي ڪو سمر ساڻ ناهي،
تن جو واهرو ڏئي آهي ۽ بر ٿر ۾ سندن ساڻي آهي. سندس ليکي ڪاٺيو ۽ ڪارو پهاڙ
ڪڪرن مثل آهي. جبلن جون واتون ڏکيون آهن، پر عشق وارن لاءِ مڙئي مشڪلاتون
آسان آهن.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 5

Just as the deer of Khatan country wonders on its sweet smell or fragrance coming from its navel or the center of stomach and roams all-round or runs here and there and just as an imaginary sacred bird (if its shade comes on anyone, he will be a king) always remains in flying or flies, in this manner Sassui also is finding or remains worried to search Punhun in the barren deserts, she perhaps has learnt this lesson of grief from the Dear and that imaginary Bird (Huma). Who have no material with them, God is their helper and supporter in deserts and barren areas. Sassui thinks mountains as deserts or plain land. According to her, the Kambho and Karo (black) names of two mountains are just like clouds. The ways and passages of mountains are very difficult but for lovers, all difficulties are easy and tolerable.

1

جيئن سو هرڻ هماءُ، سرگردان سنسار ۾،
هيءَ پگ نه ڪوڙي پيئين، هو ڏڙ سر ڌري نه ساهُ،
جيڪس تن ملاءُ، سسئيءَ سور پرائيا.

An imaginary sacred Bird from whose navel or center of stomach sweet smell comes and if its shade comes to any person, he will be a king. Just as a deer of Khatan country wonders on coming fragrance from its center of stomach, roams all-round and an imaginary sacred Bird is always flying and does not put its foot on the land and the dear does not care for its breath or body, in this manner, Sassui has learnt lesson perhaps from them of the grief so she makes rounds or walking in the deserts.

2

رات ڏنائين روجھ، پاڻ ڪ اوڻي آڻيا،
پریتي پرين جي، سڪڻ کي سبوجھ،
هئي گهڻو اوجھ، سورن سنهائي سسئي.

At night in the desert, She saw a sacred deer having white

feet and thought that camel riders have come. The love of beloved husband termed her as wise. Before this, she was ignorant of all things but pains and grieves made her wise and aware of all things.

3

سَمَرُ جنين نہ سان، هوتِ حماتي تن جو،
کري چيچَ چَپرَ ۾، پُنهون ايندو پاڻ،
تِيندي ريجه رهاڻ، لَحْظي مَنجھ، لَطيفُ چئي.

Who has no material or who is empty handed, their helper is beloved. Punhun (God) dances himself and will appear in the mountains. Then great enjoyment will be celebrated.

4

سُسئي لَنگهيو سو، مَرَدَ جَنهن ماتِ ڪيا،
جَبَلُ وڏو جو، نوڻُ مِڙوئي نينهن ڪي.

Sassui crossed that mountain, that weakens or makes feeble even to very strong and brave people. The high mountain is a straight plain for love.

5

چَوَرُ چَمَرُ پانِيان، ڪانپو ۽ ڪارو،
پَبُ وجهنديسِ پُٺِ تي، صُبُحَ سوارو،
ويجڻ مون وارو، ڪين وَهنديسِ وچ ۾.

Kambho and Karo (Black) mountains are considered as black cloud. (I can walk easily from them). Early in the morning, I shall leave back the Pab mountain. I intend to go ahead and shall not relax anywhere.

6

چپر ۽ چَمَر، ٿا لڳَ لڳَن پاڻ ۾،
ڏاڍا ڏونگر ڪرڪرا، ويدا ونگايون وَر،
آئون پيادي پَتئيئن، نمائي نَڌَر،
سُورئون جَت، سَگر، اُت باتاڙي ۽ هيلي ٿئين.

Mountains and black clouds are touching themselves. (Mountains are so much high, that clouds are striking with their tops). Mountains are very hard and there are many hardships, curves and troubles. I poor, humble and sourceless walk on feet in them from the plains. Camels riders and suicidal paths where (Tops are paths), there you may come and be helper and supporter of the distressed and confused lady.



داستان ڇهون

جبلن جون واٽون ڏکيون آهن ۽ سسئيءَ جا پير پهاڙن جي پنڌن ۾ ڦٽجي پيا آهن. هن سفر ۾ ماهرن جون مٿيون به منجهيو وڃن. سسئيءَ سک وڃان ڪو به سَنڪو نه ٿي رکي، ڇو ته پنهون سندس رهبر آهي. هوءَ فنا ٿي پيئي آهي، جهان جا لاڳاپا رڳو جيئن لاءِ آهن. سسئي پنهونءَ کي اهو ئي سوال پيئي ڪري ته ”اي رهنما!“ تون اچي راهه ۾ رسج. پنهون مائڪ مثل آهي، جنهن جو سوجهرو سڄن کي روشن ڪيو ڇڏي. جتي اونداهه ماڳ آهن، تن تي ڪامل مرشد اچيو طالب کي رسي. هن داستان ۾ شاھ صاحب، پيغمبر صلي الله عليه وسلم جي شفاعت ڏانهن به اشارو ڪيو آهي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 6

The paths and ways of mountains are difficult and Sassui's feet are injured in the walks of mountains. In this journey even the wisdom of experts or known experts is lost or reduced. Sassui due to love, does not care for any worry or pain because Punhun is her guide. She is totally consumed and weak. The relations in this world are only for those who are alive and healthy. Sassui asks Punhun that question "Oh guide!" you may contact in the way or roads", Punhun is like a light or beacon light which shines barren places where there are black or dark places or areas, there the perfect guide receives the lover or (who is in need of the beloved). (In this Episode, Shah Abdul Latif hints towards the solution or protection of the prophet (S.A.A.W).

1

آڏُ تراچا، آهڙا، ڏونگرَ کي ڏاڪا،
 کَيمَ آهَ عَجِيبَ کي، سَڪَ مَنجھان ساڪا،
 پيئي هٿيڪي هوتَ کي، کُوکُ وڃي کَنَ کا،
 مُنهنجو وَسُ واکا، بُڌڻَ کَمُ پَروچَ جو.

Ways to climb the tops of mountains are very difficult. I am longing for the beloved and crying and making painful sounds. The sound of my cries assumingly reached up to the ears of my beloved husband. My job is to cry and complain, but it is up to Punhun to hear and solve my problems.

2

آڏُ تراچا، آهڙا، ڏونگرَ کي ڏاڪا،
 وَڻِي وَرُ وَاڻَ ٿيا، پَرِ چڙهي باڪا،
 ڦٽيا پير فقير جا، چڙهندي چڙهاڪا،
 هِينَ جِيءَ اندر جاڪا، ويا پڄائي پانهنجي.

The ways to climb to the tops of mountains are very difficult. Those strong men took my husband with them and ran away. The feet of this poor lady climbing on the mountains have badly injured. What they had planned secretly, they acted upon it and completed it.

3

ڪَرڙا ڏونگرَ ڪَ گهٽي، جت بَر پَتَ سُجَن بيرانُ،
 ڏاهِن ڏاهپَ وَسِري، ٿيا حريف ٿي حيرانُ،
 سَسُئيءَ لنگهيو، سَيدُ چئي، مُحَبَّتَ سين ميدانُ،
 جنهن جو آريائي اڳوان، تنهن کي ڪانهي باڪَ بهيرِ ڀر.

Difficult mountains and long journey, where only barrenness and deserts, there wisdom is gone away from the wise and expert and even experts also are confused. Sassui longing for Punhun has crossed all the difficult deserts and plains/planes. Whose guide is Punhun himself, he has no fear in the company or association.

4

ڪرڙا ڏونگر ڪَ گهڻي، جِت جَبَلُ گوناگون،
ليڙن جون، لَطِيفُ چئي، تَنگ تنوارون پُون،
جن ڏٺو پيرُ پنهنجو، جو، سِي نہ ڪي رُون، نہ چُون،
هُوندن مٿي هُون، لاڳاپا لوڪ جا.

Mountains are difficult and journeys long and distant, where there are mountains of many kinds. Camels are crying in the narrow passages of mountains. Who have found the footprints of his beloved, then neither they weep tear nor move their lips. For alive people only (of having entities and self-hoodness), the world relations are theirs or they have the world relations.

5

ڪرڙا ڏونگر، ڪَ گهڻي، جِت ويا روڌا رنگائي،
ساڳاپي سيڙن جي، ٿي وَندُرِ واجهائي،
رَهِيس، رَسُ، لَطِيفُ چئي، تنهن ڪميئيءَ ڪاهي،
آريائي آهي، مَنهن مَعذُورن جي.

Mountains difficult and journeys unfathomable or deep, where camels are crying. Sassui, for sake of relationship or marriage with beloved is looking for in the Windur mountains. I have been backward, you may dash to come and reach to this humble and poor lady. Ari Jam is supporter and protect to the weak and feeble.

6

ڪرڙا ڏونگر، ڪَ گهڻي، جِت مِينهن وَسَن ماکون،
سُجَن ٿيون، سَيَدُ چئي، هاڙهي جون هاڪون،
جِت انڌيون اوطاقون، تَتِ ڪاهي رَسج، ڪارِٿي!

Mountains difficult, wide walk, where rain is raining very fast, where the cruelties or hardships of Harho mountains are heard. Oh helper! where black and dark places are, there you should dash to come and reach me.

ماڻڪُ مٿُ سَندوم، اونداهيءَ ۾ سوجهرو،
 حَشَرَ وِسلَ جِسابَ ۾، ڇڏي نه ويندم،
 ساريو سڏُ ڪندوم، ڪوهيارو ڪيچ ڏٺي.

My relationship is with a man like Pearl Punhun, which makes light in the darkness. On the day of judgment or when the man will be examined or enquired about his deeds in this world, my beloved will not forget me. The Owner or Lord of Kech will remember me there. (Here the hint is towards the Prophet (SAAW) who will provide convalescence or to recover from sickness) in the dooms day.



داستان ستون

پنهنوءَ جي پيچ سسئيءَ لاءِ پنيور ۾ وهڻ زهر ڪري ڇڏيو آهي. سندس سيني ۾ بره جو ڪان لڳو آهي ۽ هاڻي هوءَ وڌي ٻرن ۾ مرن سان محفلون ۽ رهاڻيون ڪندي. هوءَ هينئر پنهنجي وس ۾ ناهي. کيس پنهنوءَ جو پلاند گهرجي. جو پڪڙي هوءَ لکن مان لنگهي وڃي. هوءَ سندس سلام لاءِ پيئي سڪي ۽ کيس پنهنوءَ جي سرهاڻ رڻ ۽ پهڙن مان پيئي اچي. هوءَ پنهنجي آڀاڳ تي روئي پيئي. جي ننڊ ۾ غافل نه رهي ها تي جَت هڻن فرار ٿي نه وڃن ها. هوءَ هاڻ پنهنوءَ کي اهوئي سوال پيئي ڪري ته ”اي پاڪ پرس! تون اچي مون لاءِ انداري ۾ اُجالو ڪج ۽ هن فقيريائيءَ جون ڪارون ڪنين سڻج.“ سسئيءَ جي نظر ۾، ساري جڳ ۾، پنهنوءَ جو ڪو ثاني ناهي، پنهنوءَ جي خوشبوءِ ٿر ٻر واسي ڇڏيا آهن. هر هنڌ سندس حُسن جو جُلووئي نمايان آهي. مطلب ته طالب لاءِ هر مڪان ۾ هڪ حق جي ئي هُڪار ۽ سونهن موجود آهي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 7

She meets and makes companies with pigs in the deserts. She is not in her control now or she is not empowered to pass the days of life. Now she needs the side or corner of the dress of Punhun so

that she can cross the passages of mountains. She is longing now for his salute or give her good wish and she is receiving sweet smell or fragrance of Punhun from the mountains. She is weeping on her ill luck. If she had not slept and taken rest, her brothers in law or camel riders would not have left her alone or exiled her dear husband Punhun. Now she asks Punhun a question, oh precious husband! you come and bring light and remove darkness from me and hear with your ears the cries of this humble and sourceless poor lady. In the eyes of Sassui there is no match of Punhun. The sweet smell of Punhun has perfumed all deserts and wide areas of barren lands. Every where his beauty has been praised and admired. It is meant that for lover, in every house or home, his sweetness and beauty is only being spread.

1

پنھونء سين پريت جو، ڪو جو پيچ پيوم،
 پنيي هن پنيور ۾، وهڻ وه تيوم،
 مٿيون موٽڻ سنديون، ڪاڪيون! ڪير ڏيوم،
 سرتيون! ساه سنڊوم، ٿيو حوالي هوت جي.

I have so much loved Punhun that to live in this ugly Bhanbhor city has converted for me as a poison. Oh sisters! do not advise me to return or be back to Bhanbhor. Oh friends! I am totally merged with my beloved husband.

2

ڏانجهن تي ڏانجهاءِ، ڏنائون ڏڪيءَ ڪي،
 لڳيس نائڪ نينهن جي، ڪڙه اندر ڪاجا،
 ٿرڻ ۾ ٿاجا، ڪري مُنڌ مرن سين.

This troubled and distressed girl has been given grieves and troubles. In her chest, such arrow of love has stricken that she makes gatherings and companies or contacts with pigs in the barren deserts.

3

ڪو مُنهن ڪُٺل آئيو، وِس نہ ويچاري،
 هوت! تنهنجي هٿ ري، پُهچي نہ پاري،
 اچين جي، آري! تہ پاند پُچي لڪُ لنگهيان.

In the face of this wounded girl came that thing for which nothing is in her control or power. Oh dear! this servant without your support cannot reach Kech. Oh Arijam! if you can come here I shall take your hand or some piece of your cloth of dress or garment and can cross the passage of mountain.

4

ڪڏهن تان باجهه پئي، ساڃن! مُنجُ سلام،
 سڪُ تنهنجيءَ، سپرين! ڪيو تَنُ تمامُ،
 هٿين هاجَ وَهَ تي، نيٺين نندَ حرامُ،
 دوس! نہ سَهان دامر، تون وندرِ تو ويلا ڪرين.

Oh beloved! may you have mercy so that you may send a message or good wish (Salam) to me. Oh dear! the longing for you has made me very weak and feeble or narrowed my breath. Any work to be done has been poison for me (I cannot do any work with my hands) and no sleep in my eyes (I cannot sleep). Oh friend! I cannot bear and tolerate a single moment to live without you but you make delays in Windur or you make your abodes in Windur.

5

بُر مِڙوئي بوءِ، چَپرَ چائُون مُڪيون،
 بَهَ تِي پَنپورَ ۾، هِنَدَ مِڙيئي هُوءِ،
 راڻيَن وري روءِ، گوندرَ لَتا گولئين.

The deserts became perfumed with sweet smell and fragrance came from the mountains. Bhanbhor was decorated and every where or every place was spread with sweet smell. The faces of queens felt happiness or enjoyed happiness and female servants sorrows and worries went away or removed.

6

جَتَن سان جانڪُون، سرتيون! مون سڱ ٿيو،
ڪَري ڪوهيارو ويو، تَن چني تانڪُون،
آئون پڻ تڏانڪُون، اڌ ڏڪوئي آهيان.

Oh friends! Since I married or made relation with camel riders or Punhun my beloved husband, I have been cut and wounded my heart and the whole body. Since then I am half cut or half dead (Due to separation of my beloved husband Punhun, I have been crying, creaking and roaring like a bird which has been cut or wounded).

7

مَتان ڪا ٻڙي! ٻولَ ٻاروچي وسهي،
هُوندَ نہ سَتيس، سرتيون! ويهي رهيس وڙي،
جَت پنهنجي جوءَ ۾، گهاريَن مان گهڙي!
ڪيچين آئون نہ ڪڙي، ڪنهن ڌڪيءَ ڏاؤن ڏاڻيو.

Oh mad girl! do not believe on the word or speech of Baroch (Baloch). Oh friends! I should not have slept deeply but I should have fastened or stuck or touched myself with Punhun. May Camel riders stay a short while in Kech. I am not insincere or liar in the eyes of Kechians but I doubt that an unfortunate lady had fastened Punhun's thumbs of a hand and foot with a red thread at the time of entering my room (bride's sitting room at the time of meeting of bride and bridegroom. (Me and Punhun) on the marriage night).

8

آديون! آئون نہ ٿيئن، جيئن پريتو پرين سين،
ٻڌي سَتيس نہ سگهو، چَلورُ چاتيءَ سيئن،
ڪيچي ڪاهي ڪَرها، مون ها وِجَن ڪيئن؟
ڏوه منهنجي ڏينهن، پُنهوءَ کي ڪامَ چئي.

Oh sisters ! I did not do as it should have been done in the

love of the beloved. I did not sleep sticking with my chest the curved hair of Punhun, so that Kechians would not have taken the camels from me and disappeared. All wrong is due to my Natural writing (fate written by God). From you all, no one should talk of about Punhun).

9

وَر! مَر وَسَارِيج، آهِيَان تُنْهَنْجِي آسِرِي،
 ڏاڍو ڏونگرَ جو سُجِي، سو لُطْفُون لَنگَهائجُ،
 آسِرِي اُتْهين، وِيرا! آري ڄامر اُچِيڇ
 نمائيءَ کي نَور سين، لاکَن! لَڏائيڇ،
 ظَلَمَتِ جا زمين جي، سا نِرمَل! نورُ ڪَريڇ،
 ڪامِل! ڪَن ڪَريڇ، فرياديون فقير جُون.

Oh husband! do not forget me, I pass days on your source or help or support. The mountain that is heard as very difficult, you may with your kindness and graciousness, get me crossed.

Oh brave and strong Ari Sardar! you come and reach there as my caretaker. Oh dear beloved! with your own light and shining, this humble and weak lady may be taken to reach there (after a long walk on feet).

Oh Sacred man! the darkness of this land (desert or plane) may be changed into light or shine. Oh Perfect human being! hear the roaring cries with your ears of this poor and humble girl.

واڻي 1

چوري ڇڏِ مَر ڇِپَرِين، ٻاروڇَل! ٻانهي،
 جانبَ جهڙو جَڳ ۾، ناهي ڪو ٿاني،
 پُنهَل! نيو پاڻ سان، پورهيت پرتيائي،
 پورهيو ڪنڊيس پَر جو، پرينديس پاڻي،
 هوت! مَر ڇڏيو هيڪلي، هيءَ جا وندڙ وڪائي،
 آڏيون! عَبدُ اللطيفَ ڇئي، ايندَم آريائي.

VAEE (FLATULENCE)

Oh Barochal (Balochi)! do not leave this sourceless servant in mountains. In the whole world or universe, there is no match of my beloved (Jani). Oh Punhun! take with you this labourer washerwoman. I shall work as labour with my beloved and bring water from far away places. Oh dear! this girl who has sacrificed on Windur city or area, she may not be left alone. Oh sisters! I hope, my Ari Jam may reach me soon.



سرڪوهياري

”ڪوه“ لفظ جي معنيٰ آهي ”جبل“ ۽ انهيءَ مان معلوم ٿو ٿئي ته هي سر جابلو ماڻهن سان رچيل آهي. سنڌ ۽ پنجاب ۾ هي سر گهڻو ڳاڻن ۾ ايندو آهي ۽ نهايت درد ۽ ميناڄ وارو آهي. هن سر ۾ پهاڙن جي پنڌ جو بيان ۽ ڏونگرن جي ڏاڪڙن ۽ ڏوجهرن جو احوال ڏنل آهي. ان لحاظ کان اهو نالو مٿس رکيو ويو ٿو ڏسجي. هن سر ۾ سسئي جو مثال وٺي، شاه، نند تي ملامت هنئي آهي ۽ عاشقن کي سجاڳيءَ لاءِ تاڪيد ڪئي اٿس. سسئي رات جو ڌرو به نه جاڳي ۽ رڳو نند ڪيائين. انهيءَ ڪري هاڻي روز راه ۾ رهي آهي. توڏا تنواريندا هليا ويا، هاڻ سندس مرڪ آهي، پڇي ساڻ سان مڙن. ”اي اٿاسي! تون ڪيئن ٿي اوجهرين! هو چپاتا هليا ويا ۽ وڃي توڙ پھتا. هاڻ تون نيئن مان نند اُڪوڙ، مٿان وٺن ۾ واکا ڪرڻا پونئي جي پير ڊڳها ڪري ستيون، تن کي ساڻ ستيءَ ڇڏي ويو. سمهڻ، ڪميئن جو ڪم آهي. ڏونگر، سسئيءَ سان ائين ڏاڍيون ٿو ڪري، جئن وادو وڻ وڌي. ان جي روح ۾ ڌرو به رحم ڪونهي. پھڻ سندس پير پٿون ڪيا آهن ۽ تريون چنيون آهن. جبل ساڻس جاڙون ڪيون آهن، جن جا هوت وڃن، تن کي ته پاڻ گهڻو پڇجي، پر ڏونگر وٽ اهڙو ڊلاسو ڪونهي.

سسئيءَ جي تنوار سٺي، مرون به مامري ۾ پيا آهن. ڏونگر تپي ڏکوئين کي ڇا ڪندو؟ جي پڻ جا پھڻ سخت آهن ته سسئيءَ جا لڱ به لوه آهن. آريءَ جو اوءَ ڪ، رجن ۾ سندس رهنما ٿيو آهي. ڪوهياري مٿس ڪرڪ وهائي آهي. انهيءَ ڏک سندس ڌڙ ڌوڏيو آهي ۽ هاڻ ڇڏي جو جيئڻ مَس ٿئي. پنهنوءَ جي پيڪان جون راسيون رڪ منجهان ٺهيل آهن. هوءَ جهڙي جي تهڙي، ٻاروڇل جي ٻانهي آهي. جا هو پير ۾ پائين، تنهن جتيءَ جهڙي به هوءَ ناهي. انهن ڪيچين کي ڪيئن وساري ويهي رهي؟ پنهنوءَ جو پرتو ڪي چانو ڪي اس. پنهنو جو ساڍو رڳيائي راحت آهي. سسئيءَ لاءِ آريءَ ڄام جي مصيبت مٺي آهي. پرين پڇاڻا هوءَ اگهي آهي. هوءَ وره ويڙهي آهي ۽ ڏک سندس چٽ چور ڪيو آهي. جي عاشقن جي حال جي حقيقت، ذري به ظاهر ٿئي، ته هوند وڻ ٿڻ ٻري وڃن ۽ جبل جلي وڃن. مرن کي ماڻ لڳي ۽ شبان (ريدار) کي سور رسي. هن سر ۾ شاه صاحب سالڪن کي هيءَ هدايت ڪئي آهي: نند ڪرڻ عيبت آهي. رب کي ريجهاڻ لاءِ هر دم سجاڳي گهرجي، روحاني پنڌ ۾ دل ڌاريندڙ ڏک اڳيان به ڍل هارڻي ناهي، پر نمائائيءَ کي ساڻ ڪري، ڪاهي هلڻو آهي. سچن عاشقن کان ئي نينهن پڇجي ۽ سڪجي. سندن

اندر ۾ ايتري آڳ آهي، جو اُن جي چڻنگ ٿي جيڪر جهر جهنگ ۽ جبل جلائي وڃهي.
 مرشد ڪامل جو درجو اعليٰ آهي ۽ طالب تيسين ڳاڻا ٿي ۾ ناهي، جيسين، پاڻ
 پڄاڻي، منزل تي نه رسيو آهي. پنهنوءَ جي ذات شاهائي هئي، سسئي ڏوٻڻ هئي. پنهنون،
 سندس سونهن تي فدا ٿيو، نه سندس ڪُل تي. طالب ۾ به لڪل حسن آهي، جو مرشد ٿو
 ڏسي، پوءِ کڻي هو ڪهڙي به خيس ڪُل جو هجي. مرشد ۽ طالب جي گڏجاڻي عارضي
 (ٿوري وقت لاءِ) آهي، طالب، پاڻ ڪاڙهي ۽ نيٺ مري وڃي ساڻس هڪ ٿو ٿئي، جن
 پنهنون ۽ سسئيءَ جي حالت ۾ ٿيو. طالب هر وقت مرشد اڳيان ٻاڏائيندو ٿو رهي ۽
 پنهنجي ان لائقيءَ جو اظهار ڪندو ٿو اچي:

”جيهي جي تيهي، ته به پانهي ٻاروچن جي،
 حجت هوت پنهنوءَ سين، مون ڪميئيءَ ڪيهي؟
 اصل آريءَ ڄامر جي، پليءَ آئون پيئي،
 هوءَ جا پائين پير ۾، تنهن جُتيءَ نه جيهي،
 وساري ويهي، تن ڪيچين ڪي ڪيئن رهان؟“

TUNE (SUR) KOHYARI

“Koh” means mountain and from it is learnt that this Tune is fraught with the culture and traditions of mountaineers. This Tune is being sung mostly in Sindh and the Punjab containing very sweet and sorrowful events and adventures. In this Tune, the account of a terrible walk in the mountains and difficulties and dangers suffered in it are described. On account of these events, the name of Tune has been prescribed. In this Tune, taking an example of Sassui, Shah Latif has condemned the sleep and lovers have been advised to remain awake in the nights, Sassui did not awake a little in the night but slept, therefore now she is walking in the paths and passages of mountains. Camels making voices went away. Now her desire or smile is to meet with the company of absconders or abductors. Oh unknown! how you are making plans! Those camels have gone away and reached their destinations. Now you should avoid sleeping, lest you should make cries in the trees of deserts. Who slept spreading their legs earlier, their companions left them. Sleeping is the job of weak

people. The mountains are troubling Sassui as such that a Carpenter does with the wood of trees. He has no even little mercy in his mind. Stones have injured her feet and cut her bottoms of feet. Mountains have created hardships for her. Whose beloveds leave her, enquire more and more from her but mountains have no any consolation. Hearing the cry of Sassui, pigs have started poking in the matter. Mountains after heating what will they do to the grieved people? If the stone of Pab mountain are very hard, then the limbs of Sassui are also made of iron. The anxiety of Ari, has been her guide in the barren places. The mountains have used hidden cutter on her that has made her body weak and now the weak or wounded girl will hardly live. The ropes of the sitting cradle is made of steel. She is in this condition the servant of Barochal, her beloved. What they wear in their feet, she is not match of that shoe or chappal. How she can forget those Kechians! Punhun's sitting is shade and sometimes sunshine, shade of Punhun is only comfort. For Sassui the trouble or struggle for Punhun is dear and sweet to her. She has been known only for sake of Punhun. She is very sorrowful and pains have made her very feeble. If the condition of lovers becomes open a little, then all trees and bushes burn out and even mountains get fired. Pigs would be calm and the shepherd should get pains.

In this Tune, Shah Latif has advised all, "Sleep is necessary for living but to get pardon from God, every time one should remain awake. In the spiritual walk, to face the harrowing struggle one should not show any reluctance but one should humbly continue one's walk. Ask and learn about love from true lovers. They are so much anxious and excited in the fire of love that its only one spark can burn the whole forest and even the mountain. The status of the Perfect spiritual guide is very high and the lover or Seeker is not countable, till he is fully parched or roasted and achieved the destination. The tribe of Punhun was King like but Sassui was washerwoman. Punhun was attracted by her beauty and not on her caste or family status. Lover has also hidden beauty which is observed by guide although belonging to

a simple and uncommon caste. The meeting of guide and disciple is for short while, the lover atlast dies, then he becomes one or get mixed with him just as it happened in the case of Sassui and Punhun. Always he is beseeching before the guide and explains about his disability and weakness." What am I but a servant of Baroch, I have no power to say anything to my dear Punhun, I have been related to Ari Jam originally, what they wear in feet, I am not like that shoe, how should I remain lazy to forget these Kechians"?

داستان پھريون

شاھ صاحب، سسئيءَ (سالڪ) کي ساري رات، ننڊ جي خمار ۾ وهڻ تي شرمسار ٿو ڪري. جو طالب ائين ٿو ڪري، تنهن سان روحاني سردار رسيو وڃن ۽ ساڻس اها ڪار ٿا ڪن، جا سسئيءَ سان ٻاروچن ڪئي. اي طالب! نيشن مان ننڊا ڪوڙ، نه ته سسئيءَ وانگر ورن ۾ واکا ڪري، افسوس ۾ رت جا ڳوڙها ڳاڙڻا پونءِ. پنهنوءَ مان مراد آهي ڪامل مرشد، جو طالب کي غفلت ۾ ڏسي، ساڻس ناراض ٿيو پوي ۽ کيس هميشه لاءِ رڻ ۾ رلايو ڇڏي. طالب جو فرض آهي هميشه سجاڳ رهڻ ۽ پرينءَ کي لوچڻ جي سسئيءَ کان سٽيون، تن کي ساٿ ستيئي ڇڏيو.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 1

Shah Latif, makes shameful to Sassui (the traveller, devotee, saint) for sleeping in the night and remaining drowsy. If a lover does like this, spiritual guides are getting annoyed and do the same as it was done to Sassui by Barochs (Balochs). Oh lover! keep away sleep from your eyes, otherwise like Sassui, you will repent and creak weeping the tears of blood. Punhun means Perfect guide who seeing the lover in carelessness, annoys with him and forever wanders him in the barren deserts and mountains. It is the duty of lover to remain awake and search the beloved and keep him in his own company. Who remained lazy, careless and slept, the companions left him in lurch or in sleeping.

1

لَيْلٌ نَهْ جَاڳِيَن لَڪَ سِيئن، ڪَلِي نَوُ مُرُ ڪِيَاءُ!
 قُمرُ ٿي، پُهُچُ قَرِيبَ ڪِي، اِجَلِسَ تَو نَهْ جُڳَاءُ،
 مَنِي! مَهْمَانَن سِيَن، وَيَهِي رَاتِ وَهَاءُ،
 جِيَلانَ نَنڊَ ڪِيَاءُ، تِي رُوزُ رَهِيَن ٿِي رَاهَ ۾.

You did not a little while awake in the night but remained slept all night. Rise up and reach the beloved, it is not good for you to sit or sleep. Oh lazy! you awake the whole night and remain in the company of guests. In such a position you slept, you were left on the way. (You will not reach the destination).

2

اِجَلِسَ ڪُري اٿيا، تَنواريو تَوڏَن،
 نَوُمرُ نَوَازِيَن، اُنَ جِي، مَرَحَبَا مَوڏَن،
 رڙهي رُسَ رَوڏَن، اَلْيَوْمَ سِيَرُوا، سَسِي.

They sat and went away and their camels also roared. You were favoured by sleeping but the camels may be appreciated as they remained awoken. Oh Sassui! You travel today and reach the camels.

3

غافل! غَفَلَتَ چوڙ! تون ڪيئن، اُٿاسي! اوجهرين؟
 چُپاتا چڙهي ويا، وِجي پهتا توڙ،
 نيٺين نَنڊَ اڪوڙ، جَمَ وَرَن ۾ واڪا ڪَرين!

Oh careless! remove laziness. Oh unknown! how you are feeling drowsiness? They calmly and silently reached up the tops and reached the destination. Remove sleep from your eyes, lest you should creak and cry in the difficult passages of mountains.

4

اَلوڙو اڪين، اَيَمَ نَنڊَ اُڀاڳ ڪِي!
 هاڻي هِنَ پَنپورَ ۾، گهاريان ڪارڻ ڪن؟
 اُڏيون! اوڻيڙن، هِنئين سان هاڃا ڪيو!

Unfortunately, I felt drowsiness or a nod and slept. Now in this Bhanbhor city, for whom I may stay? Oh sisters! the camel riders totally ruined my heart or body.

5

سُتِينِءَ پيرِ دِگھا ڪَري، وَڌي جاڙ ڪِيا،
 دَر پَر اڀئين دوستَ جي، سُر پَر هوندَ سِيا،
 اَصَل آريءَ ڄامَ جي، سَگي تون نه سِيا،
 پُنھونءَ سين پِيا، ٿي، نِياڳي! نندون ڪَرين!

You spreading your feet, slept, that is great carelessness from your side. If you had stood at the door of your beloved, you would have heard their movement or talk or any dialogue. You in reality were not relative of Punhun, (You were not his match). Oh unfortunate! your relation is with Punhun and you are sleeping carelessly in drowsiness.

6

اِي ڪَمُ ڪَمِيٿِين، جئن سُمھن پيرِ دِگھا ڪَري،
 لوچين چو نه، لَطيف چئي، هاري! لءِ هوتن؟
 نندبان نِياڳين ڪي، اويالا اچن،
 سي پنھون ڪوہ پُچن؟ جي سَنجھي رھن سمھي.

Spreading feet to sleep is the quality of (undeserving lovers). Oh wavering lady! why don't you search your beloved? For sleeping people reproach those unfortunate. Who sleep early at the sunset time, why do they long for or desire for Punhun (Real beloved).

7

سُتِينِءَ سَنجھيئي، مُنھن ويڙهي مُٺن جئن،
 اوجاڳو اڪِين ڪي، ڄاتو نه ڏيئي،
 هٿان تو پيئي، ٿي ڪچو ڪيچين ڪَرين.

You early at the sunset time covering your face slept like the

dead people. You did not learn to awaken your eyes. You committed fault but instead you make Kechians faulty or guilty.

داستان پيو

ڏونگر، سسئيءَ سان ڏاڍايون ڪيون آهن ۽ سندس هٿن کي ائين چيريو آهي، جيئن واڍو وڍي وڻ کي. هوءَ ڏونگر جي جاڙن جون شڪايتون پنهنجيءَ سان ڪندي. پنهڻ سندس پير پٿون ڪيا آهن ۽ سندس تريون چنيون آهن. ڏونگر جو ڪم آهي ڏکون کي دلداريون ڏيڻ، ۽ جن وٽان دلبر ويو آهي، تن سان دلبريون ڪرڻ. سسئيءَ جون صداوتون اهڙيون ته سوز ڀريون آهن، جو اهي ٻڌي، مرون به ماتم ۾ پئجي ويا آهن ۽ پنهڻ به پار ڪري پيا روئن.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 2

Mountains have tortured Sassui and her heart has been cut in the way as a carpenter cuts the tree. She will complain about the trouble of mountain with her husband Punhun. The stones have injured and wounded her feet and the bottoms of her feet have been cut. The job of mountains is to console those who have been in grief and sympathies with whom who have been left by their beloveds. The creaks and cries of Sassui are full of grief and pains so much so that when heard even by Pigs, they are mourning and also stones are weeping with loud roars.

1

ڏونگر! تون ڏاڍو، ڏاڍا! ڏاڍايون ڪرين،
مون تن اندر تيئن وهين، جيئن وڻ وڍي واڍو،
اي ڪرم جو ڪاڍو، نات پٿر ڪير پنڌ ڪري؟

Oh mountain! You are very hard and truculent. Oh hard hearted! You are torturing very ferociously and fiercely. You are cutting my body just as the carpenter cuts trees. It is the fate

written by God otherwise who will walk in the mountains?

2

ڏونگر! ڏک سندا، پرينءَ گڏجان ته چوان،
پنيءَ ٿئين پوارئون، ٻيا ونگا ور سندا،
جڳي کان ڪيا، پير وڃايءَ پرينءَ جو.

Oh mountain! If you meet my beloved, you should intimate the whole account of my plight of pains and grieves. In the early morning, they became very fearful and secondly your ways are very curved and hard. That you did not do well, as the footprints of Punhun erased or removed.

3

ڏونگر! ڏوراپو، پهريون چونديس پرينءَ کي:
”پهڻ پير پئون ڪيا، تريون چنيون تو،
رحم نه پيءُ روح مر، قدر منهنجو ڪو،
واڪو ڪنديس: وو! مون سين جبل ٿو جاڙون ڪري!“

Oh mountain! I shall first complain my beloved about your tortures and hardships you gave me in the walk: “the stones injured my feet so much that the blood came out from them and the bottom of feet were cut out. You did not have a little mercy on my plight and did not look after me with some preference or value. I shall say with my roaring voice, “Mountain tortures me and creates hardships for me”.

4

ڏونگر! ڏکوين کي، دلاسا ڏجن،
گهڻو پڇجي تن کي، جن وٽان هوت وڃن،
تون ڪيئن سندا تن، پهڻ پير ڏکويين؟

Oh mountain! Give consolations to grief stricken whom their beloveds have left them alone. They should be consoled very much. Oh mountain! Adversely, how you are torturing and injuring their feet.

5

ڏونگر! ڏکون ڪي، گل نہ سکا ڳوڙها،
هو جي پھڻ پٻ جا، سي پڇي ٿيا پورا،
گوندر جا گهوڙا، وڃن جان جدا ڪيو!

Oh mountain! Tears are not dried from the cheeks of grief stricken. The stones of Pab mountain, broke into pieces before them. The abundant sorrows kill me and take away my breath.

6

ڪي جي ڪڍيا پار، ڏکيءَ ڏونگر پاڻ ۾،
سٿي سا تنوار، مرون پيا مامري.

The grief stricken Sassui and sorrows, jointly roared so much that hearing their creaks, pigs started mourning.

7

ڏونگر يونين ڪير، سڄڻ ميخون ڏونگرين،
ههڙا سين سڏير، ڪين لهندين ڪي پيا.

Mountains are revetment or nail for the land. (as written in Al Quran). Beloved (God) Himself is nail (Stand them). Such humble and respectable beloveds, you cannot achieve.

8

هڻي وينا رُون، ڏکي، ڏونگر پاڻ ۾،
ڪنهن ڪي ڪين، چُون، منجهن جو پريتڻو.

Grief stricken Sassui and mountain both jointly mourn themselves. But the love which is possessed by them, they do not disclose with any one.

9

تپي ڪندين ڪو، ڏونگر! ڏکون ڪي،
تون جي پھڻ پٻ جا، تہ لڱ منهنجا لوه،
ڪنهن جو ڪونهي ڏو، اُمر مون سين اٿن ڪيو.

Oh mountain! If you become hot or warm, what will you do to those who are already grief stricken. If you are the stone of Pab mountain, my limbs are also like iron. There is no fault of any body, but it is written by God in my fate and fortune.

10

ٻڙي! ته ٻيلي گهڻا، ساٿي پڇي سڪ،
رِفاقتَ رُجن ۾، ڏونگر ڪاري ڏڪ،
آريءَ جو اُھڪ، مون رهنما راہ ٿيو.

Oh dumb! There are many friends and companions but they ask in healthy condition and pleasure (or companions and or friends are also needy of happiness and pleasure). The grief makes my acquaintance in barren deserts with mountains. The grievance of love for Arijam Punhun has been my guide in this walk of journey or travel.

داستان ٽيون

سسئي پنهنونءَ کي ڇپرن ۾ سڏن تي سڏ پيئي ڪري ۽ ليلائي پيئي چوي ته آي هوت! مون کي هت هيڪلو نه ڇڏ. مون کي خوديءَ ڀلايو. هاڻ اچي مون کي راه ۾ رس. کيس پنهنونءَ جي اکين جا تير، رُڪَ کان ئي تڪا لڳا آهن. هوءَ جهڙي تهڙي ٻاروچن جي ٻانهي يا ڪنيز آهي، بلڪ سندن جُتيءَ جي هي به ناهي. پنهنون نيٺ پاڻي اچي کيس پڇندو. جو طالب پنهنجي هستي وڃائي، پاڻ پنهنجي هاديءَ جي حوالي ٿو ڪري، تنهن کي رهبر راه ۾ رسي، هت ڏيئي ٿو رکي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 3

Sassui is calling again and over again Punhun in paths of mountains. Oh dear! Do not leave me here alone. I was misguided by self ego. Now you may come and reach me on my way. "She was attacked by arrows of eyes of Punhun which were as hard

and sharper than steel. She, in what position, is servant and labourer of Barochas (Baloch) but she does not match even their shoes. Punhun at last will himself come and ask. The lover after his abandonment of the worldly affairs and presents himself before guide, who reaches him in the way and extends him his hand of help.

1

مون کي ڇڏ مَر ڇڀرين، هِت، هوتاڻي! هاڻ،
اوڏي مُنڌ اُٿن کي، اَللهَ ڪارڻ آڻ،
پورهيو ڪنڊيس پاڻ، اڳيان آريچن جي.

Oh Punhun! Do not leave me here in the mountains. For God's sake bring this distressed and grieved girl near your camel. I shall serve Arichians in the capacity of servant and laborer.

2

مون کي ڇڏ مَر ڇڀرين، پوءِ رهايس پاڻ،
جي پُلايون پاڻ، تن کي رُس رسيلا راهه ۾.

I should not be left in the mountains, I was made backward by my egoism or self-ego. They may be contacted in the way oh juicy and sweet or ripe beloved.

3

سُتي پُون چرڪ، آيل! ٻاروچن جا،
وَمَر وهائي، ووا! ڙي، ڪوهياري ڪرڪ،
ڏڙ ڏوڙيو تنهن ڏڪ، جڏي جئن نه ٿئي!

Oh mother! In sleep, to remember Baroch (Baloch) gives me trembles or stares. Alas! the man of mountains stroke me an arrow with such a force on my heart, liver and lungs that moved and stroke my whole body. Now, it has been impossible to live for this feeble girl.

4

سُتي پَوَن چِرڪ، آيل! ٻاروچن جا،
پنهنوءَ جي پيڪان جون، راسيون منجهان رُڪ،
هننيم هوت ڪرڪ، لوچان، لوه نه ڪري.

Oh mother! In the memory of Baroches (Balochi), on sleeping, I feel moves or stares in my body. The arrow of Punhun has points made of steel. My beloved had stricken me such an arrow which is not coming out of the body though I am moving it.

5

جيهي جي تيهي، ته به ٻانهي ٻاروچن جي،
حُجَت هوت پنهنوءَ سين، مون ڪميئيءَ ڪيهي؟
اصل آريءَ جامر جي، پلئي آئون پيئي،
هوءَ جا پائين پير ۾، تنهن جُتي نه جيهي،
وساري ويهي، تن ڪيچين ڪي ڪيئن رهان؟

What I am, I belong to Barochas (Balochs). What I can do to Arijam (Punhun)? Actually I am attached with Arijam (Punhun's) foot. (I have taken protection of Ari). What shoe they wear in their feet, I do not match with it. How can I sit forgetting lords of Kech. (Lover's humbleness for her spiritual guide).

6

هُئي، جي نه هُئي، ته به ٻانهي ٻاروچن جي،
ان سڱ مُقابل سُسُئي، سَنديَن ٿي سُسُئي،
هُن تان لڄ لُئي، هن جو هلڻ هوت ڏي.

I exist or not, however I belong to Barochas (Balochs). Sassui became famous or popular due to their relationship or marriage (became famous). (Punhun Lord), discontinued relation or left his wife (His limb) but this (Sassui's) walk or destination is towards beloved Punhun.



داستان چوٿون

سسئيءَ کي چهرن ۾ ٻاروچن جي ڪا به وائي سٺن ۾ نه ٿي اچي. هوءَ اُتاهان پهتاڙ ڏسي، مُنجهي پيئي آهي ۽ پرون پيا پونس ته جيڪس پُنهونءَ جي ڦوڙائي ۾ جان ڏيندس. هوءَ بهنوارن ۽ پهتاڙن کان پُنهونءَ جي پڇا پيئي ڪري. افسوس جو اکين جي خُمار، ساڻس هيءَ جاڙ ڪئي آهي. پُنهونءَ پنهنجن نيشن مان رُڪ جا تير اُچلي، کيس گهايل ڪيو آهي. هاڻ هوءَ ويڃن جي وَس کان ويئي آهي. ڪامل مُرشد، طالب کي پهرين پڇائي ۽ ڪاڙهي، پوءِ رڱي لال ٿو ڪري. جئن سُسئي هر عذاب کي عيش ٿي سمجهي، تئن طالب به هر مصيبت کي منو ڪري ٿو مڃي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 4

In the mountains and hills, Sassui does not hear the voice of Barochas (Balochs). She has confused to see the high mountains and presumes that in the separation or search of Punhun, she will lose her breath and even existence. She asks mountains about Punhun. Alas! The sleepy and drowsy eyes have been the cause of this adventure. Punhun has injured or cut her by throwing arrows of steel from his eyes. Now, she has been out of the treatment of doctors and physicians. The perfect spiritual guide first of all parches and boils and then converts the love as a ripen fruit or makes the lover red or perfect and thus make him as complete lover. Just as Sassui thinks each grief or pain as a pleasure and luxury, in this manner, the lover considers each trouble and mishap as sweet and delicious food item.

1

ڳائي، نه وائي، اڏيون! آريچن جي،
ڪنهن پر ڪهي لنگهيان، جَبَلُ جهاجهائي؟
جيڪس واجهائي، هاڻي مَرنديس هوت لڏ.

Sisters! No voice is heard here of Arichas. How I should cross the long row of such long mountains? Perhaps, in the

anxiety and perplexion of Punhun, now I shall lose my existence or breath.

2

هَلُئُ سَهان نہ هوتَ جو، وَجُئُ مون نہ وَسِ،
 الله! آريچنَ جي، گولي ميڙئين گسِ،
 پرين، پهنوار! توڻيان، ڏونگريا! مون ڏسِ،
 اکين جي آرسِ، مُنڌَ جيهاڻي جوڙڪي.

I cannot tolerate the abduction of Punhun and my travel to him is out of my power or control or strength. Oh God! You may this servant or very poor girl show or take to the ways of Aricha. Oh local rural man! I ask you about my beloved. Oh mountain! You may guide me about them or you may tell the way they went. The drowsiness and laziness of eyes of this poor girl punished her or put into such a difficult position or dishonoured her.

3

مُون کي جنين ماريو، آن کي گڏياسِي؟
 تَن ۾ طاقت ناهِ ڪا، ادا! انين ري،
 سُوڙ سَلِتمَ تي، جيلان ڳالهه ڳري ٿئي.

Who destroyed me, did you see or meet them? Oh brother! Without them, there is no strength in my breath or body. I have exchanged or narrated you my grievances because of the fact that the matter has been intolerable or unbearable.

4

مون کي جنين ماريو، سُڃاتمَ سيئي،
 پُنهونءَ پيڪانَ پڇنديا، پلن تان هيئي،
 ويجهنئون ويئي، ٿي وهيئي سَڄئين.

Who destroyed me, I asked about them or I followed them. Punhun threw me arrows from his both apples of his eyes. Now, she has been out of control or source of treatment and became under the disposal of her beloved.

5

پَرتو پنهونء جو، سَهائي، سِياهُ،
 مُنهن ڏيئي مون آئيو، رَنگا رَنگي راهُ،
 پهرين ڏيندا پاھ، پوءِ رڱيندا رڱ ۾.

In the reflection of Punhun (Perfect guide), there is sometimes light (White) and some times darkness (Black). This different kind of way the Second stage of Sufism (Religious way) has come into my fate. First I shall be put into an acid (Torture and make clean) then I shall be perfected into God's color or made red. (The spiritual guide boils first and then makes clean or purifies or makes red).

6

پَرتو پنهونء جو، رُڱيائي راحت،
 پانئيان ڏينهن پورائون، ساڄن لاءِ صحت،
 مِٺي مُصِيبَت، آهي آريءَ ڄامر سين.

The reflection of Punhun is pleasure and happiness for me. For my beloved, I consider the hard or dangerous day as my strength or healthfulness. The grief or pain of Arijam is lust or luxury or happiness for me.

داستان پنجون

سسئيءَ لاءِ پنهونءَ پُڄاڻا، درد ٿي، کاڄ آهي. ڪيچي، جي سندس روح جي راحت هئا، سي وڃي ڪيچ ۾ قراريا (آرامي ٿيا). جي هوءَ پنهنجي بره جو رتيءَ جيترو به اظهار ڪري ته هوند مڙيئي جبل جلي وڃن ۽ سموري وڻڪار ٻري وڃي، وري ڪٿي به جيڪر نه پهڙ پئجي، نه ساوڪ نظر اچي، مرن کي ماڻ لڳي وڃي ۽ ڌنارن کي جهوري وڃي. سسئي، انهيءَ حال ۾ زارين تي زاريون پيئي ڪري ۽ پنهونءَ لاءِ پاڻ پيئي پڇاڙي، سسئيءَ کي ئي سچو سور آهي. ٻيون جيڪي به روئن ٿيون، سي دولاب وچان ٿيون آب

وهائين. جن کي ڪو درد ناهي، تن لاءِ ماتم ڪهڙو! جنکي گهٽ ڀر گهڻا آهي، روح تن جو ئي مرڪ آهي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 5

Without Punhun, for Sassui, pain or grief is food. Kechis who were source of pleasure for her, they reached Kech (they enjoyed rest in Kech). If she declares a bit of her love, the mountain burn out and the whole forest or all bushes get fire and become ash with the consequence that neither the mountains nor the greenery can be seen. I would be calm and silent and the shepherds or cowherds or herdsmen would also vanish and disappear or finish. In such condition or plight, Sassui makes cries and weeps and for Punhun, she searches and walks. Sassui has an actual or real grief and pain. Others who weep is a fraud or showing only. They have no grief so they cannot mourn. Who have grief in their hearts, they can weep, mourn, cry and search her beloved.

1

رءُ قَرِيبَن قُوتُ ڪيو، ويئي وِرهَ چَران،
انَ عَذَابان اڳهيَن، ماڌر! چو نه مَران؟
اڏيون! جو نه اوهان، سو مان سورُ سَرتيون!

Oh mother! Before bearing that grief and pain as to why not I died? Oh friends! The grief you do not feel, that grief has attacked me or wrapped and folded me.

2

اڏيون! اڳهي آهيان، پرين پُڄاڻا،
سي ڪوهيارا ڪيڻ ويا، ساڄن سياڻا،
جي سسئيءَ سيڻاڻا، سي وڃي ڪيچ قراريا.

Oh friends! After leaving or abduction of my beloved, I have been ill and indisposed. They are wise and active mountaineers, where did they disappear or go? Whom Sassui liked and loved, they reached Kech (they would be enjoying rest there).

3

حَقِيقَتَ هِنَ حَالِ جِي، جِي ظَاهِرُ كَرِيانِ ذَرِي،
لڳي ماٺ مِروئنَ ڪي، ڏونگر پَوَنَ ذَرِي،
وَجِنَ وَنَ ٻَري، اوڀر اڀري ڪين ڪي.

If I declare a bit about the love and attachment, the pigs or animals would be silent and the system of mountains or the existence of mountains would also burn out and become ash and the greenery would also destroy or would not grow.

4

حَقِيقَتَ هِنَ حَالِ جِي، جِي ظَاهِرُ كَرِيانِ زَبَانِ،
لڳي ماٺ مِروئنَ ڪي، رَسي سُر شَبَانِ،
تَاڪِرِ تَڪِي ڪانَ، جَبَلُ سَپِ جَلِي وَجِي.

If I declare with my tongue the effect of my love or attachment, perhaps the pigs would paralyse or be silent and the herdsmen would also pain or anguish, rocks would not exist and mountains would burn out or vanish.

5

ساريان ٿي سَبِيلَ، پُر تقصيرون پاڻ ڏي
مَتان مون ڪي ڇڏئين، آري ڄامَ اَصِيلَ!
وَر وَلِهِنَ جا وَسِيلَ! رَسَ، رَهَبَر! راه ڀر.

I count many shortcomings in myself or I have many defects or wrongdoings. Oh rich Arijam! You should not leave me! Oh source of humble wives, Oh known! You should come and reach me in this passage or path of walk.

6

سَرتيون سوراتين جِي، ڪوهِ ٿيون پَٿر پَوَنَ؟
گهءُ نه لڳن گهٽ جو، رِيا مان ٿيون رُوئنَ،
چيتاريو نه چَوَنَ، پار مُنهنجي پرينءَ تان.

Why friends sit on the mats for mourning? (Friends who have no grief or pain, why do they mourn?). They have no any pain or grief in the heart. They fraudulently or as exhibition are weeping. They do not creak and weep whole heartedly or out of any grief or sorrow.



داستان چھون

سسئي لاءِ لڪڻ توڙي گسڻ ۾ هڪيا بيٺا آهن. جن جي اندر ۾ عشق جو جوش آهي، تن لاءِ نيسٽيءَ يا نابوديءَ کان سواءِ ٻيو ڪجهه نه آهي. حق (الله) هڪ آهي، پر جن کي سچي نظر ناهي، سي نفاقَ ڏانهن مائل آهن. ڏٺيءَ کي ويڇو يا پياڻي هرگز نه ٿي وٺي. اي طالب! تون اڃا سچي وات کان اڻ واقف آهين. طريقت کان واقف ٿيءَ ته اندر ۾ ئي روحاني راهه لهن. پَبَ جَبَلُ جا ڏاکڻا عاشقن کي ڇا ڪندا! پَبَ ڪيچ اڳيان جڻ هڪ نفيس گلر وڇايل آهي. مطلب ته محبتين اڳيان هر ڪو عذاب هڪ عيش ۽ هر ڪو خارزار هڪ گلستان آهي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 6

For Sassui, only those are ready or prepared to walk in the passages and paths, who have excitement of love in the heart, as there is nothing for them except destruction and ruination. God is one but who have no pure mind or right sight, they are inclined to difference or separation. God is not liking fraud or dual thinking. Oh lover! You are unaware of the right path. Be aware of the second part of religious manners or Sufism, so that you may find in your heart the spiritual guidance or way of right path. Pab mountain looks like a soft carpet in front of Kech which means for lovers every grief or pain is pleasure or lust or happiness and every thorny park or plot is the place of flowers and greenery and fragrant land.

1

ڪُنهن پَر رُٿان پرينءَ کي؟ اندرِ ناهِ اُسات،
 لوهُوڪا لَڪَن ۾، ويري مٿي وات،
 چِپَر ۾ چُونچاٽ، ڏنر ڏڪوِين جا.

How should I weep tears for my beloved? In the heart there is no such longing or love. In the passages there are limb scraping trees and on the paths, enemies are standing. I heard sobs of grieved or panic stricken people.

2

ڪُنهن پَر رُٿان پرينءَ کي؟ پَچَن ناهِ پَچار،
 اندر ٿي آهون ڪَريان، ڪاٿي مَنجهه خُمار،
 گَري جي گُفتار، بيءَ پَتِ ٻاروچَن جي.

How should I weep tears for my beloved husband? I do not know how to declare or express the pain of love, attachment and fearing and weeping. In the heart I am burning and weeping in the intoxication of love. In Baroches (Balochs) the way or the language of mourning is in different way.

3

سَچَ وَسَندي، تَن کي، جوشِ جَلايا جي،
 طالِبَ جي تَحْقِيقَ جا، نِينهن تَنين وٽ ني،
 تِيڏي پَسِي تي، هوتان آهي هيڪَڙو.

Whom the heat of love has burnt, for them, there is barren desert. (For them only destruction or ruination) who are searching God or truth, take love to them or go and bring love from them. The squint eyed or slanting man sees three but He is only one. (The people in the world have differences or different opinion but in reality God is one).

4

پيون ڏيئي بَن کي، هَلِج پاسي هيڪَ،
 وُر نہ سَهي ويڪَ، تُون، تِيڏي! تِڻايُون ڪَرين!

Avoid or abandon all others, you go only to one side. The Husband (God) is not tolerating separation or different opinion and you talk about squint- eyed! (The misguided man considers, three different entities, God, himself and the whole universe but these entities are only One as except God (truth) there is nothing or nothing exists.

5

اَجا تون اَوات، واتان پاسي ويسري،
سونهين ٿي سَوات، تہ منجهان دل دڳ لهين.

Still you are misguided or way ward and unknown of the real and spiritual path or way. You must know right path so as to find the beloved from your own heart.

6

پانهين، پسي پَپ، متان ڪا، مُنڌ! ڏئين،
اڳيان ڪو مَر ڪَپ، اِي ڦالي آڏو ڪيچ ڪي.

Oh girl! Seeing the Pab mountain, do not be back or come back or return! You walk further or go ahead and neither eat anything nor fear. This mountain is spreading before Kech like a beautiful carpet.

*

سر حسيني

”حسيني“ هڪ نامياري فارسي ۽ عربي سر جو نالو آهي ۽ ماتي سر آهي. هن سر ۾ ڪريلا جي شهيدن سڳورن جا مرثيا ڳايا ويندا هئا. شاه صاحب، هن سر ڏانهن، ”سر حسيني“ جي آخرين بيت ۾ هي اشارو ڪيو آهي.

حسيني حسين لئه، بيبيءَ پاڻ چئي،
تهان پوءِ ٿئي، خبر هيءُ خلق ڪي.

يعني امام حسين لاءِ پهرين ماتم سندس امڙ سڳوريءَ ڪيو ۽ ان کان پوءِ اُن جي سمڪ ٻين ماڻهن کي پيئي.

داستانن ۽ بيتن جي انداز جي لحاظ کان هي سر، رسالي جي وڏن سرن مان هڪ آهي. هن سر ۾ سسئيءَ جي دوزخ جهڙي سفر، ڏڪن ۽ ڏورن جو ذڪر آهي. سسئيءَ جو پنڌ رڻ مان آهي، جتي پاڻي ڦڙو به ناهي. هوءَ ٻن جيران جي وچ ۾ آهي، هڪ رڻ جي تپت ٻي عشق جي آتش. هن پنڌ ۾ جيسين جيئڻ آهي، تيسين جلڻ آهي. هت تتي ٿڌيءَ ڪاهڻو آهي ۽ ڪڏهن به وهڻ جي ويل نه هڻي آهي. سڄي لوچ ئي هليو پنهنوءَ وٽ پهچائي، ڏوريندڙ ئي عجيبن جا اڱڻ ٿا پسن.

”ڏورينديون ڏسن اڱڻ عجيبن جا.“

شاه، هن جهان کي پنيور سڏيو آهي، جنهن ۾ دوزخ جو دونهن آهي. طالب کي سسئيءَ جو ويس ڏنل آهي. طالب کي جڳائي ته روحاني سفر ۾ پاڻ سان سونهون (ڪامل رهبر) ساڻ ڪڍي، نه ته رُلي فنا ٿي ويندو. طالب لاءِ طريقت جون جفائون راحتون آهن، جنهن سسئيءَ لاءِ ڏونگر هڪ ڏولي ڏو. هتي ٻاهرين پرهيز نه گهرجي. جن پرين ڏنو، تن مڙئي دين دور ڪيا.

”پڇيوئي: مان دوست، تان پاسي ڪر پرهيز ڪي،
جنين ڏنو هوت، تن دين سڀيئي دور ڪيا.“

مرجي ته مارگ ۾ مرجي، جو عاشق پرينءَ کي ڏوريندي مٿو، تنهنجو بخت وڏو چڱو. طالب جو ڪم آهي سڏن مٽي سڏڙا ڪرڻ، پوءِ سڀرينءَ کي پاڻيهي سندس سار ٿيندي. صبر وڏو ست آهي ۽ سگهوئي هليو ساجن سان ملائي. هن سر ۾ طالب کي هي

مُکيه هدايتون ڏنل آهن: سڪ ساڻ کڻي، ڏهاڙي ڏوريندو ره. ڏورڻ ۾ راحت آهي، ڇو ته ملڻ سان محبت ماني ٿيو وڃي. صبر اختيار ڪر ۽ سڏن مٿي سڏڙا ڪندو ره. مَرين ته مارگ ۾ مر، ڇو ته سسئيءَ وانگر امر رهندين ۽ جڳ ۾ هميشه نالو پيو ڳائبو.

مُرُ مٿا ڏيئي، پُنهونءَ ڪارڻ پَٻَ ۾،
ته سرتيون سپيئي، واڪاڻينئي وينيون.

هن دنيا کان ڪنارو ڪرڻ سان ئي نجات يا چوٽڪارو حاصل ڪبو. جي هن پنيور کان پڳا، سي چُٽا، جي اُن کي چُهَٽيا، تن سُوَر پرايا.

پينر پنيوران، پڇو تان اُهو،
اڳي ان ماڳان، سرتين سور پرائيا.

داستان ستين ۾، شاه فراق (جدائيءَ) جي مرحبا ڪئي آهي. ”سر سهڻيءَ“ ۾ فرمائي ٿو ته ”جي پرين، قيامت ڏينهن ملن ته ويجهي چُٽيا، ڇو ته وصال جون واڌايون تهن ئي پري ٿيون سُهَن.“ هتي اها تمنا ظاهر ڪئي اٿس ته شل محبوب سان قيامت ڏينهن ملان.

ائون ڏورينءَ، شال مر لهنءَ! ساجن! مع سوال،
سڪ تنهنجيءَ، سپرين! ٿئي جان زوال،
وهائيءَ وصال، اُٿيان آرامي ڪري.

TUNE (SUR) HUSSAINI

“Hussain” is the name of a famous Persian and Arabic episode and it is a mourning episode. In this episode, elegy or dirge for martyrs of Karbala were sung. Shah sahib has pointed out in this episode in the last poem of episode Hussaini as follows:

“Hussaini for Hussain, Bibi herself said, Then the news will reach to other people”.

It means that first of all for leader (Imam) Hussain, his sacred mother started singing the mourning, then other people followed singing her. According to all episodes (Dastans) and poems, this episode is one of the biggest episodes of the Risalo (messages) of Shah. In this episode, Sassui’s hell like travel or journey, grieves and pains have been described. Sassui’s walk is through barren deserts where no drop of water is available. She faces two

mishaps and burning troubles one the heat of barren deserts and two, the heat and warmth of love. In her walk, there is burning for her up to she is alive. Here she has to continue her journey in both conditions or seasons of Heat and Cold and she has not to have rest and sit idle. True and sincere struggle takes her to reach and meet Punhun.

“Who struggle hard, they will see the courtyards of beloveds”. Shah has called this world as Bhanbhor where in there is smoke of Hell. Lover has been given the cover of Sassui or lover has been named as Sassui. Lover must take a guide to walk in spiritual journey otherwise he will be vanished or ruined. For lover, the hardships of the second stage of Sufis (Religious sect), are pleasure just as for Sassui, the mountain was cradle. Here no outer purity or exhibition of chastity is required. Who saw the beloved, they abandoned all religious differences or separate sects. If you ask about beloved or dear friend, abandon all chastity, who saw their beloved, they abandoned all the sects of religions.

If you want to die then die in trouble or hardship or grief or pain.

A lover who died in search of the beloved, he will achieve a super capacity or status. Lover's duty is to cry and call the beloved continuously then he will be remembered looked after by his beloved. Patience is source of success and strength and soon meets with the dear one.

In this episode, the directions have been extended to the lover as follows:

Longing for beloved,

Daily continue walk of journey to get the destination,

In continuous travel, there is pleasure, otherwise to meet or to receive the beloved, the longing for the beloved is reduced.

Patience is to be adopted,

And call and call your beloved or remember and remember your beloved.

If you die, die in struggle or hardship because you will ever enjoy eternal living like Sassui and will be remembered in this

world forever.

Die, bowing down your heads for Punhun in the Pab mountain, all female friends will pray for you and praise you.

To abandon in this world, all salvation and relief can be achieved.

Who left this Bhanbhor, they got relief and who stuck to remain here, they got grieves and suffered from the worldly worries and woes. Sisters! Leave Bhanbhor and move further, in the past, from here or these places, friends got grieves and pains.

In the episode (Dastaan) seven, Shah has admired the separation. In the Tune (Sur) of Suhni Shah says, "If the beloved meets in the day of judgment or doomsday, it will be for short time because to receive congratulations for meeting seem to be far away" here Shah Sahib has desired that he should meet the beloved on the doomsday "I should struggle but may not find! Oh beloved you should agree with me, longing for you, my beloved! I should be sacrificed on you, if I sit idle I shall not meet, after searching you, then I will have rest.



· داستان پھريون

اي سسئي! سج لهڻ تي آهي. تون همت ڪري اڳتي هل، جئن نما شآمر کان اڳ هلي پرينءَ جي ساٿ سان ملين. سج لهي ويو ۽ سسئي لاءِ رڳو وڃي رڃ ۽ سج رهي. اڳيان رائي جي رڃ آهي ۽ پاڻيءَ جو نشان به ڪونهي پر هيءُ ڪُئَل وَ ٽُڪار ڏانهن ڪُرُ ڪنڀو پيئي هلي ۽ پنٿي نه ٿي وري.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 1

Oh Sassui! The sun is setting, you should try to go ahead so that you reach your beloved before the last hours of evening. The sun set down and for Sassui, there is only barren and dangerous areas and places. Further there is barren place of dust and no drop of water but this wounded lady is walking towards shades of

trees (Paradise) and does not want to return.

1

لُڙَم، لاڙائو ٿيو، هلي ڪر همت،
سڄُ سامهون منهن ۾، متان ڪرئين ڪٽ،
سُپيريان جي سٿ، ڳاڙهي سڄُ ڳالهه مڙين.

You should yourself not return. You should try to go ahead. The sun is in front of your face. You should not worry or be lazy to move further. You would meet the company of your beloved before the time of sun setting (at the time of evening shining or light).

2

اَلهي سڄُ اُڀرڪي، ڏنائين ڏونگر،
سسئيءَ کي، سيد چئي، سورن جو سمر،
ڪنل رکيو، ڪر، ويچاريءَ وٽڪار تي.

The sun made late in setting down and Sassui saw the Mountain. Shah says that Sassui has all material of grieves and pains. She the distressed girl or lover wounded by love, go or walk raising her head or neck to shades of trees (Paradise).

3

ويني مون ويو، لڙي سڄُ لڪن تان،
آئون ڏوريندي ڪيترو، پَهڻن پير پيو؟
سورن ساڻ سهو، اچي ٿيم، جيڏيون!

I am sitting and the sun has set from the passages, then how would I be able to find the foot of my beloved. Oh friends! My relationship has been attached with pains and grieves.

4

سرتيون! سڄي سڄ، متان ڪا مون سين هلي،
پاڻي ناه، پَنڌُ گهڻو، اڳيان راتو رڳي رُج،
متان مري اڃ، ڪا ڏئي پارا تو پرينءَ کي.

Oh friends! You should not go with me, there is only barren place and there is no water. Only thirst and barrenness are there. Perhaps amongst you going with me would be so much thirsty that they would misbless my beloved and say adverse words against him.

5

پَٽيءَ نہ پيرون، اوڏيءَ چڪَ نہ چَميا،
پويون هي پيرون، نينهن نباهي هليا.

There is no foot print visible in the plain or ground or land. Perhaps they (dears) might have stayed in the near surroundings. They, after making relations of loyalty with me, left away.

6

سُيءَ کا تنوار، کي هُنئين ٿي هٿ گڻين،
سوين رليون سُسئيون، هوتائين هزار،
باروچاڻا ٻار، توڙان ترس نہ سِکيا.

Did you hear sweet voice or dialogue of my beloved or you are raising your hands without any reason or of no use! For dear beloveds, not hundreds but thousands of Sassuis wandered and walked anxiously. The generation of Barochas (Balochs) (Perfect guides) from the very beginning or basically did not learn to be merciful or kind.

داستان ٻيو

کي زمين تڻل، کي عشق جي آڱ، سُسئي ويچاري ٻن ڇيرن جي وچ ۾ آهي.
نينهن ۾ آڱ جون چڀيون آهن. سُسئيءَ لاءِ هينئر چرخو، آتن ۽ پوڻيون وه برابر يا سَمان
آهن. سُسئيءَ لاءِ جيسين جيئڻ آهي، تيسين جلڻ آهي. عشق جي پنڌ ۾ تتيءَ ٿڌيءَ
کاھڻو آهي. پُنهونءَ جي سرهاڻ سڄن کي به واسي ڇڏيو آهي ۽ سندس حسن، پٽن ۽
پهاڙن کي زيب ڏيئي ڇڏيو آهي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 2

Some hot land or plain and some heat of love, poor or sourceless Sassui is in between these two fires or heats or warm things or warm conditions. In love there are flames of fire. Now for Sassui, spindles, looms and spinning and lumps of cotton are just like poison. So long Sassui is alive, there is fire or burning for her. In the walk of love or in the field of love, one has to run or walk in both conditions or seasons summer (Hot) and winter (Cold). The fragrance of Punhun has perfumed poor and poverty stricken people also and his beauty has provided decoration or has decorated the plains and mountains.

1

ڪي ڌڙ ٿي، ماءُ! ڪي جر سَندي سَڄڻين،
هلي ۽ واجههءِ، نين جِرن وِچ ۾.

Oh mother! At one side the earth is hot and on the other beloved's love warmth is in the heart. Sassui poor and sourceless is in between two fires. Sometimes, she walks and looks and sometimes she is searching and glancing for her beloved husband.

2

مٿيان مٿي مَڇ، ٻريمر ٻاروڇن جو،
مون ڪي ڪعنا تي ڏئين، جئن نه ڀروڙئين سَڇ،
امر! اوري اُڇ، ته سَت سَڻائينءِ سور جي.

A blaze of fire of Barochas (Baloch) is burning on my head. You reproach me because you do not know about the fact or real story. Oh mother! Come near me, I want to tell you the account of my pain or grief.

3

مٿي منجهان مينهن، ڀسو! پاڻيءَ جئن وهي،
مون ڀانيو نينهن، چيئون جيري سنديون.

See my head or eyes from where the tears are falling like rain. I thought it as love but that appeared like the blazes or flames of fire.

4

مَنجھان مَنهنجي رُوح، جي وڃي ساڃن وسري،
تہ مَرُ لڳي لوہ، تَرِ ٻاڻيہو ٿي مَران!

If the memory of my beloved husband vanishes away from my heart, it is alright, the hot air may blow in (the desert) so that I become Babeel bird of Thar areas (which looks for rain in Thar as it does not tolerate a bit of heat) and I should die or lose my breath.

5

ٻہي ڪامَ پڄاءِ، اَمَرُ مَنهنجي آسري،
ڏيئي لَتَ چَرَخي ڪي، پُوڻيون پاڻي پاءِ،
ڪَتِيَمَ جَنهين لاءِ، سو ڪوہيارو ڪيچ ويو.

Oh mother! Do not spin a yard of cotton on my hope of help. Keep foot on spindle, all yards may be put into water. The beloved of mountains, for whom I was spinning, he left for Kech.

6

ڪوہ ھاڙهو! ٻَن ھوٽُ! ڪوہ پُنھون، ٻَن پريتھو!
مادر! مون موت، پَسُٿان پرائيو.

Hang Harho mountain! Hang or kill beloved! hang Punhun! kill love! Oh mother! I obtained death to see my beloved or I was expired seeing my beloved.

7

ڪوہ ٻولي! ٻَن ٻروچُ! گھوري ذات جَتَن جي!
مون ڪي چئي ”لُوجُ“ پيہي ويا چَپرين.

Leave and destroy the language of Baroch (Baloch) kill Baroch (Baloch) (Punhun)! The whole dynasty or caste of camel

riders (Jat) may be lost! Saying to me, "Search", they disappeared in the mountains.

8

جڏهن جڏهن تپي ڏينهن، تنن تنن تائي پند ۾،
ڪو آڳاٽو نينهن، هانيڻ ٻاروچن سين.

Just as day is becoming hot and warm, Sassui is walking on feet with great enthusiasm. She grand lady (Sassui) has love with Baroch from the very beginning or original and natural.

9

جان جيئن تان جل، ڪانهي جاءِ جلڻ ري،
تتي ٿڌي هل، ڪانهي ويل وهڻ جي.

Till you are alive or breathe, you should burn or bear troubles, here (in love) without burning there is no way of protection. In summer or winter (heat or cold) you should continue to walk, there is no time for sitting or relaxation or rest.

10

تتي ٿڌي ڪاه، ڪانهي ويل وهڻ جي،
مٿان ٿئي اونداه، پير نه لهين پرين جو.

In heat or cold, continue your walk as there is no time for relaxation. If darkness comes after sunset, the feet prints of the beloved you cannot find out.

وائي 1

شاديءَ جو سينگار، آيل! مرڪ مڻهنجو مون پرين،
آهي گهٽ ڳچيءَ جو، ڏٺي هالورا هار،
آهي اڳهاڙين ڪي، جانب جو جنسار،
آهين ڪاڇ بڪين جو، تون تان طعام تيار،
اعليٰ آچو عيد ۾، دوستاڻو ديدار،
حسن هوت پنهونءَ جي، ڪڪوريو ڪوهيار،

سُجَ ڪيائين سُرهِي، واسِيائين وَڻڪارُ،
 چَپَرُ چائُون مُڪيون، عَطَرُ ٿيو آوارُ،
 ڪوڙين ٿيا ڪيترا، نالي تان نِشارُ،
 سدا صلابَتَ جي، گولي گِرِفتارُ،
 گهريان گهرُ گهٽي تان، اچي جِٿان آڏارُ،
 آڏيون! عبدُالطيفُ چئي، مليو مون مَنارُ.

POEM (FLATULENCE) 1

Oh mother! My beloved is source of my happiness and pride, he is an ornament or garland of my neck. That garland is shining. The naked who have nothing to cover or dress, the existence of my beloved is source of protection for covering their body. Oh beloved! You are food of good quality for hungry. On Eid, the sight of the beloved is great source of high and pious observation and happiness. The beauty of Punhun has made the whole Kech as red. He has brought pleasure in the barren deserts, mountains and shades of trees have been perfumed with the musk, mountains have also spread fragrance of musk everywhere. On his name, crores of people have sacrificed their lives. This servant has been prisoned and become his permanent servant due to his highest status and standard. From which street my beloved comes, I am ready to sacrifice all my belongings and the whole house. Oh friends! (Shah Latif says) I have got an eternal pleasure and coolness of heart from him (my beloved husband).

داستان ٽيون

سسئيءَ کي پنيور جي سڪن، پُنهون جي ساٿ ڪاريو. طالب کي دنيا جا عيش حقيقي محبوب کان پري ٿا ڪن. سسئيءَ لاءِ پنيور کان سُج پلي آهي. تحقيق، عيش کان ترڪ پلو آهي. جن دل جي اکين سان ڏٺو آهي، تن ئي محبوب حقيقيءَ جو ديدار ماڻيو آهي. هن دنيا (پنيور) ۾ دوزخ جو دونهون آهي. طريقت جي پندَ ۾ هڪ ڪامل سونهون گهرجي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 3

Sassui was spoiled by the pleasures (happy living) in Bhanbhor and the company or association of Punhun. The worldly luxuries and pleasures keep the lover away from the real beloved. For Sassui, barren place is better than the living in Bhanbhor. Really abandonment from the worldly luxuries and pleasures is better than living a luxuriant life. Who have seen the beloved with their own eyes, they believe in or appreciate the beauty of the real beloved and have enjoyed it better. This world (in Bhanbhor), there is smoke of hell. In the walk of religious second sect of Sufis, there is need of a perfect spiritual guide.

1

کو گھمندي گھور، ايم ٻاروچن جو،
چڙينديس پنيور، هنئون هت نه وندري.

Roaming in the mountains, I was surrounded by an idea or consideration, I shall leave Bhanbhor (this World) (and abandon it). Here my heart is not feeling pleasant or peaceful.

2

پنيور جن سکن، مون کي ساڻان ڪاريو،
هاڻي ساڻ ڏکڻ، تان کي ڏونگر ڏوريان.

The pleasures or pleasant atmosphere of Bhanbhor kept me behind the lovely union, company or association of my beloved or made me lazy and drowsy. Now, with the sufferance of grieves, I shall cross or walk in the passages of mountains.

3

پينر! پنيوران، ڀڄو تان اُهو،
اڳي ان ماڳان، سرتين سور پرائيا.

Oh sisters! Leave Bhanbhor (this world) or go away from

Bhanbhor and achieve salvation or pleasure and peace of mind. In the past, from this place, sisters and mothers (Lovers) achieved pains, grieves and sorrows.

4

پینرا! ھن پنیور ۾، دوزخ جو دونھون،
سوارو سونھون، پُچی پورج سَسئي!

Oh sisters! There is smoke of hell in Bhanbhor. (From all sides there are grieves and pains). Oh Sassui! You should take a guide or a knowledgeable man early in the morning and go ahead or start your journey. (Go straight on the path of religious way).

5

پنیوران اجاڙ، سرتيون! سَڪَر پانئيان،
مُون سين تنهن پهاڙ، ڏکان هڏ نه ڏوريو

Oh friends! I know better dissolution or barrenness than Bhanbhor. I have never travelled in mountains for sake of troubles or any pain or grief.

6

اجاڙان پنیور، سرتيون! سَڪَر پانئيان،
آريائي اُتور، ڏنم جت اکين سان.

Oh friends! I know barrenness better than Bhanbhor where I have seen matchless or incomparable Arijam.

7

پليو سڀ پنیور، جو پئي هوت نه هليو
شهر سجاتو کين کي، آريائي اُتور،
ماڻيو تنين مور، ڊيکيو جنين دل سين.

Who did not go behind the beloved of Bhanbhor (this world), he was mistaken or forgot the right path. (Those who did not follow their guide, they lost or wronged their path). The world

did not recognize the matchless or incomparable beloved. They only observed their beloved who saw him with their heart.

8

ٻُرو هو پَنيورُ، جو آريائيءَ اُجاريو،
لاٿو سڀ لوڪ تان، هاڙهي ڏٺي هورُ،
چوريون چُرڻ سڪيون، پنهون ڪيائون پورُ،
آيو سو اتورُ، جنهن ڏکيون ڏک وهاريون.

Bhanbhor was the place of evil doings before. Arijam came and made it the blessing place or place of no evil. The king of Harha mountain (Punhun) removed the danger of evil and wrong doings (spiritual evils) from the people of Bhanbhor for which, girls used to get frames of wood craved with the picture of Punhun stamped in their clothes. That matchless king came and decorated the painful and grieved girls and young ladies.

داستان چوٿون

سسئيءَ کي اهو ئي گمان هو ته پنهون سندس گهٽ ذات هجڻ ڪري لهجي ٿيو ۽ انهيءَ ڪري کيس پنيور ۾ ڇڏي ڪيچ راهي ٿيو آهي. حقيقت ۾ سندس ننڍي کيس پنهنجي پرينءَ کان جدا ڪيو. محبوب حقيقي وٺي ئي ٿو ملي، نه پنڌ ڪرڻ سان. جي سندس ڳولا ۾ رلبو ته هو پري هوندو جي هڪ هنڌ ويهيو ته هور ڳن کان به ويجهو آهي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 4

Sassui was bit confused that due to her lower caste or lower graded family, Punhun felt ashamed and therefore left her in Bhanbhor and went back to his kingdom Kech. But infact, the sleep of Sassui became the cause of separation from her beloved. The real and loyal beloved meets at the sitting place and not while roaming hither and thither. If in his search, one roams, he would

be away and far off and could not be found but in case of sitting at one place, he will come and will be very near and easily meet him (as He is very near than breathe veins-Al-Quran).

1

لڄايا مُنھان، ساجُهرِ تي سيڻ ويا،
پيڻ پنيوران، سڏ مُنهنجيءَ ذاتِ جي.

He felt ashamed of my caste or family, so my beloved left me early in the morning. In Bhanbhor he must have known about my family background or my caste.

2

آئون جي هُيس هڏ، اديون! آريچن جو،
ساڻ لڏيندي سڏ، هوند ڪوهيارا ڪرين مون.

Oh sister! If I had been from their caste or family Aricha, the mountaineers must have called me or taken to me with them at the time of their leaving me in Bhanbhor.

3

هُيس جي سِياءِ، ته ڪيم ڏک ڏيرن تي،
آدب وڄان ان سين، ڳالهه نه ڪيم ڪاءِ،
ذات مُنهنجي، ماءُ! ڪچوڻي ڪيچين ڪي.

If I had been their real relative belonging to their caste and creed, I would have complained or talked against my husband's brothers. Having their respect and status in my mind, I did not tell them about myself or about my family background. Oh mother! Kechies did not give value or importance to my caste, they considered it as a degraded, lower and defective.

4

ساڻي توءَ هلن، پٿر جي وار ڪريان،
جيڪس ٻاروڇن، ڪوڏنو عيبُ اکين سين.

Inspite of, I had made my hair as their bed or sleeping place, the guests or relatives or companions would have left away. Perhaps, Barochas (Balochs) had seen any defect or wrong in me with their own eyes.

5

سائين سنئين نه جاڳين، پوءِ ڪُڄاڙيان روءِ؟
اي پر ڪپر هوءَ، جئن هو سانگي، تون سمهين.

You did not awake with your guests or companions, then why do you weep? That manner is very bad or bad tradition or habit because they are prepared to travel and you kept slept or you remained sleeping.

6

مون سڏيندي سڏڙا، ساڻي سڏ نه ڏين،
ولهيءَ جي وڻاڻ تي، توڏ نه تنوارين،
هيڏا هاڃا ٿين، بُري هن پنيور ۾!

Despite my calls, guests or companions do not reply or answer. In her house or residence, camels are not crying or making voice. In this bad or unfortunate town or city of Bhanbhor, such oppressions or harmful events take place or happen.

7

ڪهان، تان ڪيچان پري! وهان، تان وٽ مون!
پُلي ڏوريم پُون، عبث آريءَ ڄامر ڪي.

If I go, I am away from Kech (By searching Allah is away). If I sit down at one place, he is with me. I was misguided to find Punhun in this desert.

8

ڪهان تان ڪيچان پري! سمهان تان سر هيٺ،
باروچي سين ڏيٺ، جيڏيون! جيهيءَ پر ٿي.

If I walk, Kech is away and if I sleep, he is under my shoulder (near the veins of neck). Oh friends! How I met or became acquainted with Baroch (I met them unfortunately).

واڻي 2

هوٽ! هوٽ! اي هوٽا! ڏيندس ماھ مرڻ کي،
 آئون جڙا جي ڪري
 ڏيئي باه پنيور کي، آئون آيس تو ڳري،
 آريائي پنهون ري، مون کي، سرتيون! تان نه سري،
 جندي پاڻو جان ۾، ڏکي ڏک ڏري،
 آءُ اوراهون، سڀرين! وڃ مڙ، پي! پري،
 مون ڏني مون وسهه، ورچي تان نه وري،
 ڏکي جي ڏيکارئين، ڌاران منهن مري،
 پيالي پرين جي، موهيس ميٺ ڪري،
 آريءَ جي عشق جي، مون کي اندر آڳ ڀري،
 توکي توه نه ڇڏيان، جي وڃان پونءَ تري،
 ڏڙ وجهنديس ڏوڙ ۾، مٿو ڌار ڏري،
 هلڻ سٿي هوت جو، ڏکي، پس ڏري،
 پرين! گڏج پانهنجيون، اڪيون ٻاجه پري،
 اديون! عبدالطيف چئي، من ڪا مهر ڪري.

VAEE (FLATULENCE)

Oh beloved! I shall give my flesh to pigs by making my whole body piecemeal. I left Bhanbhor by burning it and came to you, oh friends! I cannot live without Punhun even for one minute or moment. This misshaped or full of grief, putting a hand mill on her body, grind her own pains and grieves. Oh beloved! You come close to me, do not go away from me. Trust me that I have seen you with my own eyes. She cannot be back or go back in vexation, wearied or distracted. This pained and grieved, is dying without having your beautiful sight or without seeing you. I wish you should show her your sight or meet her or appear before her. The cup full of sweet drink, amused and attracted me. The fire of the

love of Ari is burning me. I go deep in the bottom, I shall not leave you. Cutting or slaughtering my head, I shall throw away my cut body into the dust. You should see that hearing your leaving her, she is dying or bursting. Oh beloved! Be kind enough and see my plight or open your eyes to see me or look at me. Oh friends! May my beloved take mercy and show his kindness. (In this poem or Vae (Flatulency), Shah Latif has traced a map of love and lovingness. True lover, makes his body piece meal and travel for deep bottom but cannot forget the sweet love of his beloved. she has no sense to take care of her breath and body or even her existence.



داستان پنجون

سسئي سڄڻ جي ڪري، چپر کي چپرڪٽ ۽ پٿرن کي پٿرائيون ٿي سمجهي ۽ جهنگ جي مرن کي پنهنجا مٽ ٿي سمجهي. پرڏيهين سان ڀلاند اڙائي، سسئيءَ سور پرايو. جيڪي فراق ۾ آهي، سو وصال ۾ ناھي. جدائيءَ ۾ جانب جي سار هر دمر دل ۾ آهي. هڪ واريءَ اوطاق ۾ پيهي آيو ته ڄڻ پاڻ کان پري ڪيائين. ڇو ته پوءِ سڪ پُر ڪيو اڏاميو ويڃي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 5

Sassui for the love of beloved considers a straw hut as sleeping cot, and stones as soft and comfortable bed and the pigs living in the desert or forests as its own relatives and companions. Sassui loving or making the outsiders as her relatives, she was harmed and pained tremendously. Accordingly, she considers separation more spiritually enjoyable than the remaining close and companions every time. In separation, every time the remembrance and memory of the beloved's company and attachment remains intact. At once, the beloved appeared or visited house or apartment or drawing room providing

apprehension of separation or disappearance because of the fulfillment of the desire or increased familiarity reduces or mitigates the tempo of contacts and association.

1

ليڙن لنگهه هي لس، مانباڻيا مُٽي ويا،
وئي وَرُ وات ٿيا، پنهنون ڄامُ پَهِس،
هئا وَڏي وَس، باروڇا پَنِيورُ ۾.

The camels ran through Lasbella and went away from Manban (The name of water current flowing from mountains). Baroches took away my husband Punhun forcibly with them and travelled. Baroches were a great source of inhabitable protection for me.

2

ڇپون ڇِپَرُ ڪَٽ، پهڻ پٿرائيون پانئيان،
جتي زهان راتڙي، مِرُون منهنجا مٽ،
سيئَن جيءَ سَهَت، ڏونگرُ ڏولي مون ٿيو.

The big and heavy stones are like my cots and I consider stones as my soft beds or mattresses. Where I pass my night, there pigs of desert or forests are my relatives. For the love of my dear beloved/husband, I consider the mountain as a kind of Sedan or palanquin.

3

مُساڦِرِنئون، ماءُ! وِره وهائيم وِٿرو،
اچي ٿيم اوجتي، تن سانگيُن سين ساڃاء،
جيڃان! جَهَلُ مَرِپاء، هِنئون هوت هُٽي ويا!

Oh mother! I have learnt too much from the outsiders or travelers. Suddenly, I got acquaintance with those travelers. Oh mother! Do not stop me, beloved has injured me or disheartened me.

4

ڪيئن اڙايءُ پاند، پَلو پَر ڏيهين سين؟
مَتيون موڙهيءَ، سسئي! ڪيءُ ڪوهيارو ڪاندُ،
رُلي! پانئيءَ راند، ٻانڀڻ! عشق ٻروچ جو!

How you made relationship and married with outsider or unknown? Oh Sassui! You had lost your senses to marry with the man of mountains or mountaineer. Oh mistaken advanced girl! You thought love of Baroch as a simple or easy bargain or trade or relation!

5

مُنهنجو پاڙيڇڻ، ڪچو ڪو نه ڏکيو،
پاسي چڙهي پُنهونءَ جي، ذاتِ سِلتي جڻ،
تيلان ٻاروڇڻ، نڌر چڏي نند ٻر،

The neighbors did not hide my defect or fault about my lower tribe or family background. They took side or favoured Punhun, they did not disclose or describe about my lower caste. Therefore, Baroaches left away this helpless or resourceless.

6

حُسينيءَ جي هاڪ، مادر! ماري آهيان،
ڏينهان ڏورن ڏک سين، راتيان چڪڻ چاڪ،
ڊڄان پَر فراق، مَتان پوئڻ پرينءَ سين.

Oh mother! The painful sound of Hussaini episode has destroyed me or finished me. In the day time, I remember my beloved and in the nights, the injuries of his disunion or separation pain and trouble me. I cry and fear from the separation, lest it should not come in the way of our love.

7

جيڪي فراقان، سو وصالان نه ٿئي،
اچي اوطاقن، مون کي پرين پري ڪيو.

What joy or attraction, we get from disunion, that is not achieved from the contact or meeting. But my beloved himself came home and separated me. (Because with the gathering or contact, the attraction goes away or vanishes).

8

ڦِري آءُ، فِراقِ! مون کي وصالان وڃُ پيو،
جي ٿي چڪيم ڇاڪ، سي پرينءَ گڏجي پوريا.

Oh separation! Come back. The meeting or contact has intervened. The injuries or wounds suffered in the separation, my beloved came and remedied or redressed them (the attraction of attachment reduced or disappeared).

واڻي 3

پنهنون پریشان، ٻرا ٻرا! نڪو خان نه مان،
هيءَ هيءَ حال مُنهنجو.
مون کي بکَ بوتن، ناقي پانڻيان نان،
شهر صحرا پانڻيان، مون ليکي ميدان،
رُٿان ٿي رُجن ۾، آريءَ لاءِ غريان،
پٽيان منهن پسن لاءِ هتي ٿي حيران،
آهي آريءَ جام جو مون کي ڪاري ڪان،
ديوانيءَ کي دل ۾، سورن جو سامان،
وجهج پڪَ پينار تي، پريم ڪاڻي پان،
ڪڏهن ٿيندو ڪيچ ۾، مٺيءَ جو مڪان؟
آهڻين، عبداللطيف کي، اڳيان تون اڳوان.

VAEE (FLATULENCE)

I feel sorry! Punhun distressing me left away. Now there is nothing or no needful material in home. Hi Hi (sign of great grief) on my plight or present situation of worries. I have hunger to see camels and I consider his she- camel as a piece of bread for eating. (I have great desire to see the camels of Punhun and to see his she-camels as they are for me food for my living or existence. In this

sentence very simplicity or a simple concept is apparent. (To the city I think it as a desert and plain plot. For Arijam in the barren desert (Plain grounds) I am weeping and crying openly. For his glance or seeing sight, I mourn striking my face and head. The cruel arrow of Arijam has stricken in my heart. There is only the wealth and source of only pains and grieves for this mad and senseless orphan and helpless girl. Oh my darling! Eat Pan and put the chewed spit in mouth of this beggar and charity monger girl. When this ill-lucky and unfortunate lady reaching Kech will make her abode there? Shah Latif prays and says that you may be my guide and leader.

داستان چھون

سسئيءَ کي ڏکڻ ٿي پرينءَ جو ڏس ڏٺو، ڏک ٿي سکن جي سونهن آهن، سچو عشق، ڏکڻ مان ٿو سري. سسئيءَ جي اندر ڀر نار جي وهڪري وانگر سور پيا آهن. ٻين وٽ سُورن مٺ آهي، سسئيءَ وٽ وٽان آهن. پنهنوءَ کي پسن ٿي سسئيءَ جي اکين جي خوراڪ آهي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 6

Sassui was intimated all about the grieves, worries, woes and difficulties of her beloved. Grieves are the source of eternal peace and relief. True love, emerges from the grieves and worries. From the heart of Sassui, all grieves are flowing like the currents flowing from a large water-wheel operated by a pair of bullocks or one camel. Other people have countable grieves but Sassui has uncountable worries and pains. (Countable means which can be counted as handful whereas uncountable means cattle-pen, a stall, or residences). To see Punhun is only the source of living, enjoyment, comfort, peace and luxury for Sassui.

1

آيا، آس ٿي ايم، ٻاروچا پَنڀورَ ۾،
 پَسي پَهرَ پنهنوءَ جي، نَنهن سيئن نيئن ٿري ايم،
 گوندرَ وسري ايم، سڪن شاخون مڪيون.

Barochs entered or came to Bhanbhor and I felt high senses of their help and source of happiness as well as good and easy future or life. After seeing the relatives of Punhun my eyes felt coolness and peace of mind for all parts of my body from nails to eyes. I forgot all my worries and doubts of any difficult days. The fortunes and signs of all good wishes sent me congratulations of Peace of mind and fortunate days in future.

2

ڏيکارِيسِ ڏڳن، گوندرَ گسُ پريئن جو،
 سونهائي سورن، ڪي هيڪاندي هوت سين.

All pains and grieves showed Sassui the path of the beloved. They guided her and met her with the beloved.

3

سوءَ سڪن ساتي ڏيان، سرُ پڻ ڏيان سَتِ،
 جي مون مڙي مَتِ، تہ وره وهايان هيڪڙو.

I trade hundred comforts, even though I myself surrender my existence or head, on behalf of that if in exchange of it, I achieve true love and I shall be prepared to continue this trade.

4

سورن سانگهارو، ڪڏهن تان ڪو نہ ڪيو،
 آيل! اويارو، پاڙوڌو ٻوڙ وَهي.

There never appeared shortage in pains or grieves. Oh mother! The water has risen or there is flood condition in hand mill.

5

لَکُڙِ پاڻُ ڀَروچِ جو، کَڙها ٿيا قضاڪَ!
 اُهڪي جا اُنن کي، سامين پوءِ مَ ماڪَ،
 اگڙين خوراڪ، پَسُنُ پَرڏيهين جو.

An arrow of love of my Baroch (Punhun) has stricken and his camels proved themselves robbers. The dew fell upon them, made them boredom which should not have fallen on them. The glance and seeing of outsiders (Punhun and his companions) is like a delicious food for me.

6

دُکُيون ڏيهان، جيڪُس لَڏي ويئيُون،
 هاڻي ڪن مَلاَن، پڇان پَرين خبرُون؟

Loveable or loving injured ladies have migrated from the local areas. (From the world, true lovers have left or migrated to others places). Now from whom we should ask whereabouts of beloveds. True leaders are not available today, whom we ask about real beloveds?

7

مُن مَن سُوَرَن سڀ ڪنهن، مون وٽ وٿاڻان،
 پَرئون ڪيو پُڻان، ويا وهائو نڪري.

Every man has some handful of grieves but I have many or countless in abundance. I carry bags of grieves but their purchasers or quality appreciators have migrated to other places, areas, locations or left away this place.

8

پيڙي پيڙي ٻنڌ. سورائي! سندرو،
 ڪيچ! ڳاهون پنڌ، متان لڪن سين لڳي مرين!

Oh grieved and distressed! You should tighten the belt of pains because Kech is far away lest you may die in the passages of mountains.

9

ڏڪن سڪن جي سونهن، گهوريا سڪ ڏڪن ري!
جنين جيءَ ورونهن، سڄڻ آيو مان ڳري.

Grieves are the source of comforts, one should not prefer to comforts only! For that attraction of comforts, the beloved came to me.

داستان ستون

جيڪي پرينءَ جي ڳولا ٿيون ڪن، سي ئي کيس پسڻ ٿيون. ڏورڻ واريون ڪانئس هرگز ڏور ناهن. شل جانب کي هميشه ڳوليندو رهجي ۽ سندس تات تن ۾ رهي. ملڻ سان محبت ماني ٿيو پوي. نينهن جي معنيٰ ئي آهي سوريءَ تي چڙهڻ رڳو چاڙهيڪا چڙهڻ، نينهن ناهي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 7

Who are in search of their beloved, they only see him or receive him. Who continue struggle, they are not far away from him. It is wished to remain busy to find the beloved and his attraction or attachment should be in the mind. After contact or receiving him, the tempo of love and attraction reduces or mitigates. Love means to stick to the struggle for his reception or to be ready to hang on gallows. To reach only on the climax to search the beloved is not love.

1

پُڇڻ سي پَسڻ، جڏهن تڏهن پرينءَ کي،
ڏورينديون ڏسن، اڳڻ عجيبن جا.

Who demand the beloved, they always achieve the sight of his face. Who search for their beloved, they only reach the abode and see him.

2

پڇيو ٿي، تان پور، نات پڇڻُ هوءَ مَر پرينءَ کي،
 ڏورڻ واريون ڏور، هڏ نه آهين هوت کي.

If you keep demand of your friend, beloved, otherwise forget him or throw out him from your heart. Who are searchers of their beloveds, they are not away from them.

3

ڏوريان، ڏوريان، مَر لَهان! شال مَر ملان هوت!
 من اندر جا لوڇ، مڇڻ ملڻ سان ماني ٿئي.

May I search my beloved for ever or every time and should not find him, lest the eagerness or yearning which I rear in my heart for him, after his meeting or receiving him should not reduce or disappear or go away

4

آئون ڏورينءَ، شال مَر لَهنءَ! پرين! هٿين پري،
 هڏ نه ساه سري، تَن تَسَلِي نه ٿئي!

Oh dear! I should continue to find you and could not receive you! May you remain away! May I not feel joy without you always and my heart may not feel any sort of enjoyment, peace and comfort.

5

چڏيم حُجَ هَلَن جِي، چڪيم چاڙهيڪا،
 اديون! آڙيڪا، هنئڙي پيم هوت سين.

I have disclaimed to move further, because the tops of mountains, I have already tested or examined or experienced. Oh sisters! My heart has been fastened with the chains of love of my beloved.

جيڪا ڪندي سَنگُ، مون جئن ٻاروچن سين،
انگن چاڙهي انگُ، رُندي سارَتَ ڦڙا.

Who loves Barochs like me, that will hang her body on gallows and weep tears from her eyes.



داستان انون

جَت، سسئيءَ جو آتن اورانگهي ويا آهن ۽ هاڻ سندس نصيب ۾ سواءِ ٿاءِ ٿاءِ ”جي ٻيو ڪي ڪينهي. جيئن کيس واجب ناهي. اها خبر هجيس ها ته پنهنونءَ جو وچوڙو سهڻو پوندم ته ازل ۾ تقدير جو ورق ئي ڏوئي ڇڏي ها. هينئر سندس فرض آهي پنهنونءَ پٺيان پرڻ. جن محبوب حقيقيءَ جو ديدار ڪيو آهي، سي مڙني مذهبن کان دور آهن. پرهيزگاري تيسين آهي، جيسين پسڻ ناهي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 8

Jat, (Punhun's Brothers) have crossed and passed away from the courtyard of the house of Sassui and now in her fate there is nothing except crying and weeping, saying (hi hi). To remain alive for her has been of no use or purpose. If she had known about the separation of Punhun or suffer from the separation of her beloved, she would have washed the page of her fate from the very beginning or she would not have thought of the attachment or love of Punhun.

Now her duty is to continue or stick to the love and attachment of her beloved Punhun. Who have seen their real beloved, they are away from all sects of religion or they are not narrow minded. To remain pure or clean from ill thinking is up to the unawareness or the un-closeness of the beloved.

1

آتن اورانگهي ويا، آءِ ٿي مران، ماءِ!
پتون ٿينديس پير ٿي، هيءُ! هيءُ! ڪري هاءِ!
جيئن مون نه جڳاءِ، پرين تان پاسو ڪيو.

They have left my house. Oh mother! I am dying due to their separation or leaving me away. I shall cry and cry, weeping and weeping and sacrifice myself or make myself pieces in wounds upon the feet of my beloved. For me now to live has been very difficult because my beloveds have changed their faces from me or they have hated me to meet.

2

جاڻي جو جاتوم، ته پوندو فلق فراق جو،
اڪر ارادت جو، ڌريائين ڌوتوم،
پوءِ تان ڪو نه ڪيوم، هوند ڪشالو ڪيچ ڏي.

If I had known of the separation in my fate, I would have washed away the writing in my fortune at the very beginning and then there would be no struggle to make journey in the deserts or mountains.

3

ڏکائيندي ڏونهڙا، مُنڌا! سيٺاني وڃ،
پريائون مَر پيچ، ساڻ چڙهندو لڪين.

Oh lady Madam! With the burnings in your heart for love, go behind them. So do not break the link of love with them otherwise the Barochs will climb on the passages of mountains, go away and leave you.

4

چيچ مَر قطاران، ساڻ چڙهندو لڪين،
ميچن ٿئين پُٺان، وڳ وات ٿي نه لهين.

Do not delink yourself from their Caravan. Their Caravan

will climb on the Passages of mountain and disappear. Lest you should remain behind or away from them and cannot find the path of the Barochs.

5

پُچيو ئي جان دوست، تان پاسي ڪر پرهيڙ ڪي،
جنين ڏٺو هوٽ، تن دين سڀيئي دور ڪيا.

If you want to ask of your beloved, (try to find out real guide or spiritual leader) then you should delink with the limits or hitches of all religious sects. Who saw their beloved, they left away from all religious hindrances or limitations.

واڻي 4

مون ڪي چپر مَر ڇڏيجا، ٻاروڇا! ٻليءَ لڳي آهيان،
چوري چني آهيان، نينهن نباهي نيجا،
چوري ڇڏي چپرڻ، ڪيچي! ڪيم وڃيجا،
پنهن منهنجو آن سين، سات سلامت نيجا،
مون تان وڙ وڃائيو، آئين پنهنجو وڙ ڪريجا،
جو گيڪو ويس ڪري، سگهڙي سار لهيجا،
آريائي! عبداللطيف چئي، مون تي وهلور وڙ ڪريجا.

VAEE (FLATULENCE) 4

Oh Baroch! Do not leave me in the mountains, I am under your protection. I am an orphan and relationless girl. You should be sincere with me and take me with you. Oh Kechians! Do not leave this orphan in the mountains. My Punhun is along with you. Take all the companions safely. I have lost my sincerity and capability and you should have mercy and should be kind enough over me. In the dress of Jogis (Pink golden) take my care soon. Oh Arijam! Jam Punhun! You must visit me soon.

داستان نائون

سسئيءَ کي فراق اهڙو وڌي وڌو آهي، جو سندس انگ انگ جدا آهي ۽ جيءُ سين سان به سڄو ٿيڻو ناهي. سين، ساڻس ڇڏي ويا آهن (ستوه ڪري ويا آهن) ۽ هينئر سندس نصيب ۾ روئڻ ۽ راڙو آهي. مرڻ کان سواءِ محبوب وٽ پهچڻ ڪونهي. جي مارگ ۾ مرن ٿا، تن جو بخت وڌو آهي ۽ انهن جي واکاڻ جُهان ۾ هميشه پيئي ڳائجي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 9

Sassui has been so much pierced in separation that her every part of body is divided into parts and her injured parts are not in a position to make them unite or heal them as one as original. All her relations left her and now in her fate is to weep, mourn and cry. Before death, it has not been possible to reach or receive her beloved. Who died in grief of separation, they become lucky and they are remembered in this world forever.

1

ڪاتيءَ تان نه ڪنهن، مَنُ وُجُهَلَنَ وِڊيو،
ماريسَ سورَ تنهن، جو نه جئاري، جيڏيون.

Oh friends! My heart has not been hurt by arrow or cutter but has been cut by worry or grief for love of beloved (anguish or pain of separation from my beloved).

2

جيءُ منهنجو جَن، اَنگَرِيارو وِڊيو،
پڄاڻا پَرِين، سِبان، سَحو نه ٿئي.

Those my dears have cut my body into parts backwards or converse, after their leaving me, I cannot stitch or sew them with the ordinary sewing machines in their original position or shape.

3

رو، وسائِي راند، پَ پَرُوڙج ساڻ جا،
هوَتَن سين هيڪاند، هُيمَ بائي ڏينهنڙا.

Forgetting all entertainments and enjoyments, you should weep tears and consider all intentions of the company or association of your beloved for only two or three days.

4

رئڻ ۽ راڙو، مون نمائيءَ جي نجھري،
ڪُنلَ کي ڦَلَبَ ۾، قرب جو ڪاڙھو،
ھو تَن لاءِ ھاڙھو، رجائيندڙسَ رَتَ سين.

In my orphan's house, there is only mourning, crying and weeping. In her injured body, there is only loving and loyal longing and love. I shall make bloody with my red blood the whole Harha mountain.

5

روئي ڪندينءَ ڪوہ؟ ھاڻي ڪو ھو تَ وري؟
جيڏيون! جيڏوئي ڪيو، ساڻيس سين ستوہ،
ڊوھي آڻيان! ڊوہ، متان ڪا مون سين ڪري!

What will you get from weeping? Will your beloved not come back or return? Oh friends! The lover has oppressed his beloved Sassui. Now take oath lest any one should deceive me.

6

ڪاڻيءَ مَر ڪاٺيو، مُنيءَ مَنگَر مَر ڏيو،
ھيڪَر اُجھايو، ڏيئي پُر لُھار جيئن.

Do not burn more to this already burnt. Do not fire this grief stricken. Once like Ironsmith, shower water, cool down my heart or inner organs.

7

تون جي ڪالھ مُئي، تہ ڪالھ ٿي گڏين پرينءَ کي،
ڪڏھن ڪان سَئي، تہ ڪا سگھي گڏي سڄڻين.

If you had died yesterday, you would have met your beloved

even yesterday. Have any time or anywhere heard that one has met the beloved with in the same condition of body or shape with healthy and strong parts of body.

8

اڳي پوءِ مَرنَ، مَرُ مَرنَ مَارَڳَ ۾!
مٿي پوءِ پَريانَ، خون منهنجو جيڏيون!

At last now or then, I have to die, it is better to die in the path of love. Oh friends! My cost of death or blame of death will cast on my beloved.

9

مَرُ مَٿا ڏيئي، پَنهونءَ ڪَارڻ پَبَ ۾،
تہ سرتيون سڀيئي، واکاڻينئي وينيون.

With great struggles and efforts, you should sacrifice yourself or die in the Pab mountain then all your friends will celebrate your remembrance forever.

داستان ڏهون

طالب جو فرض آهي واکا ڪرڻ ۽ پير کڻڻ. جن پير موڙيو، سي مشاهدي کان محروم رهيا. جن کي حب آهي، تن لاءِ ڏک سينگار آهي. سسئي سورن جي سانڍل آهي ۽ پورن جي پاليل، ڄڻ ته گوندر جي ول جي گري (گري) آهي. افسوس جو سڄا طالب اڄ نه رهيا آهن، نه ته عشق عطا ڪندڙ اڄ به حاضر آهن.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 10

The first duty of seeker is to raise voice and cry and take steps to move further. Who did not do so, they were deprived of the sight of the beloved or who remained silent or lazy to go

ahead, they could not see their beloved. Who have love, for them grief is gift. Sassui is also full of pains and sorrows and reared in mishaps and difficulties, it seems to be a branch of plant of grief. It is very sorry that real lovers are not available today but love desirers are still existing today.

1

واڪيو واڪيو وڪ، پاڻوهيو پير گڻي،
سي نه چڙهنديون ڏڪ، موڙي پير، مرن جي.

Sassui making cries, moves ahead or happily steps further. They will not receive real decoration or happiness (they will not achieve happy news or comfortable peace of mind) who do not move their feet or go ahead and die on the way or do not reach their destination.

2

وڃهه وڌندي وڪ، مڇڻ لڪ لڪائين،
ڏڪ تنين کي ڏڪ، حُب جنين کي هوت جو.

Take step further, lest a little laziness you should not disclose or indicate. Whom no love for their beloved for them grief and pain is the outcome or achievement

3

واڪو هڏ مَ لاه، سڏن مڻي سڏڙا،
مان تنهنجي ڪاءِ، سڳر ۾ سار ٿئي.

Do not avoid to cry, walk calling and making them calls. May they remember you or your memory may come in their minds.

4

سُورن ساندياس، پورن پالي آهيان،
سُڪن جي، سيد چئي، پُڪي نه پيياس،
جيڪس آئون هياس، گري گوندڙ ول جي.

I am fraught with pains and reared or brought up in whims or feelings, anxieties, worries, thinking and thoughts. Comforts are not written in my fate, just as I was a joint or space between two knots in any kind of cane or branch of a bush, plant or shrub.

5

ڪينهي طالب تات جا، نه ته آهي تات تيار،
ڏوريان پيو ڏڪار، گهورندڙ ڪٿي ويا.

There has been dearth of real lovers but there are many verbal worldly liking people or gentry. I search for such those but they are not available. The bargainers or traders of love have taken away with them such wealth or precious desire.

6

ڪنهن جنهن نينهن ننڍاه، جي مون واجهائيندي نه ورو،
جيڪي مٿي ڪنڊاه، سو جانب! ڪريو جئري.

In which love or attachment, you have been caught up so much so that instead of my looking or seeing, you do not return or come to me. Oh beloved! What ever you do after my death, you should do that when I am alive.

7

متان ٿئين ملور، ڪين آگاهون آهيان،
ڏسن ۾ ڪر ڏور، حد پنين جي هيڪڙي.

You do not be distressed, I am not away from you. In reality or sight, we are away but both are together. (This poem is a reply of Shah Latif to his father in answer to his question asked in the above poem no. 6 of this statement)



داستان يارهون

سسئي، پرينء تان ساه صدقو ڪري، نيٺ وڃي ٻر ۾ ستي. ڏوٿين گهڻو ئي چيس ته ”ڪيچ ڏور اٿئي“ پر هوءُ اُٿلندو تڪڙي وڪ وڌائيندي ٿي وڃي. هوءُ پاڻ کي پنهنوءَ جي سڱ جي لائق نه ٿي سمجهي. مرشد جو شان وڏو آهي. طالب ويچارو عيبدار ۽ ڪميٽو آهي. سسئيءَ جي ذات خسيس آهي، پنهنون شاهائي خاندان جو آهي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 11

Sassui sacrificing her breath for her beloved, at last she slept for ever in the desert of big and dangerous mountains. Her friends and relatives advised her not to go because Kech is away but she stubbornly took big stride to go behind the Caravan. She realized that she did not deserve to be his life partner or relative because of belonging to a low family or caste. Guide's status is more superior. The seeker is degraded and inferior. The caste of Sassui is low whereas Punhun belonged to a higher class like a king or lord of his family.

1

جئن اُتن آريءَ ڄام، اُئن تان اونين نه ڪيو،
 ٻڙڪي ٻاهر نڪتي، گاذر منجهان گام،
 ساه ڏنائين سام، ستي سڱر پٽين.

Just as Arijam said to them, Jats did not act upon it. The washerwoman jumped up warmly, went out of her town (in search of Punhun). She sacrificed herself for her beloved and for ever slept in the travelers' passages in deserts.

2

لڪيون! آن لڳا، ڪي پلءُ پانديڙن جا؟
 توهان گهڻيرو، ماءُ! رُوندا اُوءَ رت ويا.

Sassui said to passages, "oh passages! Did you see the clothes or company of pedestrians (of Punhun)? Passages replied

her, oh mother! With more than your blood of pain or tears, your dears/darlings were walking in grief with tears.

3

ڏوٿين چيس ”ڏور، ڪيچُ آگاهون پند ٿيو“،
پاڻا چڙهي پور، وڳ وڌائين وٽري.

Youth friends told her, “Kech is away” and the journey is also long and very difficult. “She (Sassui) in the pressure of love moved fast.

4

سَسئيءَ جي سَريءَ سان. ڪيچ ڏٺي ڪاندي،
پَسَنُ ڪارڻ پرينءَ جي، مُنڌ هئي ماندي،
لَڪَن تان لَطيفُ چئي، آريائيءَ آندي،
پُنهنوءَ پيراندي، نمائيءَ نصيب ٿئي.

The carrier of dead body of Sassui, became Punhun himself. This lady was anxious to see her beloved. Arijam took her from the passages of mountains towards his abode or village. After the death of this grieved, pained and helpless, she was buried fortunately at the feet side of Punhun.

5

هيءُ ٿو وڃي هُو، آئون ڪا اڳيري ٿيان،
مَتان چوءِ بَلوچُ، ”ڪميٽيءَ مان ڪين ٿيو.“

Alas! Punhun is walking or running or moving ahead, I should also advance. Lest Baroch (Punhun) should feel that nothing was done by the unfortunate lady or mean, stupid or culprit lady.

6

ڪميٽين هُتان، ٽين مُورائين مديون،
تون ڪر پاڻ وڌان، موٽُ سَباڄها سُپرين!

Culprits or means act only ill or characterless activities. Oh kind dear! You have mercy and do good deeds of returning to me.

7

نڪي ٿيان سڱ ۾، نڪي سڱيڻي،
آهيان ڪميڻي، ذات ٻروڇي نه جڙان.

I am neither relative of Punhun nor my relation matches with him. I am stupid and mean and the family or caste of Baroch does not match with that of mine.

8

ڪيچ مَر خبر هوءَ، هن منهنجيءَ ذات جي!
مَتان پنهونءَ پوءِ، لڄ منهنجي لوءِ ۾!

May not Kechis know or be aware of my caste or family. Lest for me, Punhun should be ashamed of or feel degraded or depressed.

داستان ٻارهون

سسئيءَ جون سرتيون، سندس هوت اکين سان ڏسن ها ته جيڪر پاڻ وساري، ڇپر ۾ پيهن ها ۽ راتو ڏينهان ريهون ڪن ها. ”ووءِ ووءِ“ ڪرڻ عاشق جو ڪم آهي. صبر ۾ وڏو ست آهي. صبر ئي عاشق کي سپرينءَ سان وڃي ٿو ملائي. روحاني راه نهايت اوکي آهي. جي اڪيلي سر سفر ٿا ڪن، سي وڃيو ٿا ڪن جي ور چڙهن. هن وات ۾ لکين لوڙاڻو آهن. سونهي کان سواءِ هي سفر سڻرو ناهي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 12

If friends of Sassui had seen her beloved with their own eyes, they would have lost themselves or forgotten their status and live in simple straw huts, mourning day and night. To cry is the function or activity of lovers. In patience there is great power and

pomp. Patience only contacts the lover with the beloved. The spiritual way or treatment is very difficult. Who make journey alone, they reach the destination receiving protection of paths or ways. Without guide, this journey is very difficult and cumbersome.

1

ڏٺان جي ٻروچ، مون جيئن هوت اکين سين،
مون کي چيان ”لوچ، پاڻا پيئيئون ڇڄرين.“

Oh sisters! If you had seen my dear Punhun like I saw him, you would yourselves advise or admonish me to “Find him” and you all would have thronged (in his search) in the mountains.

2

ووءِ! ووءِ! ڪندي وٽ، مڃڻ ”ووءِ!“ وِسارئين!
پاڻي هارم پڌرو، روءِ منجهان ئي رت،
صبر وڏو ست، سگها ميڙي سُڀرين.

Alas! Alas! (Mourning) you should continue, do never forget mourning and crying. Do not weep tears openly from your eyes but inside you may fall drops of your blood. The patience, has strength which contacts the heartily beloved in no time.

3

ماڻ مارينديءَ پرينءَ جي، مڃڻ رئين رت!
ڇوري! ڇڏ ڀر ست، همت هوت وڃائيو.

You would be killed by the patience of your beloved. Lest you should not fall drops of blood. Oh orphan! You do not discontinue the patience. Egoism is destroyed through the help of the beloved.

4

جڙ جڙي جن سين، مُئي پڻ سين تن،
جي هت نه هوت پسن، سي ڪنهن پر ڪيچ پسنديون؟

With whom the nail of love is fixed or decided in life, with

them, it is also fixed or continued even after death.

5

اوجھڙو ٿان آءُ، ٻيون سڀ سڳر ساٿ جي،
جانينهن ڳنهندي نانءُ، سامون جئن پوندي مامري.

I am alone misguided roaming in the wrong path or in dark, where as all are with the union or company of Punhun. (I am guideless, others have their guides). Who will take the name of love, that will suffer all mishaps or grieves like me.

6

ٻڌو ڪنهن ٻنڌاڻ، هنئڙو هوتائيءَ سين،
ڪا جا پييس ڪاڻ، نبير يانس، نه نبري!

My heart has stuck or fastened in such a way with my beloved Punhun and it has been attached or fixed in the way that if I want to break it, it cannot be done.

7

ڏونگر ڏٺا نوڻ، مون پار ڪو پڇيا،
هڪليون هلن جي، سي تاڪن سندي توڻ،
اي اُهڪي پوڻ، سوئهن رءِ نه سٿري.

I enquired from the known people about the high and little lower mountains. Who walk alone in this way, they become the target of lusters and thieves. This land or area is a barren and difficult land and without guides or well aware people, it is not easy or comfortable.

8

لڪين لوڙائي سَهَسِين آهين سَچ ۾،
بَر ۾ بورائي ڪُن، پيادي! پاڻ سين.

In this barren desert, many robbers and looters are available. Oh walker! Take guide or well aware man with you in this desert plain.

9

نِينَهَن مَر نَالو ڳَن، پَرِيٽِي پِير پيا،
سَوَرَن ساڻ مَر چَن، وِرَهَ وَهائجِ وَترو.

Do not take the name of love, the ways of love are different.
Do not disconnect relations with pains, do much bargain or trade
of separation of lovers.

10

سَچَن ڏَنو جَن، تَن ڳچِيءَ سِرِ ڳَءَ ڪِيو،
پِيون ڪوَهُ بُوڃَهَن، قُدُر ڪِيَمِيَا اِنَ جو.

Who have seen their beloved, they have made him as
ornament of their neck. How others can count or calculate its
chemical like value.

11

هاري! هِنئون مَر لوڏَ، سَڪَن پَوَنديَنءَ، سَسئي!
ڪوهيارو تو ڪوڏَ، اچي ڪَرَهَ قَطاريو.

Oh distressed Sassui! Do not discourage your heart! Atlast
you will get peace of mind. Punhun Jam, is taking fondly a row of
camels to you.

12

حُسِينِي حُسِين لَءِ، بِيبيءَ پاڻ چَئي،
تِهان پوءِ ٿئي، خبر پيءُ خَلقَ ڪِي.

The Tune (Sur) Hussaini, first his Jeejal (respected and dear)
mother said. (Jeejal mother of Imam Hussain started mourning
from which the Tune (Sur) started). After that all other people
were made aware of this type of remembering the tragedy of
martyrdom of Hussain.

*

سر ليلا چنيسر

جو قصو ۽ ان جو روحاني مطلب

راجا چنيسر، سومري گهراڻي مان هو ۽ ديول ڪوٽ تي راڄ ڪندو هو. هو سونهن جو سردار هو ۽ گهڻي نازنينون مٿس مفتون هيون. ليلا سندس پٽ رائي هئي ۽ جڪرو سندس وزير هو. سندس زماني ۾ ئي راتو لنگهار ڪڇ ملڪ ۾ لڪيت ڇٽ ڌڻي هو، کيس هڪ حسين نياڻي ڪونروءَ نالي هئي، جنهن جو مڱڻو سندس سوٽ اِتماديءَ سان ٿيل هو. هڪ ڏينهن، ڪونروءَ کي هار سينگار ڪندو ڏسي، سندس سهيليءَ جمنيءَ کيس چيو ته ”تون جو پاڻ کي هيئن ٺاهيو پيئي ٺاهين، سو پاڻءَ ته چنيسر تي هرڪ هاريو اٿيئي؟ اهو سڻي، ڪونرو چنيسر تي اڻ ڏٺو فدا ٿي پيئي، اها سڌ جڏهين سندس ماءُ مُرڪيءَ کي پيئي، تڏهين هن وڃي پنهنجي پٽار سان ڳالهه چوري. رائي لنگهار لاءِ ته چنيسر جو سڱ، فخر جو ڪارڻ هو، پر انديشو ٿيس ”متان هو انڪار ڪري ته نسورو بدنام ٿيندس.“ نيٺ مُرڪيءَ ڪونروءَ هڪ سٺ سٽي، وڻجارڪو ويس ڪري، اچي ديول ڪوٽ ۾ پهتيون. هڪ گلن واريءَ کان ٻڌائون ته اهو ڪم وزير جڪري جي معرفت راس ٿيندو. پوءِ ٿيئي چڻيون، جڪري وٽ ويئون ۽ کيس سارو انت ڏنائون. جڪري ڊلاسو ڏيئي چين ته چنيسر سان ذڪر چيڻو، تڏهن هن ورائيو ته ”ليلا جي ويٺي، ٻيءَ ڪنهن سان به ناتو نه رکندس.“ جڪري جون مڙيئي نيزاريون ۽ منتون اڃايون ويئون. ماءُ ۽ ڌيءَ، جڪري کان نا اُميديءَ جو جواب ٻڌي، وسامي ويئون. نيٺ ٻه ڪيائون ته ”ليلا وٽ پورهيتون ٿي بيهون، ۽ ڪنهن ڏينهن کيس ربيي، چنيسر تان ڇت ڪڍايون ۽ ايئن داسرو ڪٽي پنهنجي دَسَ ڪريون.“ پوءِ ليلا وٽ لنگهي ويئون ۽ وڃي منتون ڪيائونس ته ”سانئڻ، اسان غريبيڙين تي هٿ رک ۽ پنهنجي ڪنهن هاج ۾ لڳاءُ؟“ ڪونروءَ، ماءُ کي اُٿڻ جي فن ۾ ماهر ۽ پاڻ کي، گهر جي ڪرت ڪار ۾ ڪارگر ڪري ڄاڻايو.

ڳچ وقت گذري ويو، پر ڪونروءَ جي وصال جو وارو نه وريو. هڪ رات، کيس ليلا جي حاضريءَ ۾ اکين مان لڙڪ لڙي آيا. ليلا ان جو ڪارڻ پڇيس. ڪونروءَ چيو ته ”سانئڻ! پنهنجا سڪيا ڏينهن ساري، ٿي روئان. مان به ڪنهن زماني ۾ تو جيان هندورن ۾ ٿي لڏيس ۽ نو لکي هار سان پاڻ کي ٿي رجهايو.“ ليلا کي ويسه نه آيو ۽ ثابتي گهريائين ڪونروءَ به سٺ ڏيئي، نولڪو هار ڊهليءَ مان ڪڍي ڏيکاريس. اهو شرط وڌس ته ”چنيسر سان رڳو هڪ رات رهائ ڪرڻ ڏينم. پوءِ هي هار ملڪ تنهنجي. مٿين جي

مون وٽ ڪمي ڪانهي.“

قضا سان، ان رات چنيسر، دوستن سان محفل ڪندي، گهڻو شراب پي ويٺو هو ۽ نشي ۾ اُلٽ ٿي ويو هو. ليلا به وجهه ڏسي، ڪونروءَ جي دلي آس جو احوال کيس، پر چنيسر غيرت وڃان نابري واري. ليلا کيس هٿ کان وٺي، ڪونروءَ جي ڪمري ۾ ڪاهي ويئي. چنيسر ته وري به غش ۾ بستري ۾ پيو رهيو ۽ ڪونرو سندس انتظار ۾ تارا تڪيندي رات گهاري. صبح جو جئن چنيسر سجاڳ ٿيو، تئن ڪمرو ڇڏي هلڻ لڳو. انهيءَ تي مُرڪيءَ هڪل ڪري چيس ته ”پنهنجي نئين لال کي ڇڏي، ڪاڏي ٿا وڃو؟ ليلا ته اوهان کي هار تي وڪڻي ڇڏيو!“ اهو ٻڌندي ئي، چنيسر ليلا تان ڇٽ ڪڍي ڇڏيو ۽ ڪونروءَ جو قرب ڏسي، مٿس موهجي ويو. ويڄاري ليلا گهڻيئي وس وڌا، پر چنيسر باز نه آيس. نيٺ هوءَ نراسائيءَ وڃان مائٽائي ملڪ ڏانهن هلي ويئي، پر دل ۾ هميشه اها ئي آس ساڍيندي آئي ته ”چنيسر نيٺ ڪنهن ڏينهن مون سان وڙ ڪندو ۽ منهنجو ٿيندو.“

جڪري وزير جو سڱ، ليلا جي ڪنهن مائٽيائي سان ٿيل هو. ساڙن وڃان ليلا جي مائٽن اهو سڱ رد ڪرائي ڇڏيو. پوءِ ته جڪرو لڄندو، سندن در تي آزيون ڪرڻ ويو. ليلا چيس ته ”جي چنيسر کي ريجهاڻي، هٿ وٺي اچين ته سڱ بحال ڪرائي ڏيان.“ جڪري چنيسر رت رتي کيس ليلا تي پيو ته ”سائين! مون تي نوازش ڪريو ۽ هلي منهنجي غريبائي شاديءَ ۾ شريڪ ٿيو. چنيسر، سندس سڪ ۽ سچائي ڏسي، هلڻ قبوليو. جڏهن چنيسر جو ساٿ ليلا جي شهر ويجهو ٿيو، تڏهن ليلا ۽ سندس سهيليون، اڪڙيون ڪڙي، سندس آڇيان لاڙ ناچ ۽ راڳ ڪنديون، اڳتي وڌيون. چنيسر کي ليلا جي ناچ ۽ راڳ اهڙو ته موهي ڇڏيو، جو ليلائي چيائينس ته ”اي نازنين! پنهنجو سهڻو مُکڙو ته پَسائيم.“ ليلا جئن ئي پٺ (پردو) پري ڪري، پاڻ پڌرو ڪيو، تيئن ئي چنيسر جي ڇٽ کي چوٽ اچي وئي. هو اُتي ئي دم ڏيئي، ڪري پيو ۽ ليلا به مورچا ٿي. اتي ئي پران ڏنا. ائين پنهي جو مُئي کان پوءِ هميشه وارو ميڙاڻو ٿيو. هن سُر تي اُهو نالو ان جي مضمون مطابق رکيو ويو آهي ۽ منجهس هيءَ تمثيل رکيل آهي: الله سائين نهايت ”ريساڻو“ حاڪم آهي، جن هڪواريءَ ساڻس محبت رکي، تن کي ساڻس به گيرب ۽ ڳاءُ ناهي. جو انسان هڪ واريءَ ساڻس نينهن اڙائي، وري ڪنهن دنياوي سونهن (پدارت) تي ٿو موهجي، سو سندس پيار وڃايو ڇڏي، ۽ پوءِ هو هزارين هيلن سان به کيس وري هٿ ڪري نه ٿو سگهي. هيءُ ماڳ نمائائيءَ ۽ سادگيءَ جو آهي. جن سينگار ۽ هٿ ڪيو تن وصل وڃايو. هتي ڌڻيءَ کي چنيسر جي صورت ڏنل آهي ۽ راهه تان ٿريل طالب کي ليلا جي. ڌڻيءَ جو در ليلاڻو جو آهي، نه ماڻي ڪرڻ جو. هُو انهن سان پرڄي، جي پاڻ پسي لڄائجن ٿا ۽ رُسيو انهن سان وڃي، جي پاڻ کي پڏايو پيا پڏائين ۽ دنياوي شين سان نينهن اڙائي مارڳ کان پري هڻيو وڃن.

TUNE (SUR) LEELA CHANESSAR

Raja Chanessar was from the Soomra caste and ruled Deval Kot. He was king of beauty and many beautiful ladies belonging to high families, used to love him or they became his fans for his beauty. Leela was his queen and Jakhro was his minister. In his days, Rano Khanghar in the country of Kachh, was the owner or ruler of the Lakhpat area. He had a beautiful daughter namely Konroo who was proposed to be married with his cousin Itmadi. One day her friend Jamni saw her when she was busy to makeup her and decorate herself with costly garlands and other ornaments. Her friend suggested and praised her that in the makeup and decoration, it appeared just as she has attracted and got appreciation from Chanessar. Hearing such charming words of praise and liking from the mouth of her friend Jamni, Konroo became unknown lover of Chanessar. When this information was received by her mother Murki, she told her husband about this. For Rano Khanghar, it was the matter of great pride to get married his daughter with Chanessar, but he predicted in his mind that in case of refusal of this offer of relationship for his daughter/ Konroo, it would be the matter of defamation for him. Then her mother Murki and Konroo made a plan in their mind and came to the city of Deval Kot in the mercantile dresses. When they discussed with a flower woman, she advised them that their plan could be successful through the minister of Chanessar namely Jakhro. Then three of them went to the minister Jakhro and told him of the whole matter. He consoled them of his help in this matter. When the minister discussed the matter with Chanessar, he disclosed him that in the presence of Leela, he would not be prepared or inclined to look for others. Jakhro failed to make ready the King for this proposal. The Mother Murki and the daughter Konroo both were disappointed to hear the words of the minister Jakhro. At last they changed their idea and re-planned that they both should go to Leela and request her to keep them with her as servants in her house showing the mother Murki as an

expert of weaving the cloth and herself as a good manager for maintaining her house. They also planned that in some favourable occasion, they will earn her sympathy and get their matter solved. So keeping this hope in their mind, they both entered the house of Leela and requested for their jobs in her house indicating all their above mentioned expertise experience.

A long time passed but Konroo could not get chance to meet and exchange views with Leela. One night before Leela, Konroo falsely wept tears. Leela asked Konroo about her weeping false tears. She took a big sigh and explained that she was remembering her days of prosperity and comfort as she also used to enjoy in cradles like her (Leela) and entertained myself with a very precious Nou Lakho Har (nine lac garland). Leela did not trust and asked about the evidence of such costly garland. Konroo realizing it as a great chance and opened her box and showed Leela that garland. She promised her to give you it as a gift but only with one condition that for only one night she would allow her to meet with Chanessar. She again repeated her promise that it will be hers because for her (Konroo) there is no dearth for such jewels. Unfortunately/ Fortunately that night Chanessar with his friends took much wine and was fully intoxicated in it or he was totally unconscious. Leela took chance of the situation and exchanged with him the desire of Konroo to have his company for that night but Chanessar refused to do so in honour of his wife Leela. Then Leela took the hand of Konroo and entered in the room of Chanessar who was fully unconscious in intoxication. He remained the whole night in this position on his bed but Konroo was anxious to meet him in consciousness and passed the night counting stars in the bed. In the morning when Chanessar awoke consciously and want to leave the room, Konroo's mother Murki shouted as to why he was leaving his new bride because Leela had sold you for the garland of Konroo. Chanessar hearing these words hated and forgot Leela and started loving Konroo to see her attractive and charming style of love. Leela repented too much and tried to get back Chanessar but he was very much worried and felt sorry for the greedy and immoral attitude of Leela to sell

him for the garland. She then shifted to her relative's town and used to live there with her relatives with the hope that the day would come when Chanessar would come and live with her. The Minister Jakhro was proposed to marry with a girl who was relative of Leela. In jealousy or in revenge, the relatives of Leela got rejected or refused to marry their girl with Jakhro who humbly and in reverence approached them to be kind enough to allow this marriage. Leela advised him to make Chanessar ready to visit their village and then she will try to make their relatives satisfied to allow his marriage with the proposed girl. Jakhro went to Chanessar and requested him to attend his marriage ceremony. Chanessar realized great humbleness of Jakhro and agreed to go with him to attend his marriage ceremony. When the Caravan of the bridegroom in the company of Chanessar reached near Leela's village, Leela along with her friends girls/ladies opening their eyes only and covering their faces and whole body in their honour welcomed them with dancing and singing wedding/marriage songs extolling the groom. Chanessar was much impressed and attracted by dance of Leela so he approached with great love and attachment to see her lovely and flowery face. As soon as Leela uncovered and opened her face, Chanessar was very much shocked to see her and died there and Leela seeing this tragic situation of Chanessar lost her breath then and there. Thus both of them ended and contacted with each other after death.

This episode has been named according to the incidence and shocking event of Leela and Chanessar with the spiritual comparison of the following observations. God is very reciprocal and mutual King who loved and prayed Him, He also reciprocated at once and mutually upgraded his status. The man who loved Allah and soon after changed his mind and attracted by the worldly charm and enjoyment, he loses the closeness and favour of God and becomes unable to regain His sympathy and grace. This world is belonging to submissiveness and humbleness and simplicity. Who felt proud and got the lust of enjoyment, they lost contact with his God. Here Chanessar has been given the symbol of Allah and the waywardness to Leela. At the gate of God

one has to humbly beseech and pray to Him and to consider himself as a big servant. God becomes happy and satisfied with those who are shy and feel ashamed before Him. God becomes unsatisfied with those who are boasting of their status and power and who love the worldly charms and attractive things and remain busy to enjoy them, they become the target of unsatisfaction and disgrace of God and become away from the destination towards they want to reach or receive.



داستان پهريون

ليلا، هار تي هر کجي، چنيسر هٿان وڃايو. هاڻي هوءَ ڀڄتا جا لڙڪ پيئي ڳاڙي. هوءَ چنيسر جي حضور ۾ مٿي کي مڃ ۾ وجهڻ لاءِ تيار آهي. چنيسر غيرت ۽ حشمت وارو حاڪم آهي. ليلا جي روش کيس هميشه لاءِ کانئس رسايو آهي. ڌڻي به ائين آهي. هو به بي پرواه ۽ غيور آهي ۽ پنهنجن دادلن جي خطا سڀي نه ٿو سگهي. هن کي ٻاهريون رنگ روپ نه گهرجي، پر اندر جي صفائي ۽ سچائي. ليلا هاڻ دليل ڊوڙائي پيئي چوي ته ”شايد چنيسر جي ڇت ۾ اڳيئي رسڻ جي نيت هئي. هار جو رڳو بهانو هو.“

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 1

Leela preferred attraction of the garland and lost from her hands the love and sympathy of Chanessar her husband. Now she is weeping tears of repentance. She is ready to put the pearl of garland in the fire. Chanessar is very bold and brave ruler. The attitude of Leela annoyed him and brought hatred for her. God is also of the same nature and quality. He is very careful and full of dignity but He cannot bear the wrong doings of His true followers or worshippers. He does not like any kind of open show or dignity but He likes inner cleanliness and truthfulness. Leela, now is sinking in deep whims and worries and says, "Perhaps, Chanessar had already the habit and intention of annoyance or dissatisfaction. Garland was the only pretense, excuse or evasion.

1

داغ تنهنجو دائما، ماري معذورين،
سائينءِ ڪارڻ، سُپرين! ويڃ مَر دُورين،
آئون تو حُضورين، مٿيو وجهان مَڇ ۾.

The stain of your separation has killed the helpless or resource less woman. Oh dear! Do not leave us for sake of God. I would in your presence throw away the pearl or garland in the fire. (Leela has pointed towards her nine lac garland).

2

مٿيو وجهان مَڇ ۾، هائيءِ هٿي هار،
سو پي! سَڪُ سَيدُ چٽي، ڪَرنين ڪوہ قرار؟
راجا ريساڻو رُگهڻو، سَٿاڻو سردار،
چوءِ ڏس چَنِيسَرُ چامَر جو، ڏيهان ڏيهہ ڏهڪار،
ناڪُر اَڪين نار، مٿي تي ئي مٿين!

The precious stone or pearl, I should throw in the fire and burn it. Oh beautiful! How you live in comfort and rest? The king is a man of honour and very bold and brave king. Raja Chanessar is powerful throughout four sides. The source of coolness of eyes, you have changed for a simple stone or ornament or jewel. (Oh needy or desire keeper! To remain busy in the worldly lust, you are loosing the favour or contact or closeness of God).

3

چَنِيسَرُ چوءِ نَگُ، پَر نَگُ لوڪ ٻيو،
تنهن سين چَنِيو سَنَگُ، ويڃو هار هَٿُ چُهين!

If the world is two coloured; (of two colours or fraud), in front of or before it Chanessar (Allah) too is of four colours (very active and attractive). Disconnecting relation with this entity, why did you touch the garland!

4

مٽئي تي موهجي، مُوڙهي ڪيءَ مُرڪُ،
چئي چنيسَ ڄامَ سين، وڌو تو فرڪُ،
وري ويو ورقُ، آيءَ ڏنءَ ڏهاڳ جو!

Oh confused and senseless! In the attraction of the jewel, you got blandishment or pride. With your own words, you brought separation between yourself and Chanessar. Now the page of fate or fortune has changed which brought shock of separation for you.

5

مٽئي مٽي جي هئا، تن جتن ڦيريم ڇٽُ،
هار ڪٽنديس هوڏ ۾، نيٺهه ٿيندڙ نٽُ،
ڪونروءَ جو ڪِرت، مُونهان مٿاهون ٿيو.

The flashes and lightening of the jewel attracted by mind and senses. I thought that I will win the race or defeat which will be success for me forever but the tricks of Konroo were more successful and full of expertise. (These words are said by Leela).

6

مٿيون ناهِ مٿيون، جو تون پسي هار هر ڪٿين،
اصل آهي اڳهين، سَڪندڙون ڪوڙ ڪٿيون،
ان گهوڙن هني گهڻيون، دوستيان دور ڪيون.

That stone, in reality is not made of original or actual pearls. The garland which attracted and amused you, that is really made of glass stones which unlucky or false garland have separated many faithful wives from their sincere husband. (The external show or decoration of the worldly goods have amused many and separated them from God's grace and favour!

7

تو جو پانيو هار، سو سورن جو سَگرو،
چنيسر ڇٽ ۾ ڪٿي، ٿيو پورهيت جو پار،
اوڻت جو آچار، ڪانڌ ڪنهنين سين مَ ڪري.

Which you considered the garland, that was actually the creator of pains or neck gallows. Chanessar reduced or shifted his love or attraction from Leela to the servant (Konroo). May God not create dispute or conflict between husband and wife or the pair of loveable and real relationship!

8

نه ڪي ٻانهڙين ۾، نه ڪي ڳر هڻوم،
نه مون سيند نه سَرمو، نه سينگار ڪيوم،
تيلانه ڪاند سَندوم، رُڪوئي رءِ ڳڙي.

Neither in arms nor in the neck, I had any ornament or jewelry. Neither I combed the hair nor I put antimony in my eyes and did decoration or make up. It is why my husband liked me undecorated as a queen or lord family member. (God also likes those who adopt simplicity and humbleness or submissive quality.

9

سونا ڪَر ڪَن ۾، ڳچيءَ ڳاڙها هار،
ٻانهوٽا ٻانهن ۾، سيند سڻيا وار،
تيلان پي پَچار، ڪاند مُنهنجي ڇڏي.

In my ears I had ear rings and in the neck shining garlands. In the arms I wore bangles and in head oily perfumed hair. Therefore my dear husband hated and left me.

10

او دَريو دَس، حيلو هنهنين هار جو،
سڻو، سڀ سرتيون! وُر نه ڪنهن وس،
دعوي پهرئين دَس، پڇيو ٿو پورا ڪري.

See that he was already annoyed with me, garland was only pretense or excuse. Hear oh friends! Husband (God) is not in control of any body. He in the first moment, breaks into pieces such familiarity or closeness.

11

پُوجا ڏنم پير، ڍڪڻ مٿي ڍول جا،
مون ڀانيو تنهن وير، ڪو جهي ڪندو پريڙي.

On the night of marriage, I saw his feet (Husband's feet) curved on (lid) *Dhakan*. (Which is called an adverse occasion or sign). I that time, understood that he will leave his fairy bride one day considering me as unfortunate or ill lucky.

12

سوڙين سٿڙيءَ، پڪو سهُو ولايو،
چنيسر ڪانڌاءِ! مون هئن نه ڀانئيو.

She (Konroo) occupied a beautiful and grand house, slept with you (Chanessar) in good quality and warm beds. Oh husband Chanessar! I could not have considered like this event or incidence. (These words were expressed in great grief by Leela).

داستان ٻيو

شاھ صاحب، ليلا کي شرمائي ٿو چوي ته ”تون هئينءَ به سياڻي ۽ چنيسر جي سڌ به هيءَ پوءِ ڪيئن هار تي موهجي، ڪانڌ اڳيان ڪانياري ٿينءَ!“ ليلا کي هاڻي چلولائي وسري ويئي آهي. اڳي پٽ راڻي هئي ته سندس آڳيان ڏهلن دمانن سان ٿيندي هئي، ۽ ٻانهيون ۽ دايون هر وقت سندس سلاميءَ ۾ هونديون هيون. هاڻ چنيسر اڳيان سندس ڪا به حجت نه ٿي هلي. سواءِ ليلائڻ جي، ليلا جي وس ٻيو ڪو ڪينهي. ڌڻيءَ جي در تي به ڪو دليل نه ٿو هلي! هو زاري ۽ نيزاريءَ سان ٿوريجهي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 2

Shah Latif, realizing her fault and shameful action says, “You were wise lady and you were aware of the habits and behavior, then as to how you were amused by the garland and at last

became ashamed and responsible before your husband! Leela has now forgotten all her fidgety, frolicking and gaiety. In the past days, she was queen and her welcome was being performed on drums and musical instruments. In her service always her lady servants and mid wives used to be present and available. Now before Chanessar, her value has degraded and she is not more over familiar with Chanessar. Without remaining submissive, her no order is being heard or implemented. God is also annoyed with her and her no prayer is accepted. He is satisfied only in all submissiveness and humbleness.

1

ٽڙڪي، پسي ٿوڪُ، ترڪي، تڪبُر ۾ پئي،
اُچيو اچيو، ”اڳلي“ چئي ليلا کي لوڪ،
اُندرُ اوڀالن سين، ساڙي ڪيائونس سوڪُ،
بالاڀڻ جو ٻوڪ، ويو ويچاري وسري.

Leela seeing a precious and costly good (Garland), she committed mistake and felt haughtiness and pride. People started calling bad and reproached Leela. They burnt her eternal body or heart with many criticism and taunting her so much so that her all internal organs became roasted meat. She forgot her all fidgety and gaiety and childhood move and actions.

2

هُئينءَ تہ گھڻو هوشيارُ؟ ڪَل به هِيءَ ڪانڌ جي؟
تو ڀانيو موچاري ٿيان، ڳچيءَ پائي هاڙ؟
ڪانڌ ڪوڙيءَ جو نه وڻي، سئين پتين سينگارُ،
وهم لهي وينجھارا دليون پرڪي داسڙو.

Qh Leela! You were wise and possessed knowledge about your husband. You thought that by keeping the garland in your neck, you would be looked very beautiful and attractive. The bridegroom did not like the decorating of hundred kinds. He only wants to analysis the internal whims and ideas of the heart and

know the observations of likings of the heart. (God observes the hearts only and not the external show and dresses).

3

وڏيري هُياس، ميڙو مون گهر سرتيڻ،
هٿ چُهڻ هارَ جي، ڪڙي ڪانڌ تياس،
ڍولي ڍيليياس، ايمِ ڏنءُ ڏهاڳ جو.

Leela says, "When I was queen, there had been meetings and contacts of my lady friends. Touching the garland, I was being treated as liar (unwanted). My dear husband threw me out from his house and I suffered from the pain of separation.

4

وڏيري هُياس، چنيسر جي راڄ ۾،
دُهليڻ دما مين نقرين، ٿي پَليل پچياس،
ڍولي ڍيليياس، تيس ڏهاڳڻ ڏيه ۾.

I was ruling queen in the rule of Chanessar. I was being welcomed by drums and dances and music. My dear drew me out and in the world I was counted as divorced or widow.

5

وڏيري هُياس، چنيسر جي راڄ ۾،
دائين، بائين، دربانن، پر ۾ ٿي پچياس،
دُهليڻ، دما مين، نقرين، ٿي وچ ۾ وهارياس،
هيس دادلي دوسن جي، کڻي هڪي هارَ ڪياس،
تنهان پوءِ تياس، ڪاناري ڪانڌ جي.

In the rule of Chanessar, I was landlord queen. In the mansion or houses, I was being saluted and welcomed with drums and dances on music by mid wives, servants and other people or visitors and used to sit me in their middle. I was dear of my husband but the garland of Konroo made degraded and widow. After that my husband treated me as his fraudulent wife.

6

هُيَسَ هِنْدُورَن ۾، پَيِيمَ ڪا نه پروڙ،
مٿئي سَندي مَيري، ڪو جهي وڌيس ڪوڙ،
سامهان تيم سُوڙ، ويو وِلي وَلَهو!

When enjoyed in cradles or swings, then I could not take care and did not think or predict. The greedy business of the stone or garland made me liar. The pains appeared in front and my husband got annoyed and threw me out from his house.

7

لِيلَا! جَمَ لَڪائين، چَئي چَنِيسَرُ ساڻ،
وَر سِين وڙهيو اُٿئين، مُوڙهي! مُنءُ پاڻ،
پوري! ڪيءَ پاڻ، تي ڏنءُ ڏهاڳ جو.

Oh Leela! Do not ever dispute or rebuke or say negatively to Chanessar otherwise you will be mistreated or misbehaved and feel ashamed. Oh confused! May your egoism or greediness vanish. (or you will put yourself in trouble). You made separation with your husband. Oh foolish! You became greedy and arrogant for which you are suffering pain for separation or divorce or widowhood.

8

لِيلَا پوري نه پئين، چَئي چَنِيسَرُ ساڻ،
تو جو پانيو پانهنجو، سو ريساڻو راجاڻ،
پاڻان ڌار پريان، ڪانڌ ڪنهن جو نه وڻي.

Oh Leela! Do not talk or open your mouth with Chanessar, you cannot face him. The king whom you understood as your own or to whom you married is honourable and brave man. The husband loves only himself but not any other.

9

چئي چنيسرَ ڄامَ سين، ليلا! تون مَر لڪاءِ،
 دوسُ تَنهنجو داسڙو، ڪاندِ وڏيائي ڪاءِ،
 تہ ڏولو ڏِڪَ سندياءِ، عيبن ڪي آڏو پئي.

Oh Leela! Do not open mouth with Chanessar, do not be impatient. Your beloved husband (Chanessar) is great man of patience. (If you also adopt patience), the beloved will protect you and cover your all sins and faults. This way he will cover your sins and all shortcomings.

10

چئي چنيسرَ ڄاوَ سين، ليلا! لڪاءِ مَر تون،
 اِي ڪانڌُ ڪنهن جو نہ ٿئي، نہ ڪا مون نہ تون،
 ”رُئنديون ڏنيون مون، اِن دَر مٿي دادليون“.

Oh Leela! Do not open your mouth to say something, you do not show yourself proud but be ashamed of your faults. This husband will not agree with any other neither mine nor yours. I have seen at this door (at the doors of the great creator) many darling ladies weeping and crying (His male dears and darlings were also seen weeping and falling tears).

11

ليلا! ڇيلا ڇڏَ، جي تون! سويي! سڪئين،
 پائي پاندِ ڳچيءَ ۾، پاڻ غريبيءَ گڏ،
 هڏ نہ چوندُ لڏ، جي ڪارون آئين ڪانڌ ڪي.

Oh beautiful Leela! If you learn straight ways and methods, leave all your demands and greatness or familiarities. Put a cloth in your neck, adopt and produce yourself as submissive and very humble. (be submissive) if you make requests and approaches of submissiveness he will never say to you or advise you “do not go from here”. He will not surely separate you from himself.

داستان ٽيون

چنيسر جي اڳيان ڪنهن به منڌ جو ناز نڪرو ۽ ماڻو نه ٿو هلي. ڌڻيءَ اڳيان به ڪنهن جي خودي نه ٿي هلي. کيس سينڌ سرمو ۽ هار سينگار نه ٿو موهي. هو ڪنهن جو به گيرب ۽ گاءُ نه ٿو سمجهي. هو انهن جي در پيهي ٿو اچي، جي پاڻ پسي لڄائين ٿيون. هو دادلن کي به دسيو ڇڏي، جي منجهن غرور ٿو ڏسي. هو عيب پوش ۽ ستار آهي. جي ڳچيءَ ۾ پاند پائي، سندس اڳيان اچن ٿا، تن جو هو پردو ٿو رکي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 3

Before Chanessar, no wife or female has courage to show any kind of pride and arrogance. To God also no egoism is acceptable Whom no any decoration, combing oily hair and antimony in eyes and garland are attracting and amusing Him. He does not want to make ill intention for anyone. He himself is visiting those making shows off, dances and other attractive activities and feel themselves ashamed. He neglects even to his darlings and dears if he sees any kind of arrogance and pride in them. He is protector and covers any sort of fault or wrong doing. Who putting cloth in their neck, beg humbly to him for excuse, he keeps cover of protection for them or he is not going against them and excuse their faults.

1

چنيسر سين چاڳ، متان ڪا منڌ ڪري،
جان مون پوءِ پروڙيو، ته هيءَ نه ماڻي ماڳ،
ڏمريو ڏهاڳ، سگهو ڌڻي سهاڳڻين.

No female or wife should arrogate or feel pride with Chanessar. When I think, then I knew that this is not the place of making show or showing any pomp and dignity. He at once annoys and soon his closest wives and darlings are thrown out and separated from his house or mansion. (God turns His merciful face from those who make show and pomp).

2

چَنِيسَرَ سِين چاءِ، مَتانَ ڪا مُنڌ ڪري،
ڪانڌَ ڪنهن جو نہ وڻي، گيرب ۽ ڳاءِ،
جي ٿڙي ٿورڙيائ، تہ دوسَ دَسائي داسڙو،

No female or wife should make or show her arrogance with Chanessar. The husband does not like anybody's pomp or dignity. If the husband annoys on very little matter, he finishes or gets killed his dear friends.

3

سِيپِيئي سُهاڳڻيون، سِينِي منهن جَڙاءِ،
سڀ ڪنهن پانيو پاڻ ڪي، تہ ايندو مون ڳرِ راءِ،
پِينو تَن دَراءِ، جي پَسِي پاڻ لُجائِيون.

All were beautiful and all had embroidered pearls or stones on their faces. All understood or expected that he would come to their houses. He came to the houses of those who realized their faults and wrong doings, felt ashamed or felt shy or degraded.

4

اَوڳڻ ڪَري اَپارَ، تہ آيس داسڙا!
جئن تَوُرسَن سَنديون رُوحَ ڀر، تئن مون پِيئي ناهِ پِتار!
سائينءَ لڳ سَتارَ! مِيٺ مَدايُون مُنهنجيون.

Oh husband! At your door, I came with many faults and shortcomings. if you have some rage, oh husband! Then I am unable to get your excuse or I can not match or advise you. Oh cover provider or protector, for God's sake excuse my shortcomings and forget from your mind or (do away with my shortcomings, faults and wrongs).

5

جي مون مُوڙهي مَت، تہ تون پاڻ سِجائج سَپرين!
اَصلِ اوڀين جا، عَيِبَ ڍڪئين تون اَت،
اِي پَر! تَنهَنجي پَت، جئن ولهيون ڍڪئين ولها!

Oh dear! If I lost my senses, you must have known your status and dignity. You from very inception, cover all faults of misguided or way ward persons. Oh beloved! Your honour is such that you husband! Give protection or cover to poor or innocent (guilty or faulty).

6

ڪوڙين تنهنجون ڪامڻيون، تون ڪوڙين سنڌو ڪانڌ،
مون کي ڇڏيمر داسڙا! ته وڃان نه وٺواند،
مون ڳچيءَ ۾ پاند، تو چنيسر! هٿ ۾.

Many attractive and charming are available with you. Oh husband! Do not separate me or leave me, lest I should be liable to reproaches. Oh Chanessar! My cloth of neck is in your hand or my respect and honour is in your hands.



سُر مومل راڻو

(مومل راڻي جو قصو ۽ ان جي روحاني معنيٰ)

پندرهنين صديءَ جي شروعات ۾ گجر ذات جو راجا نند، ميرپورماٿيلي تي راج ڪندو هو. کيس نو نياڻيون هيون، انهن مڙني ۾ مومل سونهن ۾ اڳري هئي ۽ سومل سياڻپ ۾. هڪڙي ڏينهن راجا نند، پنهنجن اميرن سان، سنڌو نديءَ جي ڪناري تي شڪار پئي ڪيو ته سندس نظر وڃي هڪ ندي پار ڪندڙ سوئر تي پئي. سندس حيرت جي حد نه رهي، جڏهن ڏٺائين ته سوئر ويو ٿي هلندو، تنهن پاڻي ويو ٿي سڪندو. آخر سوئر کي ماري، معلوم ڪيائين ته اها سموري ڪرامت سوئر جي هڪ ڏند ۾ رکيل هئي. پوءِ ڏند جي وسيلي ندي اُڪري، محل ۾ موٽي آيو ۽ اتان پنهنجو سمورو خزانو کڻي، وڃي درياه جي پيٽ ۾ لڪائي رکيائين. انهيءَ راز جي پروڙ ڪنهن کي نه رهي. قضا سان، هڪ فقير کي جادوءَ جي وسيلي، ان ڏند جي ڪرامت جي خبر پئجي وئي. هڪ ڏينهن راجا نند جي غير حاضريءَ ۾ اچي سندس محل اڳيان آهون صدائون ڪيائين. انهيءَ تي مومل، دريءَ کان منهن ڪڍي، درويش کان سندس زارين جو سبب پڇيو. فقير چيس ته سائڻ! آءُ نهايت منحوس مرض ۾ گرفتار آهيان جنهن جي شفا رڳو سوئر جي ڏند مان ملي سگهندي. مومل امالڪ محل مان ڏند ڳولي اچي ڏنس. فقير راجا نند جو سمور خزانو کڻي، ڪنهن ڏورانهين ڏيهه ڏانهن راهي ٿي ويو.

هڪ ڏينهن راجا کي خيال ٿيو ته پنهنجي خزاني جو سماءُ لهي اچان. ڏند ڳولي ته لپي ٿي نه، نيٺ معلوم ٿيس ته مومل اهو هڪ فقير کي خيرات ۾ ڏئي ڇڏيو هو. غصي ۾ مومل کي مارڻ تي هو ته، سومل وڃ ۾ پئي. چيس ته ”بابا! اهو خزانو اوهان مون کان لهڻو.“

سومل جادوءَ جي فن ۾ ماهر هئي، پيئرن ۽ ٻانهين کي ساڻ ڪري، جيسلمير جي لدائي شهر ۾ وڃي ديرو ڪيائين ۽ ٿورن ڏينهن ۾ لدائي جي ڀر ۾ ڪاڪائيءَ جي ڪنڌ تي هڪ طلسمي چشمو رچيائين، جنهن جي لهرن اهڙيون خوفناڪ ڇوليون ٿي ماريون، جو ڏسندڙ جو هنيو ڪنبي ٿي ويو. دروازي وٽ ۽ محل جي چئن ڪنڊن تي طلسمي شينهن بهاريائين. جن جي گجگوڙن فلڪ تي ڌاريو. محل جي اندر ست کتون هڪ جهڙيون سجايل ۽ سينگاريل رکيائين، جن مان ڇهه ڪڇي سُت سان مڙهيل هيون. انهن مان هرڪ جي هيٺان هڪ اونهو ڪوه رکيل هو. باقي ستين کٽ سالر هئي ۽ منجهس ڪو به فريب رکيل نه هو. انهيءَ سموري ٽڪسات کان پوءِ، ڪاڪ محل جون ڪناريون هار

سينگار ڪري، مانجهين کي مارڻ لاءِ تيار ٿي ويٺيون. شهر ۾ هوڪو ڏيارائون ته ”جيڪو شخص چشمو اڪري ۽ شينهن کان پاڻ بچائي اچي سڄي ڪٽ تي وهندو. سو مومل ماڻيندو.“ لڏائي جو شهر هر تيرت آستان هو ۽ گهڻيئي شاهوڪار وڻجارا ۽ راجڪمار اُتي ياترائن لاءِ ايندا هئا.

باغ جي منهن وٽ هڪ وڏو نقارو رکيل هو. جيڪو طلبگار، مومل جي ملاقات لاءِ ايندو سو ان تي ڏونڪو هڻندو هو ۽ پوءِ مومل جي ٻانهي ناتر سندس جي آجيان لاءِ ٻاهر ايندي هئي. ناتر جي پٺيان جئن ويچارو عاشق هلندو ايندو هو، تنهن هوءَ گوهي ڏئي گم ٿي ويندي هئي. پوءِ ته هن جو حال اهو ٿيندو هو، جو هو وات منجهي پوندو هو ۽ وايون بتال ٿي وينديون هُيس. آخر مومل جا ماري اچي مٿس ڪڙڪندا هئا ۽ سندس سمورو خزانو ڦري محل ۾ هليا ويندا هئا. اهڙي طرح گهڻا مشتاق فقير ٿي جهر جهنگ وڃي رُليا ۽ اتي ئي پورا ٿي ويا. جيڪي قضا سان محل اندر پهچندا هئا سي فريبي چپر ڪٽن تي وهڻ شرط وڃي اوڙاه ۾ ڪرندا هئا. اهڙيءَ طرح ڪاڪ محل جي ڪنڌيءَ تي ڪيترن ئي عاشقن جي قبرن جون صفون لڳي ويون. ان زماني ۾ ٿر ۾ همير سومرو راج ڪندو هو. کيس ٽي يار هئا، جن جا نالا هئا: ڏوئر پُٽي، سنهڙو ڌماچاڻي ۽ راڻو مينڌرو. چار ئي يار شيل شڪار جا شائق هئا. هڪ دفعي شڪار ڪندي، کين ٻر ۾ هڪ بابو رنگ پپوت مليو. سندس سڄ ورنو مستڪ ڏسي، کيس نمشڪار ڪيائون ۽ کانئس رڻ ۾ پتڪڻ جو ڪارڻ پڇيائون. هن ورائيو ته ”آءُ هڪ شهزادو هوس، پر معشوق مومل مون سان هيءَ ڪار ڪئي آهي.“ سواميءَ جي واتان مومل جي سُونهن جو حيرت انگيز بيان سڻي، سندن دلين ۾ عشق جو ڪاڻ لڳو. پوءِ ته ڪاهيندا ويا ڪاڪ محل ڏانهن جتي ”مومل ماري مير، آهيڙين کي اڪري.“ جنهن سوڍيءَ گهڻن کي سمجهايو هو، تنهن جي ديدار لاءِ هو ماندا هئا. راڻو سڀني ۾ سياڻو هو. ناتر گهڻيئي حرفتون هلايون، پر راڻي اڳيان سندس هڪ به نه هلي. همير سومرو ۽ سندس ٻيا ٻه يار ته بازي هارائي، تالان ٿي واپس وريا، پر راڻو اڳيان راڻو هو. حرفت ڪري، هڪ سوپاري چشمي مٿان ڦٽي ڪيائين، جا ترڪندي ويئي. انهيءَ مان سارو منجهه پروڙيائين ته هي مڙيوئي طلسم جو ڪيل آهي. پوءِ سمند گهوڙ تي سوار ٿي، ناتر جي پٺيان محل جو گس ورتائين. وات تي جئن ئي ناتر گوهي ٿي ڏني، تنهن راڻي وارن کان ورتس. پوءِ محل ۾ گهڙي ڪوڙين ڪٽن کي به زور ڏيئي ڏنائين ته مڙيئي گلر غاليجا وڃي اوڙاه ۾ ڪريا. آخر سڄي ڪٽ تي وڃي بالمر ٿي ويٺو. مومل کي به گجرين جي وچ ۾ انهيءَ مان سڃاتائين، جو هڪ پونئر سندس ڪارن وارن جي سڳند تي پنيولجي، مٿانئس پئي ڦريو، اهڙيءَ طرح راڻي وڃي مومل ڪٽي.

راڻي پنهنجي سوپ جو ذڪر اچي يارن سان ڪيو، همير سومري چيس ته ”اسان کي به ته ههڙي معشوقڙيءَ جو ديدار ڪراءِ.“ راڻي کيس چيو ته ”مون سان ويس بدلائي هل.“ همير کي ڏسندي ئي مومل راز پروڙي وئي. چيائينس ته ”هيءُ مينهن ته ڏهي وٺ.“ همير ويچاري کي لاچار بي عزتي سهي به اهو ڪم ڪرڻو پيو. هٿن ۾ لقون پئجي ويس. باقي به جو راڻو ۽ مومل کيس ڇڏي، وڃي آرامي ٿيا. سو راڻي کي دل جو دل ۾ سخن پٽيندو واپس وريو ۽ کانئس وٺڻ جا ٻه پچائڻ لڳو. نيٺ هڪ قاصد هٿان چوائي موڪليائين ته ”تو کي سائيه ۾ ساڻي پيا سارين.“ مومل، راڻي کي چيو وڃي يارن سان ملي اڃ ۽ کانئن موڪلائي اڃ. ”راڻي جو وطن ورڻ ۽ همير جو کيس ترنگ ۾ هٿڻ ايئن گچ عرصو گذري ويو. مومل توڙي راڻو هڪٻئي جي وچوڙي ۾ پئي لڃيا. نيٺ ڪن چئن چڱن جي چوڻ تي همير راڻي کي آزاد ڪيو، پر اهو انجام ورتائين ته وري مومل جو منهن نه ڏسندين.“

عاشقن لاءِ اهڙن انجامن جي پوئواري ڪرڻ مشڪل، سو راڻو چوريءَ، هڪ ڀلي اٺ تي چڙهي، مومل سان ملي پيو ماڳ ورنڊو هو. هڪ ڏينهن پره جو سندس گهرواريءَ کيس پنهنجن لڱن تان پاڻيءَ سان ڳاڙهي دڙ لاهيندي ڏٺو. سُسُس ته ڳاڙهو پاڻي ڏسي ڏڪي ويئي ۽ وڃي همير سومري سان حال ڪيائين. همير بر وقت ئي راز پروڙيو ته راڻو ڪاڪ محل جي ڳاڙهي دڙ سان لڳ رڱي آيو آهي. پوءِ ته وري به قيد ۾ ڪٿي هنياينس. راڻو حقيقت ۾ سندس سالو هو. راڻي جي پيڻ، پنهنجي پتار همير کي عرض ڪري کيس بند مان آزاد ڪرايو. پر همير راڻي جي اٺ کي پيرن ۾ ميخون هڻائي ڇڏيون. راڻي کي نهايت ارمان ٿيو، پر نصيبن سان انهيءَ ڏاڇيءَ جو هڪ گوئڻر هو، جو ماءُ کان به پنڌ ۾ اڳرو هو. راڻي انهيءَ ڪنواٽ تي سوار ٿي، ڪاڪ ڏانهن ڪاهيو، چو ته هاڻي هو آزاديءَ سان مومل وٽ وڃي ٿي سگهيو. مومل راڻي جي فراق ۾ پاڻ پرچائڻ لاءِ پنهنجي پيڻ سومل کي راڻي جو ويس پهراڻي، پاڻ سان گڏ پنهنجي بستري ۾ سمهاريندي هئي. راڻو اهو رنگ ڏسي، پلجي ويو ۽ غيرت وڃان پنهنجو لڪڻ مومل جي ڀر ۾ نشانيءَ طور ڇڏي، امر ڪوٺ ڏانهن واپس وريو. صبح جو مومل لڪڻ ڏسي، سمورو ڳجهه پروڙي ورتو. پوءِ ته راڻي وٽ قاصدن پٺيان قاصد ڊوڙايائين، پر راڻو واپس نه وريو. مومل کي وير اڳ ويڙهي ويو ۽ محل جا مڙئي باغ باغيچا ۽ پلنگ پٿرائيون ۽ ويس وڳا کيس زهر ٿي لڳا، نيٺ وٽجارڪو ويس ڪري، اچي امر ڪوٺ ۾ نڪتي ۽ راڻي سان اچي ياريءَ جو ناتو ڳنديائين. هڪ ڏينهن قضا سان چونڊڙا راند ڪندي جئن ڍارو ٿي اچليائين، تئن راڻي جي نظر وڃي سندس ٻانهن وارين تروڪڙين تي پيئي. راڻي کيس يڪدم سڃاتو، مومل به راز ظاهر ٿيل ڏسي، کيس معافيءَ لاءِ پلانڊ وڌو. پر راڻو نه مڙي نه مڙيو. مومل

لاءِ هاڻ جيئن جنجال ٿي پيو ۽ هڪ مڇ تيار ڪري، وٺي ان ۾ ٽپو ڏنائين. راڻي جي ڪن تي ساعت ۾ اهو سماءُ وڃي پهتو. پاڻ به پروا ئي نه ڪئي. اڳ ۾ گهڙي پيو، ۽ اهڙي طرح ٻئي عاشق جيئري جلي، وڃي عرش ۾ هميشه لاءِ هڪٻئي سان مليا.

هن سر ۾ شاھ ٻئي تمثيل رکي آهي: ڌڻيءَ جي انسان لاءِ ڳولا ۽ انسان جي ڌڻيءَ لاءِ ڳولا. هيءَ دنيا ڪاڪ محل ۾ آهي، جا پنهنجي طلسمي اثر هيٺ، اعليٰ انسانن کي به ڀلايو وٺي آهي. جيئن راڻي، مومل کي وڃي هٿ ڪيو تن ڌڻي به اعليٰ انسانن کي وڃي پنهنجو ڪري. هتي به ”سر ليلا“ وانگر ڌڻيءَ کي ”ريساڻو“ يا ”غيور“ ڪري ڏيکاريو ويو آهي. جو شخص، ساڻس هڪ واريءَ ڪل لڳائي، وري ڪنهن عيش ۾ ٿو اڙجي، تنهن جي خطا هو هرگز برداشت نه ٿو ڪري ۽ کيس هميشه جو فراق ٿو ڏئي. پوءِ وري اهو شخص سندس پٺيان حيران ٿو رهي، جئن مومل راڻي پٺيان مستان رهي، ۽ نيٺ هوءَ مري وڃي پنهنجي حبيب سان هڪ ٿئي، جئن مومل وڃي راڻي سان هڪ ٿي وئي.

TUNE (SUR) MOOMAL RANO

In the early 15th century, the Raja (King) of Gujar family Nand was ruling Mirpur Mathelo. He had 9 daughters. Amongst them all, Moomal was more beautiful but in wisdom Soomal daughter. One day King Nand along with his noble men or commanders were hunting on the sides of the river Indus, they saw a pig swimming or crossing the Canal. He wondered to see that the water was reducing or drying from where the pig was running in the water. At last, he killed the pig and knew that it was the quality in a tooth of the pig, then with the help of that tooth he crossed the river and returned to his mansion and took his all financial material from the house and kept it secret in the bottom of the mid river. Nobody knew that secret of hiding all the treasure in the river bed. Unfortunately, beggar with his magic knowledge knew the fact of that truth. One day in the absence of king Nand, that beggar came near to the mansion of the king and started crying and begging. On the cries of the beggar, Moomal saw from the window of the mansion and tried to ask him about his crying and begging. The beggar humbly replied her that he was attacked by a mysterious disease which can only be recovered through the quality of the tooth of the pig. Moomal after some

efforts, found that tooth from the mansion and handed over it to the beggar. Then the beggar with the help of that tooth took away all the hidden treasure of the King Nand from the bottom of the river and migrated to some foreign country. One day the Raja thought to know the position of his treasure hidden in the river bed. He tried to find the tooth but could not find out it. When he knew that Moomal had given that tooth to some beggar who had in his absence come and shouted for begging that tooth and Moomal hearing his cries, found the tooth and gave it to the beggar as charity for the sake of the recovery of his disease through that tooth as described by the beggar to Moomal. The Raja (King) when heard this showed his anger over Moomal and wanted to kill her for her such negative activity but Soomal made a trick to save her sister Moomal from the anger of her father. She pointed out her point to his father that she would provide all his lost treasure.

Soomal knew the fun of Magic. She took her some lady friends and went to a village Ludani of Jessal Meer and settled there. After some days near Ludani village on the harbor of Kakani, she made a magic fountain or spring which gave very dangerous and artificial harmful currents/waves and made people very fearful and afraid of its very fast currents and waves of water. At the gate and also at all sides of the mansion, she stood the magic Lions at all sides whose roars made the people of the area or who visited there became very fearful to hear such roaring sound of those magic lions which reached up to the sky and appeared to make cracks in it. Inside the mansion, she kept seven similar type decorated cots. Six of them were made of raw threads under each of them a deep well was dug but the seventh cot was safe and well protected having no fear or any trick. After all these tricks and frauds, the unmarried young ladies were advised to sit ready to kill those affected competitor aspirant young persons. They made announcement in the town that that person who would cross the fountain and became safe from the artificial lion and will sit on the real and safe cot, will win and get married Moomal. The town of Ludani was very attractive and sacred cultivated town and many businessmen and pioneers used to visit

there. In the front of the garden, a big kettle drum was fixed and the aspirant and lover of Moomal who used to meet Moomal should have to strike its bell and then the female servant of Moomal would come outside for his welcome. The visitor would follow her (the servant of Moomal) then she suddenly or fraudulently made herself disappeared or took some another way to go and get herself disappeared from the visitor. Then the visitor would confuse and loose the proper and actual way ahead to reach the Moomal's meeting place. At last the killers of Moomal attacked him and robbed all his wealth he had with him or he had brought with him and those killers used to go away towards the mansion. In this way many aspirant lovers were looted and made them finished and vanished from their world of existence. If some of them could reach and enter into the mansion, they were misguided by the fraudulent cots and fell in the deep wells and lost their existence. Thus many rows of graves appeared on the sides of the fraudulent mansion of Moomal. Those days in Thar, Hameer Soomro was ruler. He had three friends, 1. Sanhro Dhama Chani 2. Daonr Bhatti and 3. Rano Mandhro. All four friends were fond of hunting. Once during their hunting occasion, one Babu Rang Bhabhoot met them. In very depressing condition, they saluted him and asked him about his roaming in the desert at that very fearful time. He replied them that once he was also one of the Princes but the beloved Moomal has made him in this condition or changed him into that tragic plight. When they heard his praising words about the beauty of Moomal, they wondered and rose fondness of their love for Moomal. They thronged to the mansion where she had defeated many famous highly dignified personalities of the area and she was feeling extreme pride. The beautiful lady who had admonished many dignified, they were eagerly desired to see her. Rano was wiser than his other friends, the female servant played many usual tricks with Rano also just as she used to play with all the defeated and destroyed personalities, but before Rano no trick succeeded and she failed in the case of Rano. Hameerr Soomro and his two other friends were confused so they disappeared from there but Rano was successful. He played a trick and threw a betel nut in the fountain which slipped

on the surface of the water. He understood all the fake concept of the trick and when he felt the bad intention of the female servant of Moomal to disappear from the sight, Rano caught her hair and stopped her. Then he entering into the mansion, tested all the tricky fake cots by his forceful hands and saw all disappeared and all fell down in the wells dug under each cot but he bravely sat on the actual cot which was safe and sound. He saw and recognized Moomal amongst all her other female friends and servants as she made rounds along on the fragrance of her black hair. In this way Rano won Moomal and became her lover husband or family member. Rano exchanged all this account of success and winning the heirship or family member ship of the Moomal. To hear this attractive account of his success of Moomal, Hameer Soomro desired him to let she be contacted with his friends. Rano advised him to accompany with him for her looking by changing his dress. When Moomal saw Hameer, she felt his secret of coming and asked him to milk the buffalo. Hameer considered this insult but did not refuse to do so. His hands were injured got blistered. Rano and Moomal left him there alone and went for sleep or rest. On this Hameer having great shock and feeling his insult and degradation, he started thinking for taking revenge from them and returned to his pavilion and sent him a message that he was being remembered by his friends in the village. Moomal advised Rano for visiting his village and meeting his friends there and return to her after getting permission of leaving them. When Rano returned from there, Hameer jailed him for some long time or kept him closed in a narrow place. Moomal and Rano anxiously waited for each other and felt loneliness and worried long separation. On the advice and mediation of some respectable people of the town, Hameer made him free with a promise that he would not go to Moomal again and would not see her face. For lovers, it is impossible to follow such promises, so Rano used a very strong and healthy camel and used to travel for meeting Moomal and return in the last hours of the night. One morning, Rano's wife saw cleaning his body removing the red dust with the water. His mother in law when she saw the red water became afraid of it and told Hameer Soomro that matter. Hameer

understood quickly that Rano had colored his body with the red dust of the mansion of Moomal. Then and there he put him again in the prison. Rano actually was his brother in law. The sister of Rano approached her husband Hameer and got relief of his brother from the jail but Hameer nailed both legs of the camel. Rano felt difficulty to meet Moomal but fortunately his she camel had very active little son (in second year age) which walked more quickly than its mother. Rano started travelling on this little camel to Moomal as he could go and meet now freely to her. Moomal in order to reduce the burden of separation of Rano, dressed her sister Soomal with the clothes and turban of Rano and allowed her to sleep in her side of her bed as Rano used to sleep with her. One night just Rano reached at her bed suddenly when both of them (Moomal and Soomal), were sleeping together, he misunderstood that an other man was sleeping with Moomal in his place and felt dishonor. He then without awakening them, left his small stick at her side for knowledge of Moomal that Rano had come to meet her but seeing another man sleeping with her, he felt dishonoured and left her mansion and returned to his village (Amer Kot). In the morning when Moomal saw the Rano's stick and thought that Rano had come and seeing Soomal sleeping with her in the dress of Rano, he felt dishonoured and in anger he would have left her in that suspension. Then Moomal also realized her mistake and sent to Rano her messengers to take him back to her, telling him the actual fact or happening of sleeping of Soomal (her sister) with her as Rano was missing and not coming to her since many days. Rano did not agree and became more angry and did not come to meet Moomal again due to his honour. Moomal got shock and dejected more and more and repented over her wrong activity. Everything available in her mansion did not attract her and disliked all gardens, parks, soft beds and all costly and precious clothes and dresses she would wear in the mansion. She considered all these precious things as poison. Then Moomal after great thought and wisdom, dressed herself in a business like clothes and arrived at Amer Kot and made companionship with Rano. One day suddenly, during their playing the game of cards, when Rano saw her bangles, Rano immediately recognized her as

Moomal who begged for excuse of her mistake but Rano stubbornly did not agree with her. For Moomal, it was very sad and painful to live without Rano, so she prepared a flame of fire and jumped into it to get herself burnt and killed. Very soon, Rano heard of this tragic event, he came there and also jumped himself into the fire and thus both lovers vanished themselves and reached at the sky and lived together there. Shah Abdul Latif Bhitai has expressed two spiritual secrets: 1) God's search for human being and 2) human being's search for God. This world is like the Moomal's mansion (Kak Mahal), which has so much attracted and attached even the sacred people magically or through it artificial amusement that they have forgotten everything of nature and Creator. Just as Rano achieved after great tricks and right steps, God also guides and makes them close to Him. Here also like in the last episode Leela Chanessar, God has been indicated as honourable and Creator. Once the man is close to God and again he gets turn and remains busy in the worldly amusement and luxuries, God never excuses him and makes him dejected and separated from His closeness. Again the wayward mistaken man tries to make Him happy through his lawful and good activities just as Moomal followed and tried to achieve Rano again through her submissiveness and loyal activities, she made suicide and killed herself in the fire and at last remained close and together with Rano for ever.

داستان پهريون

راڻي ۽ سندس يارن کي، ٻرپت ۾ هڪ جوڳي ٿو گڏجي، جنهن کي ساري بت تي پيوت لڳل آهي. ڪلهن تي سائي شال اٿس ۽ ڳچيءَ ۾ سوني مالها. منهن، سج ۽ چنڊ وانگر پيو بهڪيس. سندس مستڪ مان عطر جي خوشبوءِ پيئي اچي. مومل جي عشق ۾ رڱجي لال ٿيو آهي. ڪاڪ جو ذڪر ڪندي، هورت ورنو ٿوروئي. ”جوڳيءَ تي جُڙاءِ، نسوروئي نينهن جو.“ سوڍيءَ جي سڪ کيس سجهائي ڇڏيو آهي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 1

In the desert, a snake charmer met with Rano and his friends

whose body as covered with the dust and on his shoulders, a green sheet cloth was covered and a golden Hindu rosary or garland was in his neck. His face was glittering like the sun and the moon, his head or forehead was full of fragrance of perfume. He was fully coloured red in the love of Moomal. When he heard about the mansion (Kak) of Moomal, he was weeping blood from his eyes. "The snake charmer was totally involved or intoxicated in the love". The love of the beautiful lady has fully caught up and compelled him.

1

ڪالھ گڏيو سون، ڪاڙي، بابو بڪاري،
ساميءَ سيلو سرتي، مالا موچاري،
ڏيئي ڏيڪاري، ڦٽي دل ڦٽير ويو.

Yesterday we met (to Rano and his friends) a roamer and beggar. He had double shawl (sheet of cloth) on his head and a beautiful Hindu rosary (Garland) in his neck. That religious person showed his attractive and sacred face and amused us very much.

2

ڪالھ گڏيو سون ڪاڙي، جهڙو ماه منير،
فيض، فراق ڦٽير، جوڳي جاڳائي ويو.

Yesterday, a roamer met us, whose face glittered or shined like a moon. That snake charmer, rose in our mind or heart the attraction and also grief of separation for Moomal.

3

ڪالھ گڏيو سون ڪاڙي، پهر سج کان پوءِ،
پسو سونهن ساميءَ جي، رت ورنو رو،
جو منهن مومل جي پوءِ، موٽڻ تنهن مس ٿئي.

Yesterday, a foreigner met after one phase of the sun rise time. See the charm of the snake charmer! He was weeping blood tears and saying that who sees the face of Moomal, he cannot turn back from there.

4

ڪالھ گڏيوسون ڪاپڙي، بابو بان ٻري،
سائي سال ڪلھن ۾، سامي سون سري،
خبر ڏي ڪري، ڪا مومل جي مجاز جي.

Yesterday, a snake charmer met us whose body's colour was like earth or dust (His body was coloured with dust). On the shoulder of that roamer was a green coloured sheet of cloth and in his neck was a golden garland. "We may be informed of an actual position of Moomal" asked the charmer by (friends).

5

بيڪاريءَ کي ٻر ۾، ويو ڪيف چڙهي،
ڳالهيون ڪندي ڪاڪ جون، ڳوڙها پيس ڳڙي،
ڪا جا انگ اڙي، جئن چٽا ڦٽ چڙي پيا.

The charmer was intoxicated in the desert. He wept during the expression of the statement of Moomal. He was so much affected by the beauty of Moomal that all wounds became open and appeared.

6

سج سڀاڻي جا ڪري، ساميءَ سائي روءِ،
اچي ٿي عطر جي، منجهان مڱت ٻوءِ،
سا ڏيڪاريهون جوءِ، جئن لاهوتي لعل ٿيو.

The attraction, the sun tomorrow at the time of rise will show, the similar inspiration appeared from the face of the charmer or roamer. The fragrance of perfume came from his body. This charmer showed us or bestowed us with the destination which colored himself red.

7

جوڳيءَ تي جڙاءُ، نسوروئي نينهن جو،
پٽنگ جئن پيدا ٿيو، سامي سج وڙاءُ،
آيو ڪاڪ تڙاءُ، ڪنوارن ڪڪوريون.

On the charmer, there was total intoxication or inspiration of love. Sun like glittering charmer like moth appeared there. He had come from the side of the magical mansion (Kak) and was fully coloured red with the love of all virgins.

داستان پيو

رائو ۽ سندس يار، جوڳيءَ کان مومل ۽ سوڊين جي سونهن جو سماءُ ٿا لهن. هو چوي ٿو ته ”مومل کي اکين ۾ مجاز جا انبور، تپرون، الماس ۽ ٻاڻ آهن، جن سان هوءَ عاشقن کي وڏي ٿي ڇڏي. اهو سُئي، سڀيئي يار ڪاڪ ڏانهن ٿا ڪاهين، جتي نينهن جي اُچل آهي ۽ بره جون ڊيگيون پيون ڪڙهن. هو اُنن تي چڙهي اچي ٿا ڪاڪ محل وٽ نڪرن، جتي ڪناريون ۽ ڪوٽر آهن. رائو حرفت سان طلسمي چشمي ۾ سوپاري اچلي، سمورو راز پروڙي ٿو وٺي.“

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 2

Rano and his friends asked the charmer about the beauty of Moomal and other beautiful ladies. He says, “Moomal has abundance of love, attraction, pains and grieves through which she attracts and compels all the lovers. Hearing this they thronged to magic mansion of Moomal where there is only the upraise of love and caldrons of pains. They arrived at the magic mansion (Kak) on their camels where they saw virgins and beautiful young ladies (heirs of kingdom). Rano threw beetle nut in the fountain and understood all the tricks and magical appearance of the Kak (mansion).

1

آءُ، لانگو ٽيا لال! ڪنهن پَر ڏنيءَ گَجَريون؟
 اَبُ آرتو اکين، لَڙڪَ وَهائين لالُ،
 ڏٺَءِ جي جَمال، سامي! ڪُهَ نه سلائين؟

Come loin- cloth wearer lucky man! How you saw the

beautiful and strong ladies of Gujar family? Oh fortunate! You are weeping blood tears from your eyes. Oh travelers! What scenes of beauty you have seen, why do not you explain that scene or sight.

2

گَجَر کي گَجَمِيلَ جون، تارَن ۾ تَبَرُون،
هَڻي حاڪمِين کي، زور ڀريون رَبرُون،
ڪاڪ ڪنڌيءَ قَبرون، پَسو پَر ڏيهين جون.

The charmer says, "There are axes in the wires of the brave lady". She strikes them forcefully to Rajas or rich people of the area. There are graves of foreign or outsider lovers, see them". (Who were compelled by the love of Moomal).

3

”گَجَر گاروڙين، اچيو آڏي اڀي،
مٿان پيئي تن، ٻڌا پاڻ هِڻن جي.“

The beautiful brave (Moomal) stands with rising her chest in-front of the snake charmers. (She herself charms them: (she attacks those bravely and forcefully who know striking the arrows".

4

مومل ماري مير آهيڙين کي آڪري،
سوڍيءَ گهڻا سڪائيا، پڙهيا، پُڻت پير،
هَڻي تن کي تير، مڻيو جن مٿن ۾.

"Very robust and hard eyed Moomal", vanishes or kills even may be rich hunters. Moomal, vanishes or kills even very rich hunters. Moomal (the brave beautiful lady) scared also the religious guides and teachers. She herself strikes arrow to those who have worn crowns on their heads.

5

جوڳيءَ جاڳائي، ماري وڌو مامري،
لَنوءَ لڊوڻي ڪَنڌيڻن، اميو آهي،
وِجوجي ڪاهي، تہ نڪون پَسو نينهن جون.

The charmer encouraged and charmed four friends and put them in great trial or problem, at the sides or sites of the Ladooni river (in the Kak mansion) there is weightless unlimited love. If you visit forcibly there, you will see the running currents or flows of water in the rivers.

6

هَلُو، هَلُو ڪاڪ تڙين، جتي نينهن اچل،
نه ڪا جهل نه پل، سڀ ڪو پسي پرينءَ کي.

Go, go to the waves, currents or flows of water of the magic mansion or fountain of water. There is no ban or stop to go and see, every one can have beauty of the dear one or the beautiful ladies. (Here the point is towards spiritual happening or appearance, destination).

7

هَلُو، هَلُو ڪاڪ تڙين، جتي گهڙجي نينهن،
نه ڪا رات نه ڏينهن، سڀ ڪو پسي پرينءَ کي.

Go, the currents or flows of Kak (magic mansion) where love is reared or achieved and elevated. (Kak or magic mansion is a deep and wide treasure or stock. There is neither night nor day to have a beautiful glance of his dear one.

8

هَلُو، هَلُو ڪاڪ تڙين، چڙو جت چڙهن،
ڪوڙين رنگ رچن، پانوڙيءَ پڪ سين.

Go, go the currents of Kak (magic mansion) where caldrons of love are cooked and crores of people coloured in red due to real and natural love.

9

اڳون، ڊاڪون، سر ڪنڊ شاخون، جت چوڪا چندن ڪوٺر،
مِيئي سيئي ماڻيا، جت نه پيرن پونر،
ڪُنواريون ڪوٺر، ڪاه ته پسون ڪاڪ جا.

In the Kak mansion, there is beauty of walnut, sandal wood and lotus. The camel (Rano's travelling career also got taste from them where big black bees are not murmuring. Be quick to go to the Kak mansion in order to see Moomal and her sisters and also other beautiful virgin girls along with the beauty of lotus flowers.

10

چڙهيا چارئي يار، سوڌا شڪاري،
فڪر سان ڦٽي ڪي، سوڍي سوپاري،
ويا ڪاهيندا ڪاڪ ڏي، جت مومل موچاري،
موتيا نه ماري، ڪوئنر لتاڙي ڪاڪ جا.

Four friends (Rano and his other three friends) were expert hunters, they all rode on camels. Rano after some thinking out, threw a beetle nut in the fountain (as it is described in the story). They dashed to the Kak mansion where the beautiful Moomal was living or available. Those hunters after crossing lotus flowers could not return or came back. (Rano became successful and obtained Moomal).

داستان ٽيون

سوڍين کي گلاب جي گل جهڙا ويس پهريل آهن ۽ مٿن تي سايون شالون اٿن. وار چندن ۽ مشڪ سان واسيل اٿن ۽ جسم عطر ۽ عنبير سان جهليل. ڪنن ۾ سون ۽ رڀي جا مٿيا اٿن. اوطاقن ۾ ڪٿون به ڪٿوري سان مڙهيل اٿن. پاڻ سون وريون آهن ۽ راند به رڀي سان ٿيون ڪن. راڻو وري مڙئي حسين جوانن کان سوائي آهي. مومل سان سڱ ٿيو. ڪاڪ جو طلسم ۽ ٻانهيون ۽ ٻيون، سچن جوڳين کي ڇا ڪنديون! هو خود سوڍين کي سمجهايو ڇڏين.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 3

The beautiful brave ladies were dressed with rosy clothes or

red clothes and on their heads green sheets of cloth. Their hair are perfumed with musk and sandal wood and body perfumed with high quality fragrance. In the ears they have golden ear rings and other ear ornaments. In waiting rooms, their cots are also full of fragrance of musk. They themselves are glittering like gold and are playing with high priced things like Rupia. Rano looks more beautiful than other beautiful young ladies. He married with Moomal. What can do the fake and magic servant ladies and charming magic women to real lovers and snake charmers. They can amuse those magic charming young ladies.

1

جھڙا گلِ گلاب جا، تهڙا مٿن ويسَ،
چوٽا تيلَ چنبيليا، هاها! هوا هميشَ،
پسيوسُونهن سَيَدُ چڻي، نينهن اچن نيشَ،
لاکَن، جي لبيسَ، آڻڻ اگَر نه اجهي.

Moomal and her female friends are dressed like the roses are dressed. Oh good! Their hair is ever fragrant with the Jasmine oil. The love is wounded or inspired with the sight of their beauty. In the weaving place, to see the dresses and make up of the beautiful beloved, one is wondered to see and becomes calm and quite with patience.

2

جھڙا پانَن پَن، تهڙيون سالُون مٿن سائون،
عُطَرَ ۽ عَنبِيرَ سين، تازا ڪيائون تَن،
مڙهيا گهڻو مشڪ سين، چوٽا ساڻ چندن،
سُنهن رپي سون سين، سندا ڪامڻ ڪَن
ڪيائين، لال لَطيفَ چڻي، وڏا ويسَ وَرَن،
مَنجهه مَرڪيسَ مَن ”سوڍي سين سڱ ٿيو“

She covers sheets of cloth as green in color as lush green betel leaves. Their bodies have been massaged with musk and other perfumes. Their hair is oiled with much musk and fragrant

with sandal wood. The ears of this beautiful lady (Moomal) are beautified with he ornaments of gold and silver. Shah Latif says, "She decorated herself much, she heartily and with pleasure said "It became better and luck to have relations with Rano or married with Rano".

3

سونَ ورنِيُون سوڊِيُون، رُپِي رانديُون ڪن،
اگر اوطاقنِ ۾، ڪٿوريُون ڪٽن،
اوتيائون عَبيِرَ جا، مٿي طاق تَرَن،
نائَن هيلون هَڏِيُون، پَسِيو سونهن سَرَن،
تيا لاهوتي لطيف چئي، پَسَن لاءِ پَرِن،
اِجهي ٿا اَچَن، ڪاڪ ڪڪوري ڪا پَڙِي.

The golden coloured beautiful strong ladies are playing with silver coins. In their sitting or waiting rooms, fragrant sticks (lights of the grinded floor of sandal wood are lightening) and on their cots musk fragrance has been spread out. They in their bathrooms big shallow vessels of perfume have kept. Aspirant lovers have made there rows and seeing their beauty, they have parched themselves in her (Moomal) love. For glance of their beloved, they have been snake charmers. Now very soon these aspirant lovers of Kak mansion in the love of Moomal reach the destination

4

گُجر گهٽا گهائيا، پاڻا لڳس گهاءَ،
ميندري ملاءَ، لڳس ڪا ڪَپارَ ۾.

Beautiful strong lady (Moomal) attracted and amused many people with her beauty but now she has been wounded. From Rano Mendhro, an arrow has stricken in her head. (The love of Rano has injured her).

5

رُوءِ راڻي جي ناهِ ڪو، سوڍو سَين سونهن،
 لاتائين لطيف چوي، مٿان دليُن دونهن،
 ڪانهي ٻي ورونهن، ٿيو مڙوئي ميندرو.

No husband is like the structure or figure of Rano. Rano is splendor or luster or full of beauty. He has removed darkness from many hearts or he has cleaned or made happier many hearts. (Here is the point of perfect guide of human being who removes darkness from the hearts of many aspirant lovers). There is no other expression or revelation but only that of Rano or Rano only is remembered everywhere.

6

ڪاڪِ نه جهليا ڪاڙِي، موهايا نه محلن،
 ٻاين ۽ ٻانهين جي، ٻنڌن ڪين بجهن،
 لکين لاهوتيُن، اهڙيون اوريان چڙيون.

Snake charmers were neither stopped or prevented by the magic or fake Kak mansion and nor they were attracted or amused by big storied buildings or mansions. They do not catch in the beauty of the female servants and wives or other ladies of the Kak mansion. The travelers did not bring neither in the beginning nor in the last such lacs of figures or shapes.

7

ڪاڪِ نه جهليا ڪاڙِي، موهايا ڪنهن نه مال،
 سوڍيون سجهائي ويا، ههڙا جنين حال،
 جي چورين ڏنا چال، تپ لاهوتي لنگهي ويا.

Snake charmers were neither stopped by the magic fakeness of Kak Palace nor they were advised or guided by any guide. Whose condition is such that (who abandon everything), they compel and amuse many beautiful ladies and get rid of them and go ahead. Who were attracted and caught by the endearment of girls but the perfect people did not come into their attraction and

went away from them.

داستان چوٿون

مومل، راڻي جي تات ۾ ڪاڪ جا ڪانگ پيئي اڏائي. رات جو شمع ٻاريندي، انتظار ۾ آئي ٿي گهاري، تان جو تارا سڀ گم ٿي ٿا وڃن ۽ سورج اچيو شاخون ڪڍي. اسر جي ٻانگ تائين، تيل ڦليل جا ڏيا ٻاري، پيئي نهاري ته من راتو ڪرهي تي لانگ ورائي اچي نڪري. ڪتيون ڪر موڙيو وڃن، ويل ٿريو وڃي، پر راڻي جو پتو ئي نه لپي. ڊوليو، کيس ڏن ڏيئي، وڃي ڍٽ قرار يو.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 4

Moomal in the remembrance of Rano, is flying crows or sending messages to him through crows. In the night she lightens the candles and stands straight to wait for him and all stars in the sky disappear and the sun begins to rise. Up to the prayers call of the morning, she puts oil in the candles of mud and expects the arrival of Rano by riding on his camel. Galaxies are disappearing, time is gone but nothing knowledge about the arrival of Rano. The beloved after meeting with her short while and loving her went away and had rest at his village.

1

شَمَعَ ٻاريندي شَبَ، پَرَہَ ٻاڪُون ڪَڍِيون،
موت، مران ٿي، ميندرا! راڻا! ڪارڻ رُبُ،
تنهنجيءَ تات ڪَلَبَ، ڪانگ اُڏايم ڪاڪ جا.

Lightening the candles for full night, the morning currents of sun have appeared. Oh Rana Mendhra! For God's sake come back or reach to me. I am dying without you. In your longing and search, I have flown crows or I have sent messages to you through crows of Kak.

2

اُپي اُپاريام، نڪت سڀ نئي ويا،
هڪ ميو، ٻيو ميندرو، رات سڄي ساريام،
گُوڙها گل ڳاڙيام، سورج شاخون ڪڍيون.

I stood and (in the sky) stars rose which have disappeared now. One camel (on which Rano used to ride) and second Rano, I remembered both the whole night. I wept the tears on my cheeks up to the sun rose its currents.

3

ڪَتِن ڪَر موڙيا، تيزو اُپا تيئي،
رائو رات نه آيو، ويل تري ويئي،
ڪو سا ڪاڻي راتڙي! پرين ري پيئي،
مون کي ڏنءُ ڏيئي، وڃي ڏولو ڏت قراريو.

Galaxies moved from the mid sky and the three stars appeared straight but Rano did not come to me at night, now the time of his arrival has gone. That night should be forgotten or may not be counted which passed without beloved. My dear beloved (Rano) pained me and wounded my heart but he himself had enjoyed rest in his home.

4

رائو ڪا رات ويو، ڳجهي ڳالهه ڪري،
سوڍي رءُ، سرتيون! هڏ نه ساه سري،
وڃي مان وري! آسائتي آهيان.

Rano left a secret point at night (He left his stick near Moomal as a sign of his coming in the night). Oh friends! Without Rano, I am unable to pass the life or days and nights. May he come back or return to me as I am still expecting his return or arrival.

5

سوڍي ستي لوءِ، ڪا جا مون سين ڳالهه ڪئي،
ساجي پڏر پوءِ، ته سرتيون! ڪا نه سُمهي.

After sleeping of people, how Rano met me or contacted me or exchanged his views, if it may be made open or declared with all, oh my sister friends! No one can sleep or have rest.

6

رائڻا! تڻهنجي را۽ تي، ڏيهائي ڏيڪان،
رائڻي جيءَ رهاڻ جون، روحَ اُندرِ ريڪان،
مُحَبَّتَ جون ميڪان، تو سڀن، لال! لپيٽيون.

Oh Rana! I see at your ways daily. In my heart, wires of love and connections are fixed or joined. Oh my dear beloved! With you the wires of love and nearness are connected or fixed.

7

آءُ رائي راختا! ڏاڇَ ڏرتيءَ جا ڌڻي!
سڪن ٿيون سهاڳڻيون، سوڍا تنهنجي سَڻ،
مون تان لاهِ مَر هَڻ، ڪامل ڌڻي ڪاڪ جا!

Oh Rana! My heart's peace and comfort! Oh owner of earth/land and food! Oh strong and brave beloved! Your loving ladies are extremely anxious to meet you. Oh husband of Kak mansion! Do not take off your hands of shadows of your love and connections.

داستان پنجون

شينهن سان ناتو ڳنڍي، منهن ڦيرڻ نه گهرجي. راڻو (ڪامل مرشد) شينهن آهي ۽ مومل سندس طالب آهي. روحاني راه ۾ ڪيڏانهن به ڪنڌ ڦيرائڻو ناهي، نه ته اوچتو اهڙي چڻيٽ ايندي، جو وري اڳتي رڙهڻ محال ٿي پوندو. هن زمين هيٺان ڪيئي نازنين دفن ٿيل آهن. هن دنيا ۾ به ڏينهن رهڻو آهي. راڻي جي فراق ۾ مومل کي رنگ رتول ۽ باغ بستان زهر ٿي لڳا آهن.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 5

To have relationship with a lion, it is difficult to turn out face from him. Rano is (a perfect guide) lion and Moomal is his lover or aspirant or desiring him. In the spiritual way, no shoulder is to be changed or turned out to other places otherwise, suddenly you will hardly be punished or pained so much that you cannot move ahead further or advance. Many attractive and beautiful ladies are buried in the earth. In this world, we have to live only for two days. In the separation of Rano, Moomal thinks all the worldly luxuries and comforts, beautiful scenes and flowery fragrance of garden as a poison to die in this world.

1

سَگ ڪري سين سينهن، ڪنڌ مَر ڦيرج ڪيڏهن،
رَمِج راڻي پُٺ ۾، نِر تون مَنجهان نينهن،
اِنءَ وَسِج عامر تي، جئن، مُومَل! وَسَن مينهن،
سندي حَشر ڏينهن، سوڍو ساريندينءَ گهڻو.

Oh Moomal! (Oh aspirant lover) having relationship with a lion or strong and brave husband (Rano) (or with perfect guide) do not turn face from him or do not be separate from him or do not be angry with him or do not forget him. You should go behind Rano (Perfect guide) vigorously and lovingly. Oh Moomal, you should not be kind to all common people and do not show them your charm of beauty just as rain is falling or raining with force and sound. (Oh aspirant) you be away from the common people. You will remember more and more to your brave beloved husband.

2

جا پُون پيرين مون، سا پُون مٿي سڄڻين،
ڏِگ لَتبا ڏوڙ ۾، اِي ڏنا سون،
ڏينهن مڙئي ڏون، اٿي لوچ، لطيف چڻي.

The land which is under my feet is the land on the buried bodies of my beloveds. (under the land many dear beloveds)

beautiful and attractive are buried). We have seen standing many brave warriors being buried in the land (after their death). In this world one has to live for two days only. You must awake and search your beloved.

3

رائو ڀانيو راند، وڃيو ڪئن وڙ رائيين؟
وڙ وڏوئو ايهين، جيئن پُر پُڄتو پاند،
هيءَ! ڀڳيءَ هيڪاند، سوڍو ساريندينءَ گهڻو.

To Rano (Perfect guide), you considering him a joke or mockery, how will you satisfy another unknown degraded person? (For meeting the longing of Rano or receiving satisfaction of Rano, Moomal dressed her sister Soomal, Rano's clothes or dress and slept her near her side on the same *Massery* (Cot) or bed. Oh Moomal, your husband when reached in your room he seeing another man in Rano's dress became angry to see this scene of dishonor. (It means you loved your sister Soomal in your bed in place of Rano). Alas hi! You broke the promise of faithfulness and loyalty or sincerity, now you will remember Rano too much as he has been angry with you for your mistake and foolishness.

4

ڪاڪ ڪڙهي، وڻ ويا، جلي مُنهنجي جان،
رَڪي ڪام ڪڙڪيو، ماريس تنهن گمان،
هڏ نه جئان هاڻ! سگهو موٽج، سپرين!

Kak mansion has burnt out trees also got fire and became dust and my heart and body also got wounds of fire (in Rano's separation or leaving me alone). This idea has killed me. Oh dear! I cannot live without you. You must be back very soon.

5

ڪاڪ ڪڙهي وڻ ويا، ٻريا رنگ رَتول،
تو پڄاڻا سپرين! هنئڙي اڃن هول،
جي مون سين ڪيءَ قول، سي سگها پارِج سُپرين!

Kak mansion burnt out, trees got fired and became dust and the colored mansions also got fired and burnt out. Oh dear! After you, I have been attacked by all dangers of life. Oh dear beloved! What promises you made with me you may keep them and show sympathy with me.

6

حالِ قُربانُ، مالُ قُربانُ، گھوريان لُڊائون،
فِدا ٿي، فقيرِ جو، شل رُسي مَ رائون،
مُيَن سِين ماڻون، مناسبُ نہ، ميندَرا!

My all wealth and body is sacrificed over Rano! I even sacrifice the whole Ludano town on him. May Rano not be angry or annoy with this sacrificed grieved lady or Rano may not take offence of separation. Oh Rano Mendhra! Do not be annoyed with the sacrificed wife or lady.

داستان چھون

رائي پُڄاڻا مومل کي نہ رھيو آھي سڱ نہ سياڪو. سندس من سوڍي ڏانھن تائيو بيٺو آھي. رائي جي فراق ۾ سندس اکيون سُڪي ويئون آھن ۽ آب نہ ٿيون آڻين. جي سوڍو سرچي، سندس سراءِ ۾ اچي تہ ھو۽ ھوند پنھنجو ”ڄاڻ“ (خودي) چيري ۾ وجھي. ھو۽ رائي لاءِ ورلاپ پيئي ڪري ۽ کيس اھو ئي سوال پيئي ڪري تہ ”اي سوڍا“ اچي ڪاڪ محل ۾ قناتون کوڙي ويھ.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 6

Excepting Rano, Moomal has neither relative nor any source of help. Her mind and heart is looking for the brave husband every time. In the separation of Rano, her eyes have dried out and no tear comes from them. If my brave husband is satisfied with me and comes in my home, she will surely sacrifice her ego and

whole existence. She is crying for Rano and humbly requests him, "Oh brave! Come and live there setting tents in the Kak mansion".

1

نه وارث نه وَلَهو، نه سڱ، نه سياڪو،
تو پڄاڻا، سپرين! ايمر اولاڪو،
بانديان! پاراپو، ڏجانءِ ڏاٽيءَ ڍول ڪي.

I have no own children, no husband, no husbands relatives, no real relative. Oh dear! After you, I have been heated or fired and injured. Oh messenger! Go and give this message to my beloved of *Dhut* or (Desert living man).

2

ڪَرَهُو ڪميڻيءَ تي، سوڍا! وار، سُجاءُ،
ڪُھ ڪريان ڪاڪ ڪي؟ تَن توهين ڏي تان،
لاهي غير گُمان، اڱڻ آءُ اڪنديين.

Oh wise brave husband (Rana)!, You take your camel to your grieved wife (to Moomal). What shall I do to the Kak mansion? My heart's attraction is towards you. You remove all your doubts and angers, come to the house of your pained wife.

3

اڱڻ آءُ اڪنديين، پرچي پيارا!
پَلڪَ پَراهون نه سَهَنءِ، جيءَ جا جيارا!
نينهان نيزارا، سڄ، ته مان سُورُ لهي.

Oh dear! Reconcile and pacify with me and come to my house. Oh care taker of my heart! I cannot exist even a single moment living away from you. You look me with your impressive and dreadful sights of your eyes so that all pains and grieves should leave me and pacify me to be with you or to live along with you.

4

پَسُ تو شڪُون، تَڪِيا سيئي وهائڻا،
 پَسِيو هِنْدُ، پچي هنيون، جي حبيبِ هائڻا،
 هِڪُ ڏنگا ڏاڏاڻا، ٻيو موٽيو تان نه ميندرو.

You come and see the same soft and silky beds like mattresses, long pillows etc. The beds purchased by my beloved when I see them, they so much attract me that my heart and whole body is burning. At one side the relatives reproach me and at the other Rano is not ready to turn to me to live with me.

5

سوڍا! سُوَرُ سُڪائون، اڪيون آبُ نه ڪن،
 راڻيءَ جيءَ رهاڻ ڪي، وِروڻيون وِجن،
 سي ڪيئن، ميندرا! مَچَن؟ جي تو سوريءَ چاڙهيون.

Oh brave husband! Your separation's pain has dried my tears from my eyes and all water in them has dried. Longing for the company of Rano, my tears have dried, Oh Mendhra! Whom you have put on gallows (Killed by separation) how they will achieve or retain their water and attraction?

6

مُونُ گهرِ اچي جي ٿئي، ميندرو مهمان،
 آڻي جهوڪيان آڳ ڀر، چيري وجهان ڄاڻ،
 تائي تَنوَرَن ڀر، پيري هٿان پاڻ،
 پيڪن سوڌو پاڻ، گهرُ تڙ گهوريان پرتان.

If Rano Mendhro becomes guest and lives in my home, surely, I shall sacrifice my egoism and self and throw them in the flames of fire. I shall myself dash to throw in the ovens of fire. I should sacrifice myself including my parents and their house on my beloved?

ڪوڙ ڦٽائون ڪاڪ ۾، راڻا ويهه رهي،
 ماڙهو جي محلات جا، سودا ڪڇ سهي،
 وينديءَ ڳالهه وهي، وڪر پوندين، وڻها.

Oh Rana! You set up tents in the Kak and live there. You come in the mansion and recognize all the residents living there (come and consider the fact that who was sleeping with me when you came that night and saw Soomal my sister dressed in your shape only on my instruction have comfort and solace that you were sleeping with me).

Otherwise the matter will finish and everything will be lost and then oh my dear husband! You would feel sorrow and get worried for your stubbornness or not giving thought to the consequences of your such rigid attitude and stubborn attitude.

داستان ستون

مومل کي راڻي بنا هنڌ ۽ وهائڻا، پلنگ ۽ پٿرائيون، باغ ۽ بستان، گل ۽ وڻ، عطر ۽
 عنبير وهڻي لڳا آهن. انهن ۾ هينئر ڪا رونق نه رهي ۽ مڙهي ڪومائجي ويا آهن. راڻي
 ظلم ڪيو جو ايندي ئي شرط واپس وريو ۽ ٿورو ترسي ڏنائين به ڪو نه ته مومل ڪنهن
 سان ستل آهي. پر راڻو صبر جو سائين آهي، هو جڳ وانگر نه روئي نه ڳالهائي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 7

All beds, pillows, mattresses and soft and silky beds, gardens and flowers and trees, perfumes and musks have been poison for Moomal without Rano. She does not see any lust and luxury, comfort and pleasure in them. Rano became doubtful and hasty to see Soomal in his dress sleeping with Moomal and returned and left them leaving his stick as sign of his coming there as both of sisters were slept and Rano came very late as he was compelled by

Hameer Soomro not to visit Moomal and as soon as he got the source of ride, he made long journey to reach his beautiful wife Moomal in the very last hours of the night after passing away many days as he was stopped to meet Moomal. He did not bear and tolerate to see somebody slept with Moomal and lost his patience and left them alone and annoyed with his Moomal and intended not to meet her again in anger of honour.

1

يَتِ مَرَّ وِجِجِ دُولَ! ڪاٿياري ڪاڪ ڪري!
 آئون اڳهين آهيان، ٻڌي تنهنجي ٻول،
 توکي ساري، سپرين! رُٿرُ منجه رتول،
 ٽڪاڻا ٿول، وَسَهُ مون وَهَ ٿيا.

Oh dear! (Ay Rana) do not go to the desert village leaving painful and grieved, filled in worries and woes (Moomal) alone in the Kak mansion. From the very beginning, I am bound according to the made up promises with you. Oh dear! I have cried and wept tears in the mansion in remembering you. Trust me that all mansions, material and wealth have been poison or killer for me without you.

2

سوڍي سِرُ نيو، هِتِ ڪَرَنگهرُ سَڪڻو،
 راڻي جي رهاڻ ڪي، سڪي ساهُ پيو،
 پسان ڪين پيو، تورِءِ اڪڙين سين.

My brave husband took my breath with himself, here is only my bone structure. My spirit is longing for the love of Rano. Oh Rana! Without you, I cannot see with my eyes another thing except you.

3

راڻي رڻ ڪيو، جيڏيون! منهنجي جيءَ سين،
 مَنُ مينڌري وڌيو، ڏهي ڌڙ پيو،
 ٻُجهان، ٻُهرِ ويو، هنئون هنڌ نه هيڪڙي.

Oh sister friends! Rano has victimized and committed cruelty with myself or with my existence. Mendhro has cut my heart and my body trembled and fell down. I think, my body is roaming outside (In search of Rano) and it is not available at one place (at original place).

4

رئان ٿي راتا! هنڌ ٺهاريو حُجرا،
پيئي ڪه ڪُنن تي، ٿيا پلنگ پراڻا،
ڌريائي ڌوڙ ٿيا، وَرَءِ وهائا،
جايون، گل، جُبات، وَڻ، توروءَ ڪوماڻا،
ميندرا! ماڻا، تورءَ ڪنڊيس ڪن سين.

Oh Rana! I weep to see my beds and rooms. All cots have been dusted and mattresses have been dark and non attractive. All pillows have been dirty remaining at one side or place. All mansions, buildings, flowers, perfumes and musks and all trees and woods have also lost their attraction and pleasant looking without you. Oh Rana! Excepting you with whom I shall make endearment and coquetting manners, and coquettish etc.

5

جئن ايندي ئي موٽئين، ميندرا! وڏي جاڙ ڪيائ،
وَرُ نه هئين؟ وَلها! هُوندَ جَتي، مون جاڳاءِ،
ته ستي جي ساڃاءِ، سوڍا! سگهيا ئي، ٿيءَ.

Oh Rana! Arriving at us, you returned and went back, it is great crime or cruelty you committed. Oh husband! Were you not my husband? You should have waited sometime and awaken me and surely you would have known the actual fact about Soomal who was sleeping together with me that moment.

6

جَڳ جئن تي چوءِ، سوڍو ٿئن نه سڪيو،
راڻو ٿئن نه روءِ، ڳوڙهو جئن ڳل ڳڙي.

As others or other world say or speak, Rano has not likely learnt to speak. (He is very great man of patience). Rano is not weeping just as to fall tears on the cheeks.

7

تِنِ باغنئون بس، جي ڪنڌيءَ ڪاڪ ڪڪوريا،
سوڍي رءُ سرتيون! ڪاڪ نه اچي ڪس،
راڻي پائي رَس، تَن: ٻيڙيءَ جئن تائيو.

I hate all gardens and flowery scenes which have been grown on the sides of the Kak river. Oh friends! Without Rano, Kak mansion is not liked by me. Rano has fastened me with the rope or he has chained me with his love and has controlled my heart and chained it like a boat is chained with iron ropes and chains.

داستان اٺون

مومل کي راڻي جي صبر، ماڻهو ڪيو آهي ۽ کيس سُمَت ڏني آهي. هاڻي هوءَ پڇتاءُ پيئي ڪري. راڻي سندس پردو رکيو آهي، ته پاڻ اُگهاڙي ۽ عيبدار آهي. هُو کيس منهن ۾ مڊيون نه ٿو ڏئي. مرشد ڪامل به ايئن آهي. هو پنهنجي طالب جو ڍڪ ٿو ڍڪي ۽ ”نه ڪچن“ سان سندس نڪ ٿو ڪڍي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 8

Patience of Rano has made Moomal as a human being and has given her wisdom. Now she is repenting. Rano has retained his cover over her otherwise she is naked and sinful. He does not show her his anger and does not keep ill will for her. Perfect guide is also like this position and status. He protects his aspirant and with silence he does not blame her or does not cut her nose or do shameful before others.

1

ڪين ساڳاهيم، سپرين! ڄاڙون ڪيم ڄال،
سوڍا! مون کي ڪال، موٽي منهن ۾ آئيون.

Oh dear! I did not consider or think wisely and did many mistakes and wrongs. Oh brave husband! All mistakes done by me came before me yesterday. (For that reason, I suffered all pains and worries).

2

ڄاموشي خبر جي، مومل ٿي مت،
صبر ٿيو سٺ، منهنجي حق، ميندرا.

Oh Rana! Knowing all the fact, you kept silence, it became as an advice or guide for Moomal. Your this patience, favoured me and proved the best way or manner.

3

ڍولي ڍڪي آهيان، هيس اڳهاڙي،
ڏيئي لڪ لاڙي، ڪڪر ڪيائينم ڪاڪ جي.

I was originally sinful and degraded, but my dear beloved put curtain of protection on me. He protected me and made me the cloud of mercy for the people of Kak.

4

سوڍا! صبر تنهنجو، مرڪ لڄاين،
ڇپ سين جي چون، ادب ڪجي ان جو.

Oh brave husband! Your patience is pride, favours and beneficial for the people who are already shameful or sinful in many wrongs done by them. Silently or calmly who talk (silently guide or admonish), they must be honoured and respected. (Perfect guides' silence is admonishment and their respect and honour is the duty of all or all should be humble before them and they should bow their knees in respect).

5

سوڊا! صَبْرُ تنهنجو، سِيڪاري سَهَسَ،
پُڄي تِڻان پَهَسَ، مون کي نَصِيبَ نيئي جهليو.

Oh brave husband! Your patience is teaching a lesson to many people. My fate reached me and with force and might, it controlled or stopped me there.

6

سوڊا! صَبْرُ تنهنجو، بي عَقْلَ آئي باز،
سَندي صَبَرَ سان، توبَءَ ڪارِ ڪَڙِي.

Oh brave husband! Your patience takes to the right path or improved path to those who do wrong deeds or who go astray.

7

جَنين سَندي مَنهن ۾، نِهائِيون نَڪَن،
تِڻان وِڊيو هيڪڙو، تہ ڪهڙو ٿورو تَن؟
سي مَر سِجائي سُونَهَن، جن پلي پِينگ پَرَمَ جي.

In whose face, there is not one nose, but there is potter's kiln (As in potter's kiln there are many vessels and utensils) likewise, many shameless have many noses in their face. If from there one nose has been cut, they do not feel any defect or shortage. (If they are being ashamed, they do not feel shame). Whose reputation and respect is existent even if they are poor or they face poverty.

داستان نائون

راڻي جي رهاڻ مان ڪو آديسي هي نياپو ڪڍي آيو آهي! ”ڪهڙي پڇين ذات، جي آيا سي اڳيا.“ مومل کي چوڏس چٽاڻو ۽ اندر ۾ ٽي ڪاڪ ڪڪوري ۽ راڻو ٿو ڏسڻ ۾ اچي. هوءَ هر جاءِ مينڌري جي تنوار ٿي سٽي. مطلب ته نفس کي ماريندڙ طالب کي مرشد ڪامل کان سڄو سوجهرو ٿو ملي ۽ پوءِ هو هر جاءِ حق جو نور ٿو پسي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 9

From the company of Rano, or gathering of Rano, an outsider has brought a message: "Which caste you ask, who came and succeeded". Moomal's all senses felt light and inside her body, the Kak appeared before her and she saw Rano in it at every side and corner. She hears the sweet sound of Mendhro from every corner. It means who controls his desires, the aspirant of love gets or receives light from his perfect guide and there he sees the natural light of God (Haq).

1

رائي جي رهاڻ مان، ڪو آديسي آيو،
چوڏهينءَ ماءُ چنڊ جئن، ڪيو ساميءَ سهاڻو،
لٿو اونداهو، جوڳيءَ سنڌيءَ جوت سان.

From one of Rano's (Perfect guide) company, one snake charmer Jogi (Spiritual messenger) came. (A spiritual messenger from the perfect guide has come to the aspirant lover). That charmer has spread out light at all surrounding like the full moon light. The light of the charmer (Jogi) has vanished the darkness from the internal body of the (aspirant lover).

2

رائي جي رهاڻ مان، ڪو آيو آديسي،
گُٿوري خوشبوءِ سين، ولات سڀ واسي،
سوڌو سناسي، اُتانهيئن ٿي آيو.

From the company of Rano, a charmer (Jogi) has arrived who has spread out the fragrance of musk perfume through out all the surroundings. He, the accomplished traveller has come from the (natural) place.

3

نئون نياپو آيو، رائِي مُلان رات،
لڏيسون لطيف چڻي، ڪنان ڏاتر ذات،
ڪهڙي پڇين ذات؟ جي آيا، سي اگهيا.

From Rano (God) a new message has been received to night. Shah Latif says: "From God (the King of charity) a favor has been bestowed that, "What do you ask for the caste and creed? Who with great labour of remembering their God reached at this door, they have been accepted or their all hopes have been fulfilled".

4

ڪيڏانهن ڪاهيان ڪرھو؟ چوڏس چٽاڻو،
منجهن ڪاڪ ڪڪري، منجهين لڊاڻو،
راڻو ۽ راڻو، راءِ راڻي ٻيو ناه ڪو.

Where and at which side I should ride on the camel? From all sides, there is light and clearance. (From four sides, God's *noor* (Light) is shining, then where I should turn this body made of dust and mud?). There is color of Kak mansion in the heart, in inner side is Ludano town. Every where (in and out) there is Rano and only Rano is residing, except Rano, there is nothing in it.

5

ڪيڏانهن ڪاهيان ڪرھو! چٽاڻو چوءِ ڌار،
منجهين ڪاڪ ڪڪوري، منجهيس باغ بهار،
ڪانهي ٻي تنوار، ٿيو مڙوئي مينڌرو.

Where I should take the camel and ride on it? From the four sides, there is light and shining. In my heart, there is color of Kak and inside all surroundings, there are lush green gardens. No voice is heard at any corner, everywhere Rano only Rano is residing, heard and flourishing.



سُر مارئي

(عمر مارئي جو قصو ۽ انجي روحاني معني)

مارئي پالشي نالي هڪ ٿري پنوهاار جي نياڻي هئي. سندس ماءُ جو نالو ماڏوئي هو. وٽن ڦوڳ نالي هڪ هاري ڪم ڪندو هو. مارئي جوين کي رسي ته هو مٿس مست ٿي پيو. هڪ ڏينهن سندس مائٽن کان سندس سڱ گهريائين. مارئيءَ جو مڱڻو اڳيئي سندس هڪ نياڻيءَ کيت سين ٿيل هو، سو مارئيءَ جي پيءُ صاف انڪار ڪيس. ڦوڳ جي دل ۾ ساڙ پيدا ٿيو ۽ وير وٺڻ جا پَه پڄاڻڻ لڳو. نيٺ ڪهي ويو عمر سومري وٽ جنهن جو ٿر تي راڄ هو. عمر هونئن ته عدل ۽ انصاف جون ڳالهيون ڪندو هو، ڦوڳ جي واتان مارئيءَ جي سونهن جي ساراهه ٻڌي، پاڻ پُڄي ويو. ڦوڳ چيس ته ”قبلا“ اها پري ته اوهان جي محل ۾ سونهي. ههڙي سڄ جهڙي صورت ناحق پڪن ۾ پوري پيئي آهي!

عمر پنهنجي شاهائي شان کي وساري، ڦوڳ سان گڏ، بدليل ويس ۾، مارئيءَ جي ڳوٺ ملير ڏي راهي ٿيو. مَنَ ۾ اها پليد مراد هيس ته مارئيءَ کي ڦندي ۾ ڦاسائي، امرڪوٽ ڏانهن ڪنڀي ڪڍي اڃان. مارئي هونئن پره ڦٽيءَ جو، سُهلين سان گڏ، ڪوه تان پاڻي ڀرڻ ويندي هئي. قضا الاهي، جو ان ڏينهن ننڊ ڪڍي ويئي هيس ۽ ٿورو دير سان ڪوه تي آئي هئي. ڦوڳ، عمر کي اشاري سان مارئي ڏيڪاري. عمر وڌي وڃي پاڻيءَ ڏيڪ لاءِ منٿ ڪيس. مارئي پهرين ته چرڪي وئي، پر پوءِ هڪ سهيليءَ جي چوڻ تي پاڻي آڇيائينس، جئن ئي هوءَ عمر جي ويجهو آئي، تنهن هن چڪي ڪڍي پنهنجي اٺ تي چاڙهيس ۽ وٺي امرڪوٽ ڏانهن ڪاهيائين. امرڪوٽ ۾ مارئيءَ کي عمر وڃي پنهنجي محل ۾ قابو ڪيو. هر رات جو کيس عطر عنبيرن، پُلاڻن ۽ شربت، پَٽ پٽيهرن ۽ بخمل بافتن جا لب ڏيندو رهيو، پر هن سَتِيءَ لاءِ پنهنجن مسڪين مارن سان گڏ بُڪ به پُلاڻن کان وڌيڪ لذت واري ۽ اُچ، شربت کان وڌيڪ مٺي هئي. هن لاءِ آبائين جي لوڻي، عمر جي بخملن ۽ بافتن کان وڌيڪ ملهائڻي هئي، عمر آخر کيس خارن وچان ڪوٽ ۾ ڪڍي قيد ڪيو ۽ کيس آهنڇ ۽ ايڏا ڏيڻ لڳو. هوڏانهن مارو ويچارا به ماٺ ۾ رهيا. هيءَ ويچاري ٿر ڄاڻي، ساڻيهه کي ساري، راتو ڏينهان رت پيئي روئندي هئي. جيسين عمر جي ڪوٽ ۾ قابو هئي، تيسين نه لڳ ڌوٽائين، نه وار واسيائين ۽ نه بت تان لوڻي لڌائين. بکن اُچن وگهي آخر اچي موت کي ويجهي ٿي.

هڪ ڏينهن عمر کي سڏائي، کيس عرض ڪيائين ته ”جي مان هت مران، ته منهنجو مڙهه ملير نجي، ۽ ان کي منهنجي وطن جي ولين سان واسي، ان کي ٿر جي مٽيءَ ۾ پورج.“

عمر، سندس سچائي ڏسي پٺو ۽ امالڪ کيس آزاد ڪيائين. پوءِ مارن ڏانهن نياپو ڪيائين ته ”پنهنجي امانت وٺي وڃو.“ مارن لاءِ عيد ٿي ويئي ۽ هو جلد اچي امرڪوٽ ۾ سهڙيا. عمر کين سوغاتن سان مالا مال ڪري، مارئيءَ سوڌو، ملير ڏانهن اماڻيو. مارئيءَ جي پٽار ڪيت سين جي دل ۾ گمان رهجي ويو هو، سو هو هر وقت مارئيءَ کي ويٺو پيو ڏيندو هو. عمر کي جڏهن اها سُڌ پيئي، تڏهن لشڪر وٺي، مارن تي ڪاهي ويو. مارو ته ڏُر وڃان اٿي پڳا. عمر جو چوڻ هو ته ”ڪيت سين، مارئيءَ کي آڌاري، نه رڳو پنهنجي حق ٻڌي زال سان ناحق ٿو ڪري، پر منهنجي به بدنامي ٿو ڪري.“ مارئيءَ جواب ڏنس ته ”جي اهڙي هلت نه هلين ها ته چو هئن شهرت ٿئي ها ۽ پنهنجو نالو ٻوڙين ها.“ عمر نهايت پشيمان ۽ شرمندو ٿيو. ڪيت سين کي گهرائي چيائين ته ”مارئي پنهنجي سيل تي قائم آهي ۽ مون ڪا به خيانت نه ڪئي آهي. جيڪا به منهنجي پريڪيا وٺندا تنهن لاءِ تيار آهيان.“ انهيءَ تي مارئيءَ چيو: ”جي پريڪيا وٺن ته منهنجي وٺن. من ايئن پاڻ تان ۽ پنهنجي ڪُل تان ٽڪو لاهيان.“ نيٺ اها ڳالهه بحال ٿي. هڪ وڏو مڇ تيار ڪرائي، ان ۾ هڪ سيخ وڌي ويئي. جڏهن اها تهبي ڳاڙهي ٿي، تڏهن مارئي ان کي هٿ ۾ جهلي بيٺي، پر کيس ڪا به لهس نه آئي. اهو اسرار ڏسي، عمر پاڻ کي روڪي نه سگهيو ۽ هو به آڱ ۾ ڪڍي ڪاهي پيو. قدرت الاهي، جو کيس به ڪو ضرر نه رسيو. هاڻ ماڻهن کي پنهني جي سچائيءَ جي پڪ ٿي ۽ مارئي ۽ ڪيت سين، حياتيءَ جا باقي ڏينهن محبت ۾ گهارڻ لڳا.

هن سر تي، ان جي مضمون (مطابق نالو رکيو ويو آهي). هن سر ۾ ملير مان مراد آهي: انسان جو اصلوڪو وطن يعني عرش. روح اُتي پاڪ هئا، پر دنيا ۾ اچڻ سان اچي حرص هوس جي قيد ۾ قابو ٿيا. عمر مان مراد آهي ڪميٽو نفس يا من، جو هر وقت انسان کي بدراه ڏانهن پيو آتاري ۽ گهلي. ڌڻيءَ جا عاشق ان جي دامن ۾ هرگز نه ٿا اڙجن. هو مارئيءَ وانگر هميشه پنهنجو اصلوڪو وطن پيا سارين ۽ ڪنهن به حرص ۾ نه ٿا ڦاسن. نفس به نيٺ سندن پچر ڇڏيو ڌڻي. مالڪ نيٺ مٿن مهر ڪري، وٽن ڪو رهبر ٿو موڪلي، جو اچيو سندن بند خلاص ڪري. جئن هڪ قاصد، مارئيءَ وٽ، ملير مان ڪهي آيو ۽ کيس ڪوٽ مان آڻو ڪري، مارن ڏانهن وٺي ويو، تنن مرشد ڪامل به طالب کي دنيا جي دامن مان آزاد ڪرائي، عرش تي رهندڙ عارفن جي صحبت ۾ وٺي ٿو وڃي. سچا عاشق، نوراني ملير ۾ وڃيو پنهنجي حبيب سان هڪ ٿين:

”ملير ماڻيائون، حڪم ساڻ حبيب جي.“

TUNE (SUR) MARVI

Marvi was daughter of Palni, a resident of Thar called a Thari villager or poor (Panhwaar), her mother's name was Madoee. A farmer namely Fog (Phog) used to work with them. Marvi became full woman (mature) with all attractive signs of youth. He started loving her because of her beauty and attractive body structure. One day he dared to ask for her relationship. Marvi was already betrothed to her relative Khet Seen. Therefore, Marvi's father refused him to do so. Fog (Phog) envied or got jealous. He also started thinking for taking revenge from them. At last he went to Umar Soomro who used to rule the Thar those days who was commonly known as a judicious man and doing justice with all the people but the praise of beauty of Marvi as told by Phog to him made him dishonest and inclined to get Marvi forcibly and take her to his palace at Amer Kot and make her his queen. On Phog's greedy words, "Oh king! This girl is Pari (Fairy) and deserves to live with you as your Queen but this sun like or a day light beautiful girl is living in poor huts of poor people or poor parents. Umar forgetting his status of judicious or kind ruler of the area, he along with Phog travelled to Marvi's village in Malir to take Marvi on his camel in a changed dress of a common man. His greedy and defiled or impure intention was to catch Marvi with some fraudulent trick and carry Marvi to Amer kot. Marvi as usual used to come to the well for water along with her some female friends but that day, She awoke late and came late to the well. Phog pointed out Umar at Marvi and he for sake of water to drink approached Marvi for some water. Marvi at first was afraid of this new man asking her for some water and made reluctance to do so but on the request of and willingness of her friends, just she went to Umar to give him water, he with great force or robust appearance caught her and sat her on his camel which he had sat it near the well. He thronged the camel and took the way to carry her at Amer kot where his mansion or palace was for living. Umar took Marvi in his palace and forced her to live

there. Every night he tried to offer her all perfumes and fragrant flowers, rich foods with meat and foods full of all fervours along with all syrups, silky and rich dresses were offered to enjoy her happy and rich days in the palace of the king or the ruler. But for this sacred and pure lady, hunger was more beneficial than the taste of all offered rich and delicious dishes and thirst was more safer than all syrups offered to her and the covered sheet of cloth of his parents she considered more attractive and peaceful than the offered rich and silky clothes to wear. Umar failed in his all offers which could not attract Marvi who was a child of sacred and pure poor people who did not keep any greediness or worldly attraction, greed and lust in their daily lives or life affairs. Umar became angry to see the rigid and greedless condition of Marvi and prisoned her consequently in his fort. He also thought for paining her and started troubles even to live or get her sighs of relief. At the other side, Marvi's parents remained silent and in peace as Umar was their ruler with much might or force and wealth. She (Marvi) a pure Thar born girl, simple, sacred and greedless lady, remembering her all parents, villages, huts wept and fell tears daily. Since she was brought to the palace of Umar, she neither washed, nor combed her hair and did not keep away the covered sheet cloth from her head and body. She neither ate meals nor took syrups or other waters offered to her by Umar. At last, such harrowing conditions of hunger, thirst, changing dirty and dusty clothes, applying not any perfumes, soap, cream and remaining without wash or cleaning her face, and whole body, made his health nearing death and she became so much weak and light, consequently she became unable to move and walk. One day in this weak condition she called Umar and admonished and advised him that in case of her death in his fort or prison, her dead body should be sent to Malir (her village) and buried there. Umar, to see her very critical health became ashamed off and felt sympathy and repented on his greedy and fraudulent action, he freed her and sent a message to her parents in Malir to take their child Marvi to them. Her parents became very happy to hear this and celebrated in their minds like the occasion of Eid (a

celebrating day). They reached to Amer Kot. Umar allowed Marvi to go with her parents to their village Malir and awarded them many gifts and prizes, presents and precious goods. The husband of Marvi Khet Sin felt some doubt in his mind and considered Marvi as spoilt lady so always he used cursive and abusive words for her. He also made comments and remarks for Umar also. When Umar knew this situation, then he along with soldiers attacked the people and parents of Marvi in Malir. The poor people were afraid to hear this attack of Umar and left their village. In Umar's views, the husband of Marvi Khet Sin was not only troubling his rightful wife but he was defaming him also by cursing him through his doubts and other abusive manners. On this Marvi replied Umar that, "if he had not done such unsacred activity and misdeed to get control and abduct a virgin sacred girl of a poor family of Malir village, he would not have earned curses and defamation from the poor people of Malir. Umar was very much ashamed to hear those words of high and pure senses of Marvi and repented over them again and again. He called Khet Sin and assured him of his purity, piety and nothing absurdity with Marvi. Marvi is as pure and sacred girl as she was first before her abduction. Her position of virginity is intact and she was not played any absurdity or degradation. Any test if they wanted to take from him, he became ready for it. On this Marvi answered and showed her desire to take her test for which she became ready to give to them so that in this way she could show her sacredness and piety. It was therefore planned to make a big fire flame and put in it an iron rod to make it red in heat. When the iron rod became red in heat, Marvi took it in her hands for some moments but Marvi remained safe and could not get any wound or injury. That scene of showing or testing purity encouraged Umar who also took the heated iron rod in his hands and nothing happened to him also. Now the people got assurance of the piety and sacredness of both Umar and Marvi and at last the Khet Sin and Marvi passed a happy and loveable life together with all charms and delights having no any doubt, curse and abusive sense for each other. This episode has been named after the whole abduction

story of the king or ruler Umar and a virgin sacred villager girl Marvi of Malir. In the episode, Marvi means Human being's original country i.e sky. All spirits were pure there but appearing on the earth, they were caught in greed and impure desires and ambitions. Umar means degraded creature and the breath, having self sensual desires which for ever attracts human beings for ill doings and misdeeds. God's lovers do not come or being caught in such activities. They always just as Marvi, remember their original destination or country or village or place of living and do not touch any lust. The sensual desires say good bye to them. God graces them with sending to them some perfect guide who guides them and takes them to right path of living. Just as a messenger from Malir arrived at Marvi and freed her from the fort prison of Umar and took her to her parents or poor people of Malir, so the perfect guide gets freedom for the aspirant lovers from the greediness of the world and takes them to the company of the pure and sacred people living in the sky. True lovers, meet their beloveds in the lightened sacred Malir:-

"They enjoyed Malir, with the orders of God Almighty or as ordained by God, they achieved and enjoyed Malir".

داستان پهريون

مارئيءَ جو مارن سان تڏهن کان نينهن ٿيو هو، جڏهن ڌڻيءَ روح خلقي، کائنات پڇيو هو ته ”ڇا، نه آهيان، مان اوهان جو رب؟“ جڏهن ڌڻيءَ ”ڪن“ چئي، هي کائنات خلقي هئي، تڏهن ئي مارئيءَ جي ملاقات، مارن سان ٿي هئي ۽ هن ساڻن وفائيءَ جو واعدو ڪيو هو. اڃا آدمي بت نه بنيو هو ۽ نه سج جي صورت هئي، نه ماه (چنڊ) جي صورت هئي، تڏهن مارئيءَ جي محبت ويڙهيچن سان ٿي هئي. مارئيءَ کي عمر سومري جون ڪوٺيون ۽ پيڙيون ڇا ڪنديون! سندس روح مارن وٽ پيو وسي ۽ کيس اها ئي اڪير آهي ته ملير پسان ۽ مارن سان ملان.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 1

Marvi's relationship started with Maru (People of Malir including her parents) since God had created souls and had asked them, "Am I not your Rab, the sustainer?" When God uttered

“Kun” and this universe was created, at that moment Marvi had contacted Maru (Poor people of Malir) and had also promised her sincerity and faithfulness with them. Yet Adam’s (Man) body was not structured and neither sun’s shine nor moon’s shape was there, that moment Marvi’s love and affection started. What will do to Marvi the palaces and Boats of Umar. Her soul is linked with her Maroo (People and parents of Malir) and that is only the longing to Marvi to see Malir and meet her Maroo (Poor parents living in Malir).

1

”اَلَسْتُ بِرَبِّكُمْ“، جڏهن ڪن پيوم،
 ”قالو بلي“ قلب سين، تڏهن ٿي چيوم،
 تنهين وير ڪيوم وڃن، ويڙهيڇن سين.

Am I not your Creator? When these words my ears heard, then and there with my heart I said: “Yes”. That moment I promised my relatives of my faithfulness, piety and truthfulness.

2

جڏهن ”ڪن فيڪون“، من تڏهانڪون مارئين،
 تون ڪئن وجهين ٿن ڪي، سومرا! شڪون؟
 هميرن هڪون، جاڙ جسي ڪي پاتيون!

When God ordained, “Be” and the universe (System) created, since then my heart is linked or attached with Maroo people (Poor people of Malir). Oh Umar Soomra! How you chain my body? Rich people (Umar) without reason or love or affection chains my body.

3

نڪا ڪن فيڪون هئي، نڪا مورت ماه،
 نڪا سڌ ثواب جي، نڪو غرض گناه،
 هڪائي هڪ هئي، وحدانيت وا،
 لڪيائين لطيف چئي، ات گجاندڙ گاه،
 اڪين ۽ ارواح، اها ساڃاء سپرين!

Yet God had not ordered for creation of the universe, and no shape or figure of moon was apparent (Yet moon was not created), no body knew about the good and bad or good deeds, even nothing was concerned or there was no concept of crime, yet only there was oneness of God, there Marvi knew the secrecy of universe. Oh dear! My eyes and heart have the same recognition or understanding.

4

”قَيْدَ الْمَاءِ“، تَيَوْمِ هِتِ اِڙانگي گهاريان،
هِنَاڪَ جِسْمِي وَالْفَوَادِ لَدَيْكُمْ، هِنِثُونِ هِتِ سِنْدُومِ،
قَادِرُ شَالِ كِنْدُومِ، مِيڙاڪو سِينِ مَارِئِينِ.

By fate, it is a prison of (water and corn or thirst and hunger). I here in prison pass difficult days and time. “My body is here but heart is at your side”. May God meet me with my Maroo (Poor parents and relatives of Malir) very soon.

5

جَهڙو قَيْدَ الْمَاءِ، تَهڙو بِنْدَ نہ ڪو ٻيو،
جَفِ الْقَلَمِ بِمَا هُوَ ڪَائِنُ، لَهِي نہ تَرِ تَاءِ،
عُمَرُ! تَو هُتَاءِ، اِجَائِي تَنِي اَجَرِينِ!

There is no any prison similar to the prison of (hunger and thirst) water and corn. Whatever was to be happened, the pen wrote it and dried”. There is not a little of a particle difference between them. Oh Umer! May the Maroo (Poor people and parents of Marvi in Malir) or shepherds of goats get salvation from your hands.

6

رِءِ اِعْرَابِيْنِ هِتِ، گَهَنگَهَرُ گَهَارُنُ مَوْنِ تِيوِ،
بَكَّتِ الْعِيَانِ فِي هَوَاڪَ دَمَا، پُجَانِ سَانِ پِرَتِ!
مَنْ، اَكِيوَنِ تَنِ تَتِ، جَتِي جَنْبُ جِيڏِيْنِ.

Without parents and relatives of Malir, I pass here very

troublesome days". In their longing both eyes wept blood tears". May I pass here the days of such faithfulness in love of my Maroo Parents. My heart, eyes and body is here (at you), but my heart is beating in Malir where my female friends got births there.

7

هي ھنڌ، ڀيڻيون ھان، ساڙيان سڀ ڏيھين ري،
ڪُل شيءِ يَرِجُ اِلَا اَصْلِه، ٿي جھڄان جھانگين ڪاڻ،
پري پنھنجي پاڻ، پسان مُلڪُ مَلير جو!

Without any relatives and countrymen I burn all these beds, palaces etc. "All things return to their pavilion or go back to their places or areas when they have got their births". I am longing and remembering my relatives in Malir. May I go back to my village or home and see my country Malir and cool down of my eyes.

داستان ٻيو

مارئيءَ وٽ ڪوٽ ۾ مارن وٽان ڪو اوڻي نياپو ڪڍي نه آيو آهي. جي سندس ڳوٺ مان ڪو پانڌي اچي ته ڪوٽ جا ڪنا گس سرها ٿي پون. تقدير کيس اُٿي امرڪوٽ ۾ اڙايو آهي. هوءِ عمر کي اِهاڻي التجا پيئي ڪري ته "اي حاڪم! مونکي ڇڏ ته مارن سان گڏ وڃي مال چاريان." سندس لوڻي ليڙون ٿي پيئي آهي. هوءِ ان کي سهسين سِبا ڏيئي، سڄو پيئي ڪري. هوءِ وارن کي نه ٿي واسي ۽ کيس اِها اُڪير آهي ته انهيءَ حال ۾ وڃي مارن سان ملان، متان هو اِئين چُون ته "لڄايءُ ٿر ڇايون."

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 2

No message has been received by Marvi in the Fort of Umar from any camel man. If any passenger/messenger comes from her village, the bad ways or paths of Kot (Fort) will emerge as fragrant and become pleasant source of sweet smelling. Nature has caught her or taken her to the Amer Kot (Fort) of Umar. She approached Umar and requested him, "Oh Ruler or King! Free me or allow me

to go to my Maroo (Malir people) so that she should graze their animals along with them in the desert of Thar". Her woollen blanket or covering sheet cloth has worn out. She tries to stitch it with thread in needle to make it alright or worth dressing it. She does not comb her hair or put oil or shampoo. She has great longing to meet her parents and poor people of Malir in the present plight or in very dirty condition, lest they should reproach her in the words of blame, doubts, shames and say, "I ashamed all women born in Thar".

1

نڪو اير نہ پيرُ، نڪو اوئي آيو،
مون وٽ آيو ڪون ڪو، پائڙان پري پير،
ڪتابتون ڪير، آئي ڏيندم ان جون؟

No any news man or carrier, no any passenger and not even any camel man (who brings message on the camel) has come. From my own brothers or relatives, no one has come. Who will bring their letters and chits containing account of their welfare?

2

اوئي! ڳوٺي آئيئن، ڪو هتي جو هٿ هير!
تہ ڪنا جي ڪوٽن جا، ٿين سُرها سير،
آءُ تہ اڪيئن اڳهان، جي پائڙ ڏنءُ پير،
الله لڳ لطيف چئي، لاءِ مَر تون اوير،
ڪوٺين ڳهاري ڪير؟ محلين مُنجهي مون هنئون.

Oh camel man! You may take a villager of Malir here the paths and ways of the Fort which have got bad smell and become dirty and dusty will be fragrant and full of sweet smell. You come to me so that your feet which might get dust of Malir while walking there barefoot, I may clean them with the tears of my eyes. For God's sake, you do not make any delay or be late to come here, who will live in the rooms of the palace or high and hard material built up building? In those mansions and palaces, my heart is unable to take easy breath.

3

جي اُمرُ هنيو اڏ ڪري، سي کاغذ لکان ڪيئن؟
 واڳيون جي وصال سين، تنين ڇاڙهي ڇيهن،
 رُٿان راتو ڏينهن، جئن ان جي وائي پر ور گهٽا.

How those pages may be written which the nature tears out (How the written things may be rubbished out). Nature has put on gallows to those who got connections or contacts, burns them in the fire of separation and being away from the beloveds or dear ones. I weep day and night because Maroo people (Perfect) have many tricks or, meanings and confusions in talking or speaking.

The threads of betrothal with Maroo man of Malir are like gold ornaments more costly than gold ornaments. Oh Umar! Do not offer me silken dress to the female shepherd of Malir (Marvi points at her). The simple blanket or sheet of cloth for covering head and body of which even given a thread to me by parents of it is great gift of God for me.

4

تَر تَر اندر ٿاڪ، عُمَر! ماروڙن جا،
 لاتائون لطيف ڇڻي، مٿان لوئيءَ لاک،
 عُمَر! ڪريو اک، پهريون ٿي پَن جَران.

Oh Umar! In each corner of Thar, there are sitting places of Maroo people. They have being unhappy or annoyed, they have taken out the colour lakh or sealing wax from their woolen blanket. Oh Umar! You should order me to decorate and dress the animals with all decorating material, graze them in the Thar desert or forest.

5

سَهسين سِبا ڪنجري، لوئي ليڙ ٿيام،
 آبائين جي آسري، ڪٽي کان ڪيام،
 جا ڍٽ ڍڪيام، تنهنجو، پرور! پَن رهائين!

My shirt is stitched with needle thread and my woolen

blanket has torn out. On the hope of meeting with my respected parents at their house, the weaved blanket I did not dress or cover. The blanket that I used to wear in Thar, may God protect its cover or reputation because you are the protector of repute.

6

سَهْسِين سِيْبَا ڪَنجُري، لوئي ليڙُون ليڙُ،
 واسي وار نہ ويڙهيان، مَرُ جُڳُون رَهِن چيڙُ،
 ماروءَ جي مُهاڙِ رءُ، اندرِ ناهِ اُڪيرُ،
 ههڙو حالُ، هَميرُ! وئي شالَ ويڙهه وِجان.

My shirt is stitched with thread of needle and the woolen blanket has torn out into pieces. Hair is not shampooed or perfumed and remain them entangled or confused. To see the face of Maroo is the only longing in the heart. Oh rich Soomra! May I return to my parents to my village (Jhang) in this condition of very confused and weakness.

7

سِبي، سِيْبَا ڏي، پوري نِينُهَن نہ ڪچوئي،
 ڪٽيءَ وڙيُون ڪُٽيون، سَتي سيڻي سي،
 مَچَن چُونم ڪي، تہ لَڄائيءَ ٿرَ ڄاڻيون!

The innocent (Marvi) stitches her shirt and wears it, but does not reduce or mitigate her faith and trust. This pure and pious, is stitching the torn into pieces sides of her blanket and says: "They may not blame me for having ashamed the Thar born girls".

داستان ٽيون

پنوهاريون، لاک رتايون لويون ٿيون پهرين ۽ مخملن ۽ بخملن، بافتن ۽ ايلاچين ڪي، انهن جي پيٽ ۾، ڪي ڪين ٿيون سمجهن. مارئيءَ لاءِ ارغچ ۽ عبير ڪا به قيمت نه ٿا رکن. ڏاڏائي لوئيءَ جي هر هڪ تند ڪي هوءَ ڪيميا ٿي سمجهي ۽ ماروءَ جا ڏنل سڳڙا،

سون برابر ٿي سمجھي. ماروڙن کي ڪراين ۾ ڪوڙا جوڙا پيل آهن، پر انهن تي هنن جو فخر آهي. ويچارن مارن کي مارئيءَ جي فراق ۾ خوشي ۽ خريد وسري ويئي آهي ۽ هو سندس سڪ ۾، ۽ عمر جي ستم کان شهيد ٿيا پيا آهن. مارئي، عمر جي محلن سان پڪن جي پریت نه ٿي مٽي ۽ ملير جي پٽ کي پاڪ ٿي سمجھي. ويچارا معصوم ۽ سباجها آهن ۽ عمر ناحق انهن کي ڏکيو آهي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 3

The female shepherd are dressing sealing wax woolen blankets and do not compare them with velvet and other soft cloth like silken cloth. For Marvi, no value for musk and other perfumes. She thinks a thread of her blanket cover worn her by her parents, a costly commodity and garlands given to her by them value them like golden garlands or necklaces. Maroo women wear artificial bangles in their wrists and arms, they feel pride on them. In the abduction and separation of Marvi, they have forgotten all happiness and any sort of purchase of goods. They in her longing and due to oppression of Umar, feel themselves as martyrs or dead. Marvi also does not compare Umar's palaces and splendid buildings with the simple huts and houses made of mud and straw. She considers the desert of Malir as pure and more honourable. They are very poor and helpless victimized by Umar without any reason of crime and might committed by them against him (Umar).

1

پَتولا پَنوهارِيون، مُور نہ مٽي ڪن،
جُه لاکَ رَتائون لوڻيون، تہ سا لُٺان سُونهن،
اُن اِيلا چنئُون اڳري، بَخِملَ بافتن،
سَڪَرِ پانئِيان، سَومرا! ڪَٿي کان گُهنبنَ،
جا ڏنيم ڏاڏائِن، سا لاهيندي لَڄ مَران.

The female shepherds of Malir, do not wear silken dresses when they colour their blankets with wax or gum, they look better and beautiful than woolen blankets. The blanket weaved from

wool is more costly, valuable, attractive and beautiful than the silken clothes and velvet worn by rich family women or ladies. Oh Umar! I consider my blanket which is very simple and cheap, as more costly and valuable and beautiful than the red dresses of kings family. The blanket given and worn me by my parents, if I take off from my head or body, it will be great dishonor and degradation for me and for my parents and Maroo (Poor people of Malir).

2

آزَمَ هَذِ مَرِ اَوْدِيَانِ، پَتُولَا، پَتِ چِيرَ،
پَانَدَوِثَا پَنِ دِيَانِ، اَرَغِچَ ۽ عَبِيرَ،
ماروءَ سِينِ شَلِ مَاتِيَانِ، كَثِيُونِ جَهَرِيُونِ كِيرَ!
اَنَدَرِ اُجِ اَكِيرَ، مونَ كِي پَرِينِ پَنُوهارِ جِي.

I shall never wear silken cloth (Armak) and silken rich dresses. I hate costly long cloth, head covering costly cloth and blue coloured soft dresses. May I go back home and enjoy wearing white and clean blankets and head covering sheets with my husband Khet Sin. In my heart, I feel thirsty to meet my beloved shepherd of Malir.

3

سُونِ بَرَابَرِ سَگَرِثَا، ماروءَ سَنَدَا مُونَ،
پَتُولَا پَنُوهارِ كِي، عُمَرَا اُچَ مَرِ تونَ،
وَرِ لَوِئِيءَ جِي لُونِ، ڏاڏائِنِ ڏَنِيَا مَرِ جا.

Betrothal threads of Maroo (parents) are equal to gold, Umar! Do not offer me silky dresses, as the blanket given by my grand parents is more sacred.

4

سُونِ بَرَابَرِ سَگَرِثَا، لُونِ لُونِ بَرَابَرِ لَڪَ،
رُپُو جَنهن رَدِ كِي، ڪوڙ تَنهينَ كِي ڪَڪُ،
مونَ ماروءَ جو مَڪُ، تيلَ نہ لائِيَانِ تَنهنَجُو.

Betrothal threads are equal to gold for me and a thread of

blanket or cover sheet is priced for one lac. Who refused silver is (a greedless man). For him crore rupees are like a straw. I have applied the betrothal oil of Maroo, I shall not apply your oil to my hair.

5

تيل نه لائڻيان تنهنجو، مون ماروءَ جو مَنُ،
ڪريان ٻي نه ڪن آهر انهيءَ آهيان.

I shall not apply your oil, my heart has applied oil of Maroo's love. No other word I want to hear or follow and live for him.

6

ڪراڻين ڪٽور جا، چورا ڪوڙا جن،
سو مرڪ ماروئڙن، جتان لوڪ لڄ ٿئي.

Those Maroo people who wear in their arms or wrests glass bangles, they are proud of them but for those other people should feel ashamed or degraded.

7

ڪارا ڪراڻين ۾، سون اسان کي سوءَ،
وڙ جيڏين سين، جوعَ، فاقو فرحت پئڻيان!

We have in our wrest black threads bound by parents and Maroo people and gold is sign of our mourning. With my female friends, hunger is a gift for me and in their company and gathering, to observe hunger is comfort for me or to remain hungry is relaxation for me.

8

اِي نه مارن ريت، جئن سين متائين سون تي،
اچي امرڪوٽ ۾، ڪنديس ڪان ڪريت،
پڪن جي پريت، ماڙيءَ سين نه مٿيان.

This is not the culture of Maroo to change their relatives in the greed of Gold coming in Amer Kot, I shall not lose my

character and commit any crime of misdeeds what love I have for the simple and cheap huts, it will not be changed for sake of achieving palaces and big buildings.

9

وَرُ سِي وَطَنِ جَائُون، صحرا سَتَرُ جَن!
 گولَڑا ۽ گُگريون، اوچن اباڻن،
 ويڙهيا گُهمن وَلِين، جهانگي منجهه جهنگن،
 مون کي ماروئڙن، سُجَ گُڻائي سِيحَ ۾.

My country's those girls are sacred and pure, whose cover and reputation is protected and preserved. My parents' cover is in Golara (Forest Fruit) and Gugriyoon (Gum trees), the forest living. Maroo people, are walking covering branches and leaves of bushes and plants. (Surrounding them are green branches of trees and bushes). Maroo people have given me poverty and hunger in place of pairs of clothes as dowry.

10

پَلَرُ پِيڻ، اوچن اُن، جن جا پير مٿي پت پاڪ،
 وَهَنُ وَراڪَن ۾، اُن جي اُجو کي اوطاق،
 پاڻ نہ پَسَن پاڻ کي، ويچارا بي باڪ،
 عُمَرُ! اوءِ نہ عاق، ڏکيا جَمَ ڏکوئين!

Whose feet are on clean plains and plots (who walk on the barren places or areas) they have rain water for drinking and for covering their bodies, they have skins of sheep. Their living place is under the clump of trees and they have no danger of their falling down or break up. They poor Maroos are fearless and forgotten their entities. Oh Umar! They are not disobedient people, lest you should rebuke or oppress them more.

11

جا عُمَرُ! تو مل عيد، ساسانُ سوءَ ورتي، سومرا!
 ويئي ويچارن وسري، خوشي ۽ خريد،
 سِڪَنُ ڪيا شهيد، مارو جي مَليرَ جا.

Oh Umar Soomra! Which Eid you celebrate, we consider it as mourning. Maroo poor people, have forgotten ever enjoyment and purchase for Eid. Malir poor people have been killed or martyred to abduct me forcibly without their consent or news.

داستان چوٽون

مارئي پنهنجا اڻيا وار سڻيا نه ٿي ڪري، بلڪ انهن کي ڏوئي به نه ٿي. کيس ويڙهيچن جي ٿي تات لڳي پيئي آهي. هوءَ محلن ۾ ماندي آهي ۽ سندس منهن مڪول آهي ۽ سارو ڪوڏ ۽ ڪپور رلهي ويو اٿس. هوءَ ملير ڏانهن منهن ڪيو، هنجون پيئي هاري ۽ عمر کي ائين ئي پيئي چوي ته ”اي حاڪم! تنهنجن سھنجن کي مان سُوريءَ برابر ٿي سمجھان، ۽ زوريءَ تنهنجي جوءَ نه ٿينديس.“ کيس ڪوئين ڪٺو آهي ۽ سندس هنيون جهروڪن جهوريو آهي. سندس قلب ۾ مارن جي محبت جون هزارين ميخون لڳل آهن.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 4

Marvi did not make her dry hair oily but she does not even wash them. She has only anxiety or longing for her relatives Maroo people of Malir. She is distressed even in mansions and palaces and her face is very tired, sick, anxious, dejected, weary and sad so much so that her every attraction has disappeared and invisible.

She looking at Malir, weeping tears and saying to Umar, “Oh ruler or King! I consider all your comforts and luxuries as gallows and suicide and with your force I cannot be your wife or I cannot accept to marry with you and remain to live with you as your wife or a family member or life companion”. She has been killed by your rooms and buildings and heart has been disheartened by windows of the building. In her heart many nails of love of Maroo have stuck and pinned.

1

ميندا ڌوءَ نه مارئي، پييس پنوها ريون ڇٽ،
 راج رُٿاري، هنجون هاري، هيءَ هُتي جي هٽ،
 آهس پائڙ پار جو، ڪڇڻ ۽ ڪ پٽ،
 وينگس ويڙهي ڇڻ رءُ، مَس سُٽي ڪا مَت،
 سومرا! سَپت ڪَر، تہ ڪوٽيان نڪري.

Marvi is not washing her hair, she has remembered her friends women and relatives. She belonging to (Malir) is weeping tears in the fort of Umar and in their longing she makes weeping also all others belonging to the villages of Maroo people. She has great anxiety and inclination and affection of Thar. This pious and sacred lady does not hear other things except the welfare accounts of Maroo people. Oh Umar Soomra! Show your truthfulness and sincerity so that Marvi should be out from your fort.

2

محلين ماندي مارئي، ڏٺير مُنهن مَلور،
 اڻيا سڻيا نه ڪري، سونهن وِجائيس سور،
 پيس لوءَ، لَطيف ڇئي، لَٽس ڪوڏ، ڪَپور،
 ڇٽ جنين جا چور، سي مڪي، مُرڪ نه ڪَنديون.

Marvi was seen very sad and worried in palaces and in face she looked dejected and pained. She does not apply oil to her dry hair. The pain of her separation from her relatives Maroo has destroyed all her attraction and beauty. She has been nailed in chains and all her sweet smells and fragrance have changed into ugly and dirty position. Whose hearts and brains are in disorder condition, they will never apply oil into their hair and body and cannot enjoy endearment and any fondness.

3

ڪَريو مهاڙ مَلير ڏي، روءِ اُپي چوءِ،
 ”سُهڃ سوري پانئيان، سومرا! سندوءِ،

ملڪَ ماروءَ جي آهيان، جوڙ نه ٿيان جوءُ،
سو ڦلڻ ڪوٺ نه هوءَ، جو هُتي ڇڻ هُت ڪيو.

Facing to Malir, Malir stands weeping: "Oh Soomra!" Your comforts (Luxuries) I consider them as gallows, I am wealth of Maroo people of Malir". Forcibly, I am not ready to be your wife". That heart will not be controlled in the fort which has already been controlled there (Malir People i.e. Maroo).

4

بَندي ٻيا قرار، اسين لوڇون لوه ۾،
مَٽي تَن تَرار، سَدا سانڀيڙن جي.

Other prisoners are at rest whereas we are distressed in chains. Over our body, there is hanging a sword of longing of love of (Maroo people of Malir).

5

لنگڙياري لوه ۾، جنين لئه ٿياس،
تنين تر جيترو، بلڪ نه پڇياس،
جھروڪن جهوري هڻون، ڪوئين آءُ ڪُنڀياس،
مارن منجه مڀاس، نات ماڙين ماريس ڪين ڪي.

For whom in this world I am wearing pieces of clothes, they have asked about my plight nothing (a small kind of matter or question). The palaces have injured my heart and windows of rooms have killed me. I am killed by the worries and pains of Maroo people of Malir otherwise mansions/palaces of Umar have not harmed or distressed me.

6

جي ويجهي ٿيان وَر ڪي، ته سڀاڳور سنئون،
نِت نِت آه نئون، مون ڪي پسن پهنوارن جو.

If I may be near to my husband, it will be termed as my good fortune and luck. To see my relatives shepherds (Maroo people)

everyday will be new sight for me.

7

آءُ ڪيئن ڇڏيان، سومرا! تن پنوهارن پچار؟
جڙ جنين جي جان ۾، لڳي رءُ لهار،
ميخون مُحبت سَنديون، هنڙي منجهه هزار،
پَڪا ۽ پنوهار، ڏني مون ڏينهن ٿيا!

Oh Soomra! How should I avoid remembrance and care of those shepherds (Poor people of Malir) whose chain of love in my heart or body has been nailed without the help of any ironsmith. In my heart, many thousands of arrows of their love are stuck or stroked. The huts and the shepherds I have seen in the past long time and a long time has passed I am longing to see them again (Insha' Allah).

داستان پنجون

مارئيءَ، عمر جي محلن ۾ پنهنجو حسن ۽ جمال وڃائي ڇڏيو آهي. سندس منهن ميو آهي ۽ دل ۾ درد جي دونهي پيئي ڏکيس. مارن وٽ سواءِ اخلاقي سونهن جي، ٻيو ڪي ڪين ٿو اگهي. هوءَ ڪهڙي منهن سان ملير ۾ ويندي ۽ مارن جي سامهون ٿيندي! مارو منهن موچارا آهن ۽ مارئيءَ جي موچارائيءَ ۾ ڪاڻ پيئي آهي. هوءَ هاڻ مارن وٽ ڪيئن قبول پوندي؟ ملير ۾ سواءِ حسن جي هلڻ ناهي. عرش ۾ به حقيقي سهڻن اڳيان، اُهي نٿا وڃي سگهن. جن هن جهان ۾ پنهنجو اخلاقي جمال کوهيو آهي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 5

Marvi has lost her beauty and attraction in the palaces of Umar. Her face has been dirty and in her heart, slight smoking fire of pain is blazing. To her relatives, except the beauty of her character, nothing is acceptable. With what reputation and status, she will go to Malir and will see the face of her Maroo people. Maroo are very simple and poor people but Marvi has got

degradation in their reputation and simplicity. Now how will she be accepted by them? In Malir, without character, there is no source of living culture. In the sky also, those people who have lost their beauty of character in this world cannot go to the natural dignified people.

1

سُونَهَن وَجَايَمِر سَوْمَرَا! مَارُو مَسَ مَچِينِ،
دُنْگَا ڏَاڏِي پَوَتِيِين، ڪَن ڏنا، ڪي ڏين،
جي مان لوہ لاهين، تہ ڪوئن ۾ ڪين هُئان.

Oh Soomra! I have lost my beauty of character for the reason you have abducted me and taken in these your palaces. Now, Maroo will accept me with great difficulty (In the eyes of them I am degraded woman). From my female cousins, many have reproached me and some are continuing to reproach me. (If you take off chains from me, I shall be free and do not remain there. Chains mean worldly troubles, fort (Kot) means the world.

2

سُونَهَن وَجَايَمِر سَوْمَرَا! مِيرو منهن ٿيوم،
وڃڻ ٿي پيوم، جت هلڻ ناهِ حُسنَ ري.

Oh Soomra! I have lost my beauty and reputation and my features have dirty look. I have to go to such place (that area or country) where without beauty of (character purity), it is difficult and hard to walk and live with them.

3

سُونَهَن وَجَايَمِر، سَوْمَرَا! ٿينديَسَ ڪئن قبول؟
ڪونهي سُهڳ، نہ سُول، پُوچي مُنهن پنوهار سين.

Oh Soomra! Coming here, I have lost my beauty of character and reputation. How I shall be acceptable to Maroo relatives? (They will not accept me considering me as a degraded and un-reputable woman. With this dirty and ugly face, I cannot enjoy the

company and contact of my husband (Khetsin). (Khet means Perfect guide or Murshid).

4

تِن مُنهن موچارا مارئين، ملير جنين ماڳ،
ناقص نوازي گهڻا، سندو تن سپاڳ،
اڱن مون اڀاڳ، حُسن تي هيئن ٿيو!

The faces of those Maroo people are shining and pure, whose living place is Malir. Their fortunes or good lucks favour many sinful and un-reputable people. (Here perfect guides have been pointed out whose pure and sacred company, makes the people from a stone to diamond). It is misfortune for me that my beauty has destroyed and harmed

5

ڪونهي قادرُ ڪو ٻيو، اُنين جو اڀاڳ،
قُل لَن نَصِينا اِلَّا مَا كَتَبَ اللّٰهُ، اِي مُعَذَرَتَ ماڳ،
سيوئي سپاڳ، مارئيءَ مُساوي ٿيو.

Excepting Allah (God), there is no strong thing or entity or personality. Ill luck is his own (means as you sow, so shall you reap or misdeeds done by one being ill luck for him).

"Say that no trouble comes except God has written in his fate". This is the only reason or way. For Marvi every fate or fortune, luck or ill luck is alike or universal or balanced or equally apparent, written or given by God.

داستان چھون

مارئي جهڙي امرڪوٽ ۾ آئي، تهڙي جي ملير موٽي وڃي ته ٿر ۾ جڻ لالائيءَ جا مندائتا مينهن وسي وڃن. هوءَ جُمي، مارن لاءِ گهنگر ثابت ٿي آهي. تنهن کان نه چمي ها يا چمندي ئي مري وڃي ها ته نه پاڻ ڪاٺياري ٿئي ها، نه ماروئڙا ئي فڪر ۾ پون ها. هوءَ عمر کي اها ئي التجا پيئي ڪري ته مون کي سيل پيڇڻ جي مت نه ڏي ڇو ته مون کي

موٽي ملير ويڻو آهي. جي بند ۾ مري وڃان ته منهنجي مڙه تي ٿر جي ٿڌي مٽي وسائج ۽ ان کي ٿر جي ولين جو واس ڏيئي ملير ۾ دفنائج. ”ويچاري ٿر ڄائي، زنجيرن ۽ پيڙين ۾ اچي جڪڙي آهي ۽ مارن لاءِ گُجُ ڳاريندي بند ۾ ڏينهن پيئي گهاري.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 6

Marvi just as came to Amer Kot, in similar condition she goes or returns to Malir, surely in Thar the Monsoon reddish happy rains would fall. She got birth there and proved very hard for Maroo people. So she should not have born or died at the time of her birth so that neither she herself would have been degraded nor Maroo people would have suffered very worrisome days. She requests Umar that her seal should not be broken or wounded because she has to return to Malir and live with them or with her husband Khet Sin. If she dies in the Fort, her dead body should be showered with the cold dust with the fragrance of the branches of flowers and then buried there in Malir. Poor Thar born girl has been fastened in chains and handcuffs weeping tears for Maroo people and passing days of her life in the fort (Kot).

1

جهڙي آيس جيئن، جي تهڙي وڃان تن ڏي،
ت لالائيءَ جا، لطيف چڻي، ڪر مُندن انا مينهن،
ماڙيءَ لڳم مهڻو، سڀ ڄمارنڌر سيئن،
تيس ڪاٿياري ڪانڌ جي، هتي اچي هيئن،
ڪنڌ ڪنڌيس ڪيئن، منهن ماروئڙن جي؟

Just as sacred and pious, I was brought here, in the same plight and position, I should go back to Maroo people, then there would their faces in happiness shine and fall reddish monsoon rains. (All Maroo people would be happy and flourish). For the whole life, I have been reproached of the palace of Umer. Here in the eyes of my husband, I have been blamed as wrong doer. In the straw huts of Maroo people, how I would raise my head or feel shy before all my family members and relatives of Malir.

2

هڪ جئن نہ ڄاياس، ٻيو ڄاڻندي جي مَران!
گھنگھڙ گھڻو ٿياس، ڇاپي، ماروئڙن جي!

At the outset, I should not have born or got birth and secondly, at the time of birth I would have died! When I got birth, I became the cause of distress, perplexity and blame for my Maroo people.

3

سِلَ پَڇَنَ جي، سومرا! مون کي مَتِ مَر آڇج، مير!
ٿورين گھڻين ڏينھڙين، وينديس هُت، همير!
مَڇَنَ منجه مَلير، ڪنڌ مٿانهون نہ ڪٿان.

Oh Soomra Ruler! Do not compel me to break my piety or touch me for doing intercourse. Oh Rich! I shall be back or return to Malir after few or many days. So I could not raise my head or feel shy before them.

4

مَر سَپني مارئي! مُئي! مَر ڄائي!
جنهن اُچي اَمَرَڪوٽ ۾، لوئي لَڄائي!
جاسانگين سيڏائي، سا ڪين مَرڪي ماڙين!

May Marvi not have born! May she die at the birth! May not have born! Who ashamed her woolen cover sheet in Amer Kot. (She got blames and got spots on her piety or honour). Who is sacrificed on Maroo people or Sangi people, will not feel relaxation, comfort or easiness or luxury or lust or pride to live in palaces of the king or a ruler.

5

آلا! ائِن مَر هوءَ، جئن اَنءُ مَران بند ۾!
جُسُو زنجيرن ۾، راتو ڏينھان روءَ،
ٻھرين وڃان لوءَ، پوءِ مَر پُڄنر ڏينھڙا.

Oh God! May it not be that I die in the prison! My body

should be fastened in iron chains and I may weep day and night. First I should visit and see my country or village, then my days may be ended or finished.

6

آئون ٻندياڻي بند ۾، ڪي پيس بند؟
 منهنين لڳو مهڻو، ڪي منهنين ڪڙو ڪندا؟
 مران جي هن هنڌ، ته نجانءِ مٿس ملير ڏي.

I am prisoned here due to my crime committed by me or am I in prison without any crime I committed? Am I only that whom (Blame of characterlessness) has been imposed? And am I that whom an iron camel's collar in the neck has been worn? Oh Umar! If I here in this prison die, my dead body may be taken to Malir.

7

واجهائي وڻن ڪي، ساري، ڏيان ساه،
 بُت منهنجو بند ۾، قيد مر ڪريجا،
 پر ڏيهياڻي پرينءَ ري، ڌار مر ڌريجا،
 ٿڌي وساڻجانءِ ٿرن جي، مٽي مٽيءَ مٿا،
 جي پويون ٿئي پسا، ته نجانءِ مڙه ملير ڏي.

In longing and remembering for my country or village, I lose my breath, then my dead body should not be prisoned in the jail. This outsider belonging to other country (Marvi pointed out to herself) should not be kept away or separated from my dear husband (Khet Sin). Over this dead (on my dead body) throw cold sand of Thar. If my breath is lost, then my dead body should be taken or carried to Malir.

8

واجهائي وڻن ڪي، ساري ڏيان ساه،
 هيءُ سر ساڙيهه سامهون، منهنجو نچ، ميان!
 مقامياڻي مارئين، وڃي ٿر ٿيان!
 مياڻي جيان، جي وڃي مڙه ملير ڏي.

In longing and remembering my country, I lose my breath, then Oh King! This my head or body take to my country Malir. (My dead body may be sent to Malir). May I get buried in Thar along with other Maroo people. If my dead body is sent to Malir, I shall be dead but considered myself alive.

9

واجهائي وطن کي، آئون جي هٿ مٿاس،
گور منهنجي، سومرا! کڄ پنوهاڙن پاس،
ڏج ڏاڏائي ڏيهه جي، منجهان ولڙين واس،
مٿائي جياس، جي وڃي مڙه مليڙ ڏي.

Remembering and longing for my country, if I die here, Oh Soomra! My grave should be dug at Maroo people. I should smell the sweet smell of branches of flowers or bushes. If my dead body is sent to Malir, I shall think it not dead but alive.

10

گچيءَ ڳانا لوه جا، زيرئون ۽ زنجير،
پيڪڙا پيرن ۾، ڪوئيئن اندر ڪير،
چاري چوگانن ۾، واهيت ڪن وزير،
چن نه چجي آهيان، اهڙيءَ ست سرير،
مارو جام مليڙ! پڇج پنوهاڙ کي.

In neck, there are iron rings and below chains in the feet with iron cuffs. In the rooms iron rods and wooden sticks have been fixed. In the court yards guards and investigating staff including ministers are making rounds and watching. In this manner, in the room fastened with chains, I am not happy or feel comfort. Oh Maroo tribe rich people of Malir, you come and take care of this Maroo shepherd lady.

11

زيرين ٻيڙين لوه ۾، ڳتن ڪيس ڳاه،
سنڪي سنڌي سومري، هڏ نه چاڙهيم ماه،
سرتيون! دغا ڪجاه، ته ڀڙم ڀاروڙيءَ رهي!

Iron cuffs and chains of doors have feeble and made her weak (to Marvi). Marvi says, "Umar Soomro feels I have been very weak and no meat or flesh has increased rather due to hungers only bones are seen". (I have remained only bones). Oh my girlfriends, "Pray for my reputation and honour also".

12

پَر مُرُ پاروڙي رهي، جنهن ۾ اچي اُن!
 تہ پڻ ويئي ونديان، توڙي پُونس تَن،
 غافل رُڪُ غريب کي عمر! منجهه اُمَن،
 سَر تين ساڻ سُمَن، اَهر اُني مينهري.

May the honor of woolen blanket save or remain safe which is woven from the white wool. If it has got holes or torn out, I shall try to make it safe with stitching and sewing its holes. Oh Umar! Protect and keep this innocent safe and pious (Her honour and reputation may be safe) and I have promised to meet my friends in the rain (in monsoon season).

داستان ستون

مينهن جي مُند آئي آهي. پنوهارن جي منهن تي مرڪ آهي. مارئي، مارن ۽ سندن پُڪن پر اڏيل پڪن ۽ مال ۽ اُن جي ڦرن کي پيئي ساري. ٿر ۾ ريڍائي مال جي ڪنڌري ان مان خاصيون ڪٽيون ٿيون جڙن. ماروڙا، ساڻون، لنڊ ڏونر چونڊيو، اُن تي گذر ٿا ڪن. هنن وٽ هميشه سُڪار آهي. هُو ڪٽيءَ ويڙهيل آهن ۽ پگهر ۽ مٽيءَ ۾ ٻڌل، پر نهايت سڪيا ۽ سَپتيا آهن. ٿر ۾ نه ڍل، نه جهل ڀل. عمر، مارئيءَ کي نون محلن ۽ ماڙين جالب ٿو ڏئي، پر هن ستياڻيءَ جو ساه، مارن سان سنهي سئيءَ سان سبيل آهي. سندس ساه پڪن ۾ آهي بت ڪوٽ ۾.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 7

It is rainy season. There is happiness on the faces of

Panwhars (shepherds of Malir). Marvi remembers Maroo people, their huts built up near heaps of sand, animals and their small children or cubs. In Thar, the wool of sheep from which useful blankets and course woolen cloth is weaved. Maroo people soon (green grass, Lamb (kind of grass) and Daonra (a small fruit type berry) are collected and use them as their daily food. They are always rich in food items. They wear woolen course cloth and also become wet in perspiration and dust but very much happy and fortunate. In Thar there is no kind of Tax and no control but freedom of every thing to collect from the trees and crops sown in the desert of Thar. Umar offers Marvi new palaces and buildings but her breath is sewn with a little and small needle with her Maroo people as pious as she herself. Her breath is in huts but her body is in the fort (Kot).

1

پنوهارن پاڻوهيو، وريا واهندا،
ساريم سين، سيد چئي، گاڏليون گندا،
پئن پير هندا، پنگا پتر پتار جا.

Bihari Aairs have restarted. Shepherds are happy and laugh is on their faces. I now have remembered my dear ones, says Syed animals sitting places and their cubs also. My husband's huts might be near places of the desert at present.

2

پنوهارن پاڻوهيو، وس واهندن،
لٽو سي، لطيف چئي، ٻڌو ڦڻ ڦرن،
اوڙ ٿا ڪورن ڪنڌري، سرتيون! مٿان سسن،
عمر! ان اگندري، پاسي ڪانڌ ڪتن،
پائر ڏنيون پنيون، ننڍن نوراپن،
ڪائر ڪتيون خاصيون، اوچيون اُت اُجن،
ڪڍيو پين ڪهن: ”ملير گهر جي مارئي!“

Rain of spring has started and shepherds are happily

laughing. Now, every worry has reduced from them and the four legged animals cubs foot have been strongly firm. Oh friend! They (Maroo) are cutting soft wool from their backs. Oh Umar! They (Maroo) sitting near their husbands without any worry are cutting wool. In Thar milking cubs have also grown wool on their bacs. In Thar, the best and long blankets are being weaved. Maroo women have got liquid rice (for applying to their woolen blankets and say: "Marvi is needed to Malir".

3

اٿينَ کي ڇاڙهينَ، ڏٺَ ڏيهائي، سومرا!
سٿا کيو، سَيدَ چئي، سائون سڪائين،
منجهان لنبَ، لطيف چئي، جائرَ کيو ڇاڙهين،
پلاءِ نہ پاڙين، عُمَر! آراڙيءَ سين.

Oh Soomra! Maroo People Or People Of Thar collect daily (The grain and the fruit of forest) and eat and live on them. They dry up the abundant stalks of forest grass. They extract rice from the Lamb grass and cook them. Oh Umar! They do not consider equal the (grass of white flowers) to your cherished dish of rice, meat and species (*Pulao*).

4

تن وَنهيَنَ ويڙيجَن ۾، سدائين سڪارُ،
چنڊيو، آڻيو ڇاڙهيون، سَندو ڏونرن ڏارُ،
جن جو ويڙين سين واپار، سي ڏوٽي هون نہ ڏهرا.

These prosperous relatives have always prosperity. We collect *Daonra* (fruit of forest tree) cook and eat. The relatives whose concern is with the forest, they cannot be poor or resourceless.

5

ٿوري قوتَ قراريا، رهن سَهَرَ ستِ،
گتيءَ ۾ ڪهه پڪليا، پوئڻ اهڙيءَ پَتِ،
پنوهاڙڪي پَتِ، پيهي پُچ مَلير ۾.

They are satisfied with less food and always remain healthy and strong. They remain covered with woolen blanket and mixed in the dust, walk here and there. You examine or observe reputation and honour of Pahnwars (Shepherds) in Malir.

6

نَڪا جَهل نہ پَل، نَڪو رائِرُ ذِيہِ ۾،
اَٿيو وَجَہنِ آہرين، روڙيو رتا گُل،
مارو پاڻ اَڪُل، مَلِرون مَرڪَڻو.

In Thar country, there is neither restriction nor tax. Maroo people scratch red flowers from the branches of trees and put in the eating places/ jar of their animals for eating. Maroo people themselves are precious and invaluable. Their Malir is splendid and ever shining country or area.

7

مَتَن تِبَڪ تِبَڪَڙا، چڪندڙا اچن،
گُڙيون ڪِيه پَڪَلِيُون، پَگَهرُ سِر پيرن،
اي وڙ ويڙهيچن، مون لوڏان ئي لَڪيا.

On their head are big and small open baskets made of twigs and they perspire due to heat of the day. Their heels are dirty with the dust of the way or while walking and their feet are wet in perspiring. These are signs of my Maroo relatives of Malir and I recognize them from their movement while walking and coming here and there.

8

دَر دَرَوازا، دريون، هاڻي هتي هو،
ڪوڙين اڏيان ڪيترا، تَنبُو مَتان تو،
جي مُل نہ آيا، مارئي! تَنِين رڙ مَرُو،
ڪُوڪُڻ آهي ڪو، پسيءَ پَنوهارن ۾.

Umar tries to attract Marvi and says, “now here for you, the doors and windows of the palace or mansion are constructed or

added to and over you, tents may be erected. Oh Marvi! If your Maroo relatives do not come absolutely, then do not cry or roar for them. Passing lives on the rain water shepherds have happened some wrong or any mishaps, so they do not come to or visit to see or meet you or ask your account of welfare or your plight.

9

سَنَهِيءُ سُنِّيءُ سَبِيو، مون مارُون سين سا،
ويني ساريان، سومرا! گولاڙا ۽ گا،
هنئون منهنجو هُت ٿيو، هِت مِتي ۽ ما،
پَڪَن منجهه پسا، قَالِبُ آهي ڪوٽ ۾.

Marvi says, "My spirit is sewn with a thin needle of love and dearness or faith and sincerity. Oh Umar Soomra! I remember *golara* and grass. My heart and mind is there (in Malir) and here (in palace) is my statue or body of structure and meat only. My breath is in huts and body or physique in Fort (Kot)".

10

سَنَهِيءُ سُنِّيءُ سَبِيو، مون ماروءَ سين مَنُ،
هَٽِي گَن جَلَمَ جا، تَهَ وَڌائين تَنُ،
ڪئن ٽوپايان ڪَنُ، آبائي اِبرَ ري؟

My heart or mind is sewn or stitched with a thin needle of my love with Maroo people. He stitched me of the humbleness and politeness, my body or all organs have been closed in covers, layers, folds, surfaces etc. like (cotton). Without the parental needle, how I shall get stitch my ears (to wear ear rings and other ornaments?).

11

پاڇاھي نہ پاڙيان، سرتيون! سُنِّيءُ ساڻ،
ڍڪي اُگهاڙن ڪي، ڪين ڍڪيائين پاڻ!
بيھَر جاپي جاڻ، اِبرَ جي اوصاف ڪي!

Oh my friends! I do not match kingdom with the qualities of the needle. It covers with the clothes the naked people but it does

not cover itself. You get second birth (before death , you may die and again be alive) to know or to measure the qualities and all characteristics of that needle.



داستان ائون

مارئيءَ جي مَن ۾ هر دم ماروڙا پيا وسن. هوءَ سانپيرن ۽ ساڻيهن کي ساري، نيٺ مري ويندي. پنوهارن پنهنجا پکا ”ناه“ ۾ اڏيا آهن. هُو پاڻ وساري، پيا گذران ڪن. جتي مينهن وسي، تتي هو وڃي وڃي وڃي نڪرن. ٿر ۾ آسڻ جو ڏڌو لوڙڻ جا آواز پيا ٻرن ۽ ٿاريليون ڪوه تان پاڻي سنجڻ ٿيون وڃن. ويسرين کي وارو ملي ئي ڪو نه. مارئيءَ اُوڀر ڪئي ته ڪوه تان ڪڇي ويئي. ٿر جون زالون، پاتار مان پاڻي ڪڍندي، ڪوڏ مان ڪيهون ڪنديون آهن. افسوس جو عمر جي ڪُپت کان پوءِ، مارئي جي سرتين سنجڻ ڇڏي ڏنو آهي ۽ سنگهارن ڪوه تان سٿائون ئي ڪڍي ڇڏيون آهن.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 8

In the mind of Marvi, always Maroo people are living or habiting. She will die remembering Maroo or her parents and the country or her village or living place. Why shepherds erected or constructed their huts there? They forgetting themselves pass the days of life. Where the rain is raining, there they make their habitation. In Thar in early morning or in the last part of the night, the voices of churning milk for *lasi* or curd (whey and butter, yogurt etc.) are heard. The women and girls of Thar (Thareliyoon) go for water from the nearby wells dug for water. The late comers get no turn to take water from the well. Marvi made late so she was abducted by Umar. The Thari women or girls when draw water by ropes from the bottom of the well, they collectively make voice of cries or show their force of taking water in happiness and enjoyment. Alas! Or it is very sad that after Umar cunningly abducted Marvi from the well, the friends of Marvi have stopped taking water from the well and Maroo people have taken away all

ropes and other material for taking water from there feeling that the same event of their un-reputation may not occur or take place.

1

چُرَن چُڻڪَن چَتَ ۾، وساريان، ڪين وري!
ڪَنان عَهْدَ اَلسَتَ جي، ڪَ تَهائين پري،
”لَم يَلِد وَلَمْ يُولَد“، مارئي ڪوہ ڪري؟
اُجُ ڪَ ڪالھ مَري، ساري سانپيڙن ڪي!

They are moving and inhabiting in my heart. If I want to forget them, nothing will be achieved or got from it (They are not forgotten from my mind). They, since the promise of Allah (Am I not your God?) have been living in my heart or before that. "God is neither giving birth nor He has been got born by anyone". What Marvi should do? (My beloved is God). She remembering her relatives, will die today or tomorrow.

2

چُرَن، چُڻڪَن چَتَ ۾، وساريان، ڪين وري!
جَن ٿي پَيَ پياريو، مَنجھان سِڪَ سَري،
وَنهين ويڙهيچَن جي، ستائين سَري،
تَرَن تَوڪَ ڌري، اُئي ويڙا اُڪري.

They move and live in my heart. If I try to forget them, neither I get any thing nor live or pass the days. They have from the fountain of longing and love, drank me milk and whey or curd. She lives or passes life by remembering happy and prosperous Maroo relatives and their huts. They have left outside in the rainy season leaving their places and all material and baggage there.

3

چُرَن، چُڻڪَن چَتَ ۾، وساريان، ڪين ورن،
لَيسَ ڪَمِثَلِ شَيءِ، پَسَنُ ناهِ پَرين!
پَڪا پَنوهارَن، نيئي اڏيا ناهِ ۾.

They are moving and living in my heart. How I shall forget my beloveds? (Marvi respectfully about her husband talk in plurality). Nothing is like her husband or (God). Alas! I cannot see my such beloveds. Shepherds have erected or constructed their huts in the barren places or area.

4

چُرَن، چُڻڪَن چِت ۾، رهيا اندر روخ،
اُني وِڙا اُڪري، مارو مٿي موءُ،
ويرون ولوڙن جون، ساريان گهڻو صبح،
وَر سي ڪارا ڪو، سنجير جي ساڙيءَ جا!

They are living and moving in my heart and always attaching with my spirit. In the rainy season, Maroo people have gone to grounds or deserts (Sawan or summer grounds). In the early morning, the times of churning whey and curd from the spoilt milk are remembered by me. Those salty wells are blessing for the Thar country people, from which I used to draw water with the help of ropes and small leather bags.

5

بِير ڪنڀائون بَر ۾، پياريَن پَهون،
سنجن سائيڪن تي، وڏيءَ وِڙ وَهون،
پايو جَرُ جُنڊَن ۾، ڪوڏان ڪَن ڪَهون،
ڏينهان ڏينهن نئون، مون کي وره وِڙهيچن جو.

They dug wells in the grounds of the desert and drank water to their goats and sheep. From sixty parah deep (300 feet deep) wells, women or girls go and take water from them in the early morning. They fill their leather bags with water from them in the early morning. They fill their leather bags with the water, are crying and making plays of happiness. I have ever fresh love for Maroo people.

6

آڌيءَ اُٿن تي، جيلان پاڻي پاتار ۾،
 وارو ويسرڻن کي، ڏينهان ڪو نه ڏئي،
 مون ڪميٽيءَ کي، مٿان ڪوھ ڪڍي ويا!

They (Maroo women or Marooariyoon) get up at the midnight because the water is available in the bottom of the well. In the day time, lazy or late awakening ladies cannot get turn to draw water from the well. (in the day men and animals rush and create difficulty for women or girls of Thar). I (the feeble and an unfortunate girl) was forcibly abducted from the well.

7

سرتين سنجڻ ڇڏيو، ستين ڳالهه سئي،
 ماريچي ماڙين ۾، ڪڏهن ڪان هئي،
 عمر! ان نه مئي، ان اوياليان اڳهين!

Friends have abandoned to take water from the wells, because they pious ladies heard about the abduction of Marvi from the well. No any Thari woman lived or stayed in the multi storied building previously. Oh Umar! Why not I died before such event of un-reputation or bearing/suffering reproaches of this horrible event.

8

پنيءَ جي پوئڻ، پيچ پڻڪو نه سٿان،
 سنجڻ واريون ستيون، وڃي ويڙه ورن،
 پيا سيٺ سڙن، تر هي ٻنين ڪنڌين.

Who wake up early in the morning and go to the well many times or with the help of ropes and rolls, draw water, their voice or talk murmur is not heard in the morning. The water takers Thari women and girls have gone and slept with their husbands. At the both sides of the wells, the ropes for drawing water are burning in the open ground being not used for the purpose.

9

عُمَرَ! تيمر اُپار، وره وٽيان ڪن سين؟
 ڏوٽيڙا ڏور ٿيا، تڳان جن تنوار،
 ستائون سنگهار، ڪوهن تان ڪڍي ويا.

Oh Umar! My Maroo relatives are busy in their works, with whom I may exchange my views or express my love or affectionate feelings? Those desert or forest living people whose conversation is very delightful, I remember and make source of my living, are away from me. Maroo people have taken all the material from the wells and gone away from the wells (In rainy season, they go to live in forests).

داستان نائون

جتي مينهن، تتي مارن جا پڪڙا. مارئي جو اندر سندن سڪ ۾ اڃ ٿو مري. سندن صحبت ۾ هڪ پڪ به هن لاءِ ملهائي آهي. ٿر ۾ هيئنر ٽاڙا پيا تنوارين، ۽ مارئي امرڪوٽ ۾ اکين مان جهجهو جر پيئي هاري. مارو خوشحال آهن ۽ ڏٺ جا وٽن انبار آهن. هو پلر پيا پيئن ۽ سائون سيارچ، مڪڻي ۽ ڪاٺونبا پيا ڪائين. آلائي مارئيءَ جي ڪين سنپار آهي يا نه. مارئيءَ ساڻيه جي سڪ ۾ به اڪيون ٿيون نڪ وهايو آهي. هوءَ مارن جي ويڙهي ۾ جهري ۽ جهجي پيئي ۽ سندس نيئن مان آب جي اچل پيئي پوي. سانگين جي سڪ، سندس سيني ۾ سل ڏنا آهن. سندس ڏيهي ڏور آهن. مارئي واجهائي پيئي ته من ڪو اوئي اچي کيس خير جي خبر ڏئي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 9

Where rain is raining, there Maroo people erect or construct huts for their living. Marvi's heart is dying in their longing to see and meet them. In their company or gathering, their one spit is costly and precious for her. Now in Thar, grass hoppers are making noise and Marvi in Amer Kot is weeping a lot of tears or

drawing much water from her eyes. Maroo people are prosperous and they have heaps of wild grains or corns. They are drinking rain water and eating all kinds of Thar grasses like Saon, Siarach, Makhni and Khatonba. God knows whether they remember or take care of Marvi or not. Marvi in the longing of her country Thar, has fallen water from her two eyes and one nose. She in the separation of Maroo has been feeble and weak and from her eyes, currents of water are flowing. The longing of her relatives, has created holes in her chest. Her co-villagers or local people are away from her. Marvi is looking for camels men to bring the news of their welfare account and may get their knowledge and news.

1

جُھڙ ڦڙ جِت ٿيان، اُت اڏيائون پڪڙا،
هِن منهنجي حال جو، ڦڏر نه ڪيڻان،
جيڪس آن وسريان، مارو ڦوت ڦاريا.

Where rain is raining in currents, there Maroo people have made huts. They have no value and information of my plight. Perhaps, those people who are satisfied on the wild grains, have forgotten me.

2

جُھڙ ڦڙ مٽي مارئين، جِت چيها، چلڙ چڪَ،
اندڙ ٿو اڃ مري، ساه اُنين جي سڪَ،
پيهون شال پهيون پري، تڻان ڏيئي تڪَ،
وَر پريان سين پڪَ، بيا پاڻ پريائي گهوريا!

Where the rain has rained on Maroo people, there is muddy and wet. My heart in their thirst is dying, my body or breath is getting weak and feeble in their love and longing. May we fill bowls from there and drink with sips! With beloved one sip is great luck or fortune, other full bowls are unwanted and unnecessary.

3

ڏٿين پٽين ڏير، مَهيَن ماڙوئڙن جا،
پاڙُ سڀ پڇي پيو، گهر گهاريندي ڪير؟
ڪوئين لڳن ڪير، مَحَلين مُنجهي مون هِنئون.

Prosperous and rich Maroo people have built up their huts and living places on plains and grounds of the desert of Thar. The whole Thar is cultivated and developed, now who will sit in houses? I have been chained in rooms and in palaces, my heart is confusing or not feeling well or becoming worrisome.

4

هِن مُندَ مارو سَنرا، ويڙهين وَڳ وارين،
چَچيا چيڪاريو چياڙا، پٽين پهرائين،
نيئُ مُنهنجا اَن ڪي، جَهجهو جَرُ هارين،
تاڙا تنوارين، مينهن وَسندا موٽُ تون.

In this season, Maroo are happy and turn their flocks of animals in sitting places or cattle enclosures in fences. They take kids of goats or lambs to low lying plains, places, graze them on green plains. My eyes are weeping tears to see them. The grass hoppers are getting voice. Now rains are expected. Oh Marvi! You come back to pavilion and your village.

5

هِن مُندَ مارو سَنرا، ڪاڙر ۾ خوشحال،
سائون، سيارچُ، مُڪڻي، جيڏيون، آڻن جال،
سَتيءَ جي، سَيدَ چڻي، ڪا ساڙيَه مُنجه سنيال؟
لڳن تان لطيف چڻي، لوئي لاهِ مَر لال!
پَلو ڪندو پال، مينهن وَسندا، موٽُ تون.

In this season, Maroo are happy and rich in Thar. Friends collect and bring in abundance, all kinds of grass and branches of bushes like Saon, Siarachh, Makhuni etc. Has this pious lady (Marvi's) remembrance and memory to any body or her relative in

her village? Latif says. Oh Ruler! Do not take off woolen blanket or cover from my body. God will favour His grace. Now rains are raining. Oh Marvi! Now you may go back to your village or country.

6

هِن مُنَدَ مارو سَنَرَا، يَنَگَرِ دَارَ رَهِنِ،
پاڻي پوچ پَتَن ۾، پڪي پاندِ پِيَن،
هِنَ کي لَوَ، لَظِيْفُ چَئي، هَوَءُ کائِرُ مَنجَهَ کَلَن،
کاتونبا کاجن، مينهن وسندا، موٽُ تون.

In this season, Maroo are happy and live near their animal's sitting places in fences. In the grounds, there is too much water and Maroo near their huts, drink water of rain. Marvi has been worn chains and Maroo in Thar are enjoying laughing in happiness. Now in the rainy season in Thar *Khatonba* are being eaten. Oh Marvi! You may go back to pavilion.

7

سدا جن پَريَانُ، پاندي پڪي لَدَ سِين،
مارو گُڙين سان، وِڙا تَر اُڪري!

Signs of those Maroo, the people of quality, are that they are walking along with their huts and luggage and other personal material and have gone away to outside places.

8

پاسا پولڙين ۾، ٻانهون سِرِ ٻيئي،
اُڪيون، نَڪَ، اَرِيحَ ري، تمايمِ ٿيئي،
دُورِ ٿيا ڏيهي، پرين پائر وٽ ۾.

Where I used to change my sides in droppings of sheep and goats and both arms were being kept under my head while sleeping, for that Thar, I have drawn water from two eyes and third nose. My relatives and local companions in Thar are away from me.

9

ٿاجا ٿرَ بَرَ جَهل، پيون پاڻڙ وٽ ۾،
سيئي ساريو، سومرا! اچي اُچل،
سانپين ڏنر سَل، ڏني جن ڏينهن ٿيا.

Now in Thar and Bar (Desert) there are gatherings and sittings and there Papoon (wild fruit like berries) have grown in abundance. Oh Soomra! Remembering those (Maroo people), from eyes, currents/waves of water or tears are flowed. Those Maroo who have been seen in the long past, they have made holes in my heart, (there have been injuries due to their separation).

10

جُهران، جِهجان تي، جئن پَسَٿان پري ٿيا،
آلا! اوئي آڻئين، جو کينءَ جي خبر ڏي!
مَن مُنهنجي کي، واڪو لهي ويڙه جو!

I am growing weak and feeble for the reason that Maroo are away (from my eyes) to see them. Oh God! May you bring or send a camel man (messenger riding on camel) who should inform me of their welfare account so that from my heart, mourning about my country should vanish or end).

داستان ڏهون

مينهن وسيو آهي ۽ ٿر ۾ واڌايون وريون آهن. لوئي پهريندڙن (مارن) جي منهن کان لٽي آهي. مارئيءَ وٽ هڪ اوئي ڪهي آيو آهي ۽ کيس هي سنيهو ڏئي: ”آي مارئي! هاڻي ڪوٽ ۾ ڪو ڏينهن آهين. اي ستي! تون سيل ناهج ۽ چيلهه مٿان جو خزانو (لوئي) اٿيئي، سو نه ڪوهج.“ جئن سمنڊ ۾ سڀون، اُٻر (ڪڪر) کي سارين ۽ ڪونجون روھ کي، تئن مارئي ملير کي پيئي ساري. اي سرتيون! اوهين سيل، سڀن کان سڪو، جي پيو سمورو آب مٽائي، ابر جي آسري تي اپيون آهن.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 10

The rain has rained and many felicitations have been received. The blanket has been removed for showing face to Maroo people. To Marvi, a camel man has thronged to her and gives a message to her as: Oh Marvi! You are in the Kot (fort) for a day or short time only. Oh pious girl! Protect your honour (do not allow to break your seal) and upon the waist you have treasure (Blanket), do not lose it or dishonor it. "Just as in the sea, shells remember (to the cloud) and cranes to *Roh* (mountain, hill), similarly, Marvi is remembering to Malir. Oh Friends! You may learn the honour of your piety from the shells, they leave all other water, they are waiting for the water of the cloud or rain.

1

اُنِي ٿِي وِراڻ، ڪينءَ واڏايون آيون،
لَٿِي لوڙياريين، مِٺِي مُنهن ڪاڻ،
صُلحُ واريو سومري، چَٽِي پَنوهارن پاڻ،
هَميرنئون هاڻ، مُهٽُ لَهَندينءَ، مارَئي!

In the rainy season, there is happiness in Thar and felicitations of good days have been received. The blanket users' (Maroo people) hardships have gone away. Umar Soomro himself has sent a message of reconciliation to *Pahnwars* (Shepherds). Oh Marvi! Now you will soon obtain respect and regard from the King or ruler rich man (Umar).

2

اُتان اوڻي آيو، خبر اِي ڪري،
وساريچ مَر وَر ڪي، پُئچ مَر، مُنڌا مَري،
ويندينءَ اَت وري، ڪو ڏينهن آهيئن ڪوڻ ڀر.

From here (Malir), a camel man has brought a true news: "Oh lady! Do not forget your husband and do not feel any weakness! There (Thar) you will go back, now in the fort (Kot), you are only for a day or so.

3

ڪو ڏينهن آهين ڪوٽ ۾، لوئي هڏ مَ لاه،
 ڪامڻ! اهجي ڪُر جي، آڏ وڌائي آه،
 هِت مَ پاڙجُ هيڪڙو، پاڙر جي پَساه،
 ستي! سيل نَباہ، مَليِر ويندينءَ، مارئي.

You are in the Fort (Kot) for a day or so, do not remove blanket. Oh beautiful! Your family's honour is being praised. What time, you will pass in Thar, there will be no one to match with you or no breath should be considered in the Fort (Kot) like you. Oh Marvi pious! You should establish your honour, you will go back to Malir".

4

سي ساهيڙيون سارين تو، سيلُ جنين جو سچ،
 ماروءَ رءُ مَ مَچُ، سيهو پانئج سون ڪي.

Those friends remember you whose character is super and honourable. Without Maroo, do not increase your fat or do not be fatty. Consider golden jewels as the copper. (Consider gold as false or small thing or useless goods).

5

سَاهِيڙِيُون سَارِيَن تَو، سَچُ جَنِيَن جَو سِيَلُ،
 نَڪو قَالُ نَه قِيَلُ، اُنِيَن جِي اَدَبُ ۾.

Those friends are remembering you, whose character is "honourable" and pious. For them (honour and piety) a word cannot be expressed. (No any doubt or suspicion is entertained).

6

جَو ڏِيهه ڏاڏاڻيان آيو، ڏنمَ تنهن طعنو:
 ”پاڻي ويهه مَ پلنگين، گچيءَ سِرِ گانو،
 مٿان لَڪَ لطيف چئي، ڪانه مَ خزانو،
 سَرَتِيَن سِيَلُ چَوايو، جوڙ هڻي جانو،
 ٿيو سڏ سَمانو، حَرَف لَڻي هيڪڙي.“

The traveler has come from her parental country and brought this reproach: "Decorating neck with the ornaments, do not sit on a bed-stead or couch. Above the waist, you have treasure (Blanket), do not lose or misuse it. (Considering the blanket as very precious thing, protect it or protect your honour or do not allow break of seal. Friends with force or stress from my beloved sent his saying that be pious in protecting honour and chastity. You will be called honourably back home very soon or in short time." (Your relatives will take you honourably home very soon).

7

مون سين ماروئڙيون، ڪهڙيءَ ريت رُسندڙيون؟
چوڻيءَ ۾ چيڙ پيو، پين رت جيون،
نيڻين ننڊ وه ٿي، ساري سا ڏوهيون،
هتي جي هيون، ته سُڌ پيڻين سيل جي.

Marvi is giving reply to her beloved: "How Maroo ladies (Marooariyoon) will receive me. "In my hair, dust or mud balls have appeared and in the hair small lice are moving and sucking my blood. To remember for trees, I cannot sleep well. If they had been here, the protection of honour would have been known to them. (Friends would have known that how much difficult was to preserve and protect the chastity and honour).

8

ستي! تنهنجي ست ۾، ڳالهه گهرجي ڪچ،
وڌيو، چيريو، چچريو، پر ۾ اڀي پچ،
سان امانت اچ، ته ٿئين سماني ساڻيه ۾.

The companions Maroo, repeatedly are saying to Marvi: Oh pious or chaste! Still much is needed to protect your honour and chastity. (still you have to sacrifice). Secretly or in your heart, cut, injure and fry your sensual desires. You should save your chastity and come to your country or village with the great honour or your honour should prevail or exist in the country, as you are being considered honourable and chaste.

9

جا نڪين سَتين سِيرُ، تان ڪين وَهِنْدِيس ڪوٽ ۾،
 سِڀ سَمَنڊنِين سَڀجي، نديءَ پِيي نه نِيرُ،
 جِئن هوءَ اَبَر آسِري، تئن مون مَن مَلِيرُ،
 ڪاڻِڙ پِيَن ڪِيرُ، جي امانَت اَتِ وَجي!

Marvi says, "Till chastity or piety is not there, I shall not live in the Fort (Kot). The Shell is grown in the sea but it is not drinking water neither of sea nor of the river. As she waits for the clouds, similarly Malir is in my heart. If this chaste (Marvi) go back to Thar, there Maroo people will drink milk in happiness or in enjoyment.

10

جَرَ ۾ سڀون جيئن، آهين، اَبَر آسِري،
 جِئن ڪُنڄون سارِين، روہ ڪي، مون تَن اندر تيئن،
 هَتَ وعدا وَجِڻ جا، هَتَ، پانيم هيئن،
 ڪوئيَن وهان ڪيئن، جي نَظَر بَندياڻي نه هُئان.

As shells are in water of sea sitting in the hope of clouds, as cranes remember mountains (which is their living place) and there they have children so is Malir in my heart. For there (Malir), I have promised to go back as here (Prison), I had not thought that this treatment would be meted out with me to keep me as a prisoner under supervision and guard and as how I would live there or I would pass the days in rooms of the palace or mansion.

11

سِڀ سَمَنڊنِين سَڀجي، اَبَر آساروس،
 ٻاڙو پِيي نه ٻُڙي، مَنو مَنهن لَڳوس،
 ماڻڪ تي مڙيوس، جِئن تَنگُ ڪڍيائين تار ۾.

Shell is growing in the sea, but its source is cloud. This of two parts (Shell) does not drink salty water of the sea and also the River's sweet water is not being liked. It gets pearl because of its thirsts it bears even having deep water.

12

سِڪو سَپ، سَرتيون! سِپُن مُلان سِيرَ،
هيو مَنائي نيرُ، اُپيون اُڪر آسري.

Oh friends! You all learn lesson of chastity and piety from the shells. They abandon other water, in the hopes of clouds, rise their heads to catch the drop of rain and live in the bottom for producing the pearl.

داستان يارهون

مارئيءَ وٽ ملير مان اونڙي ڪهي آيو آهي ۽ مارئي ات اڪير مان سندس آجيان ٿي ڪري ۽ کانئس ساڻيه جو سماچار ٿي پڇي. هوءُ پنهنجي ڏيه جي مٽيءَ کي ڪٿوري ٿي سمجهي. مارئي انهن ڏينهن کي سڳورو ٿي سمجهي، جي بند ۾ ڳوڙها ڳاڙيندي گهاريا هڻائين. سندس سڄي نينهن، نيٺ زنجيرن کي ٽوڙي ڇڏيو. ڏوٽيءَ کان نياپو سڻي، سندس سڀ ڌڪ لهي ويا ۽ سندس مڙئي ويري ويران ٿيا.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 11

A camel man has thronged to Marvi from Malir and there Marvi welcomes him honourably and asks him the welfare account of the country. She considers dust of her country as musk. Marvi thinks those days as sacred days which she passed in the prison with tears. Her true love, at last broke the chains. Hearing message from her companion, her all worries vanished and her all enemies desolated.

1

مَليران مارو، پڪي پيهي آئيو،
وريا واهارو، هائو سڀ هيٺا ٿيا.

Maroo (traveler) from Malir thronged in the Kot (Fort). Helpers reached and oppressors or loss makers became helpless and distressed.

2

پهري سڪ! پيرن ڪيه! ڪو نينهن نياپو مارئين؟
 اَت اڪندي آهيان، تنهن آتن، تنهن ڏيهه،
 سندي جا ساڙيهه، ڪهه ڪٿوري پانئيان.

Marvi says to the companion: "oh traveler! May you be happy and prosperous. May the dust of the country (Dust of country) attach or stick: For Marvi some loveable and kind message has been brought? I at the place of spinning cloth or threads was spinning threads) and for my country, I am longing for. The dust of the country, I consider it as Musk (Sweet smell)

3

سڪر سيئي ڏينهن، جي مون گهاريابند ۾،
 وسايو وڌ ڦڙا، مٿي ماڙين مينهن،
 واجهائيس وصال ڪي، ٿيس تهوارون تيئن،
 نير منهنجي نينهن، اجاري اچو ڪيو.

Those days were comfortable or memorable which I passed in the prison. In the palaces I dropped rain of tears. Just I longed for meetings and gatherings, so I was broken into pieces. My love washed the chains (chains were totally broken). (This world is also a prison. Who has love with God, all his sexual chains are broken into pieces).

4

عمر! آڄ گڏيام، ڏوٽي انهيڙ ڏيهه جا،
 پاراپا پريئن جا، اڀي اُن چيام،
 لهي لوه پيام، لطف ساڻ، لطيف چئي.

Oh Umar! Today companions of that country (Thar) met me. They stood and told or communicated me messages of my beloved. With the grace and kindness of God, from me all chains and cuffs have been released.

متفرقہ ابیات

جي حاڪم ئي ڦورو ٿيا ته ويڇاري رعيت ڪنهن جي سام وٺي! همير سومرو ئي
 لوٽو ٿيو ته مارو، ٿرن ۾ ڪيترو رهي ڪيترو رهندا ۽ ڪنهن جي در تي دانهن ڏيندا!
 مارئيءَ کي اهاڻي آس آهي ته ملير ۾ وڃي، ماروءَ پاس مٿو ڌوڻان. سندس منهن ۾ ميو
 هجي، جيئن مارو ايئن نه چوي ته محلن ۾ وهنجي پاڻ لڄايائين. مارن سان سندس من ائين
 مڙهيل آهي، جيئن ڳنڍيون منجه ڳنڍير. وطن جي ڳالهه سٽندي ئي سندس لوه لهيو وڃن
 ۽ غم ڦري سُڪ ٿيو پون. سندس بند نيٺ پڳو ۽ هيءَ سانگين ڄاڻي سنگهارن سان ملي.

VARIANT POEMS

If the rulers themselves happen to be robbers, from whom the people may take protection! The Rich Soomro became criminal then how long Maroo would live in Thar and to whom make complaint for justice! Marvi hopes that returning to Malir, I shall wash head and hair. Her face should remain dirty lest Maroo may not say that I took baths and get ashamed myself. Her heart is attached with Maroo people just as knots in sugarcane. Hearing about her country, she feels herself free and all chains are released and worries turn as comforts. Here imprisonment ended and she being the poor companions born lady met with her relatives.

1

جُھ سي لوڙاڻو ٿيا، جنين پَر رهن،
 مارو منجه ٿرن، رهي رهندا ڪيترو؟

Marvi blames Umar and says: when they (rulers) may be robbers or criminals on whose solace or care, Maroo people were inhabiting and in such circumstances then how long they (Marpo) will live there?

2

جُھ سي لوڙاڻو ٿيا، جنين سنڌيءَ ڏير،
 مارو ٿر ڦڦير، ڪنهن در ڏيندا دانهنڙي.

On whose care or solace, Maroo people were living, when the rulers themselves became robbers and criminals and to whom they will complaint or on whose door they will go for justice.

3

ماروءِ پاسِ مليرَ ۾، ڏوئي مَرُ مران!
پاڻي واري پانهنجو، وينديائي وِران!
ٿورو منجهه ٿران، هُند لڳي لوڙياريين!

May I take bath being near or close to Maroo in Malir and die or lose breath! Marvi requests Umar: "May I shower water of my country on my body and return that moment, that will be great favour or gratitude on those who wear woolen blanket in Thar.

4

کانڌ نہ کنديس ڪو ٻيو، کٽيروئي خُوبُ،
ميروئي محبوب، اُسان مارو مَن ۾.

I shall not marry an other husband, as for me Maroo who wears woolen blanket is beautiful or attractive. My beloved Maroo, let he be dirty but he lives in our heart forever.

5

مُنهنُ منهنجو، سومرا! مَرُ ميروئي هوءُ!
مَتان مارو چوءِ، تہ ڏوتوءَ ڏورائين ۾.

Oh Soomra! My face should remain dirty, lest Maroo may say to me, "You washed it in palaces' .

6

جِتَ گِرَڙ، گُٽا ۽ ڪاهيون، پال، پڪا ۽ پَڪَ،
سَرهِيون سي سَرتيون، حاضر پاسي حق،
ماروڻن سين ماڻيان، شال مندائتي مَڪَ!
ڪِنڪاريان خَلَقَ، رجا ٿر ڄائي ٿوهرين.

Where woolen carpets, blankets, bags of wool, huts, red un

ripe and ripe fruit are available or growing, there those friends are happy who are near their husbands or in the laps or are close to their husbands. May I in the company of Maroo, enjoy red fruit of Khabar tree in Thar in its seasons if this Thar born may be in the middle of *Thoohar* (Thorny trees), I should welcome and meet all public present there.

7

جي هِت هُئي مارُئي، تہ لَدِيمَ ڪَر ڪيٿاس،
 ارداسِيَمَ عُمَر ڪي، ويجهو ٿي وٽانس،
 جي نہ ڇڏيائين، ڪجھُ لڀائين، تہ پنهنجو انگ آڇيانس،
 لاهي لوہ لَطيف چئي، هتان هُندَ هُلاانس،
 موڪي مَليرَ سامُهين، وٺي ٻانهن وِجانس،
 رهبر ٿي ريزهِيانس، سمهاري ساڻيه ڏي.

Shah Latif says, "If Marvi may be here, I should go to her to take her care. Nearing Umar, I request him for her release. If he does not allow and continue to put her in the prison, I should offer my body in her place. From here releasing all her chains, take her to her country. Getting her freed, taking her arm, I take her to Malir. After getting guidance or information about her country or her address of residence, I may take her to her beautiful country or house or her village.

8

جيئن ڳنڍيون منجه ڳنڍير، تئن مون مَن ماروئڙن جون،
 ڏنيون لَس، لَطيفُ چئي، هنئڙي ڪي هَمير،
 وڃي منجه مَلير، سڀ چوڙيندِيس سُومرا!

Just as in Gadheer grass has knots, so in my heart, there are knots of love and faithfulness for my Maroos. Hameer Soomro (Umar's chains will break but my love and faithfulness will not.), Those all knots are (Easy knots of Umar). I shall break all these knots (easy knots of Umar) in Malir.

9

سُٺي سائِيهَ ڳالهَڙي، لهي ويا لو،
اندر جا اندو، لُٽا ڏک، سُک ٿيا.

To hear about the country, chains have released or broken.
All worries in the heart have gone away. All sorrows and
sadnesses are gone away and comforts are apparent or close or are
being enjoyed.

10

تو کي توڙائين لکي، عُمر! اچائي،
جنهن تو سامائي، مام نه پڳي مارئين.

Oh Umar! Piety was in your nature or fate from the very
beginning, so it is why you did not damage the piety of a mature
young girl or daughter of Maroo.

11

مر کي رو، مر رڙکي، هنجون هڏ مر هار،
تو تان بندُ بدا ٿيو، پيڙيون نيئي ٻار،
پهچندين، پنوهار، سگهي سنگهارن کي.

Oh Marvi! You do neither weep nor cry and do not drop
tears. Prison has been excused. Chains should be burnt or may be
thrown out. Oh shepherd girl! You soon will reach to your
relatives or parents (Maroo people).

12

اڄ پڻ چڪيم چاڪ، ونهين ويڙهيچن جا،
سورن اچي، سومرا! اندر کي اوطاق،
ماروءَ جي فراق، هڏ منهنجا ڪپيا.

Today also prosperous Maroos' wounds of separation are
burning or felt or giving trouble. Oh Soomra! In my heart, sorrows
and worries have made sitting and living place. The separation of
Maroo has wounded or injured my (Limbs or organs of body).

*

سُرڪاموڏ

(نوري ڄام تماچيءَ جو قصو ۽ ان جي روحاني معنيٰ)

نوري ذات جي مهائي هئي، سندس ذات وارا ڪينجهر ڍنڍ تي مڇي ماريندا هئا. انهن ڏينهن ۾، سمي گهراڻي جي هاڪاري حاڪم ڄام تماچيءَ جو راڄ هو. مسڪين مهائن جو گذران مڇيءَ تي هوندو هو ۽ هو رهندا به پيڙين ۾ ئي هئا. مهائون وات تي وڪري لاءِ مڇين جون ڪاريون ڪڍي وهنديون هيون. مهائن جا جسر ڪارا ڪوجها ۽ بدبوءِ هاڻا هئا. سندن ٻار سارو ڏينهن لڏڻ وانگر پاڻيءَ ۾ پيا تڙ ڪندا هئا. ڌڻي اهڙيءَ ذات ۾ به نوريءَ جهڙو ماڻڪ پيدا ڪيو هو. ”نوري“ جي معنيٰ ئي آهي ”روشنِيءَ واري“. تحقيق، نوريءَ جو حسن نوراني هو.

هڪ ڏينهن ڄام تماچيءَ، شڪار جي سانگي پيڙيءَ ۾ چڙهي، ڪينجهر جو سير پئي ڪيو ته سندس نظر وڃي نوريءَ تي پيئي. گندريءَ جي نيڻن کيس گهائي ڌو. پوءِ ته سندس ماڻن کان سڱ گهري، ساڻس نڪاح وڌائين ۽ مهائن کي هيرن، لعلن ۽ فيروزن سان نوازيائين. سڀئي سميون نوريءَ جي سلام تي وينديون هيون، پر نوري هميشه نياز ۽ نئڙت سان ڄام جي پيش ايندي هئي. هڪ دفعي، ڄام تماچيءَ نوريءَ جي نياز جي پرڪ لهڻ لاءِ سمين کي چيو ته ”اڄ شام جو مڙيئي سنڀري ويهجو. پوءِ جنهن کي وڻندڙ، تنهن کي پاڻ سان گاڏيءَ ۾ گهمائڻ وٺي ويندس.“ سڀئي سميون، ڏاڍا هار سينگار ڪري تيار ٿي ويٺيون، پر نوريءَ پنهنجو آباڻو وڳو پهرِي، ڪنڌ نواڻي ويهي رهي. اهو ڏسي، ڄام کيس گاڏيءَ ۾ چاڙهي وٺي ويو ۽ موٽڻ سان، کيس پنهنجي پٽ رائي ڪيائين.

”جئن سڳو وڃ سرنڌڙي، تنن راتين ۾ رائي.“ ڪاموڏ ”ڪامودا“ جو بگڙيل روپ آهي، جنهن جو مطلب آهي ”ڪام يا پريم وهيٽي“. ”ڪامودا“ ڊيپڪ جي پنجن استرين مان هڪ آهي ۽ سمپورڻ راڳڻي آهي ۽ ٻيهرن جو ڳائبي آهي. هن سر ۾ ئي وصل جي ميناج جي وائي آهي.

هن سر ۾ ”شاه“، ”التي طلب“ جو ذڪر ڪيو آهي. ڌڻي به انهن مسڪينن تي فدا آهي. جن کي ظاهر ۾ ڪو به زيب يا زينت ناهي ۽ جن جو گهڻو ٺهائڻي ۽ خاڪساري آهي. دنيا جي نظر ۾ اهڙا انسان خسيس آهن، پر مالڪ وٽ انهن جو وڏو ملهه ۽ مانُ آهي. اهڙا الله لوڪ نوريءَ وانگر، ڌڻيءَ جي در تي هميشه آزيون پيا ڪن، توڙي هو سندس لاڏلا آهن. خدا جي درگاهه ۾، نه هار سينگار ٿو هلي ۽ نه وري اتي ڪو حسب نسب جو حساب

آهي. سائين وٽ اهي ٿا اڳهن جي سراپا نياز سان سنيگاري ل آهن ۽ جن جي دل ۾ سڀيت ۽ سچائي آهي. هنن تي ڏٺي ايئن موهت ٿيو پوي جئن تماچي نوريءَ تي مفتون ٿيو.

TUNE (SUR) KAMODE

Noori was fisherman's daughter. Her relatives used to catch fishes at Keenjhar Lake near Jhirk Thatta on the main road from Hyderabad to Thatta near Jhirk town. Those days, a Samo family's very famous ruler Jam Tamachi was ruling. Poor people's main business was to catch fishes in the lake and used to live in the boats. On the road, the fisher women taking the fish in the baskets made of twigs used to sit for selling the fish. The bodies of fishermen were black, ugly with bad smelling clothes and bodies. Their children used to have bath in the water like otters or bearers for the whole day. God from such caste of fishermen created a pearl like girl named as Noori which means "Light or Shining star". It is true that the beauty of Noori was "Noorani" (Light bearing).

One day Jam Tamachi for hunting purpose, travelled around the Keenjhar in the boat. There, his sight fell on the beautiful girl Noori. The eyes of this dirty girl amused him very much. Then he called her relatives or parents and demanded her for the purpose of his marriage with him or to make her his wife or life partner. They agreed happily and he arranged for wedding and Noori was wedded with him. He then awarded diamonds, ferozas, jewels and pearls to Fishermen. All ladies of Samo (Samyoon) used to go to Noori for paying her regards and praying for her long life and happy life but Noori used to treat them with high regards, respect and all humbleness to all visitors and also with Jam Tamachi when occasionally he would visit there to see her. Once Jam Tamachi to test the humbleness and submissiveness of Noori called ladies of Samo family (Samyoon) said to them that "Today in the evening all of you should be ready to sit together at some place and I shall select one you and take her whom I would prefer, in my car for sight seeing. All Samo ladies prepared themselves wearing their attractive dresses and performing all make up and decoration for their attraction so that they should be liked and

preferred by the King for sight seeing in his car". Then they all gathered at the planned place with their new dresses, new clothes and all decoration items but Noori came in her original dress and without any decoration or make up. As she was naturally beautiful and looked attractive more than other ladies, so Jam Tamachi, the ruler selected and preferred Noori and took her in his car for sight seeing and other entertainment, after return from such sight seeing, he made her his partner of life forever and she lived with him and passed her happy life.

"As thread in the middle, so she became one of the queens". Kamod is a spoilt shape of the word "Kamoda" which means "Kam or loveable" (*Kam ya Prem Waheeni*).

Kamoda is one of five wives of Deepak and it is Samporin song sung in the mid day in the noon. In this Tune (SUR), Shah has expressed opposite demand. God is also amused or lured on those poor people who are austere, simple, submissive and not believing on worldly open pomp, dignity and attraction. In this world, such human beings are simple and invaluable but God has high value and preference for these people. Such God loving people are always praying to God at His door like Noori although they are close and preferable to Him. God has neither love for decoration and make up or show making nor any discrimination for any Caste and Creed. God loves only those who are always submissive and humble in their activities and all affairs and also they are pious and sacred. God is fascinated with them like Jam Tamachi on Noori.

داستان پهريون

ڄام تماچي سمو سردار آهي ۽ نوري گندري. سمي آهي سين ڪيا آهن. جن جا مال مڏيون آهن ۽ هڏ هيٺا، جن کي ڪڪي هائون ڪاريون آهن ۽ پوشاڪ پاپورا. ڄام سائين سهج ٿو ڪري ۽ ننڍين وڏين گندرين جي سندس ماڙي مٿي ڌوم پيئي پوي. نوريءَ جي من ۾ نه گيرب آهي، نه گاءُ. سندس نياز عجيب آهي ۽ سڀني راتين جي حجت سندس اڳيان پڇي پيئي آهي. هو ۽ هرگز مهاتي نه ٿي لڳي، پر راتين ۾ راتي ٿي لڳي. تماچي مٿس مورچل پيو هڻي ۽ سڀني سمين کي ڇڏي، کيس گاڏيءَ ۾ ٿو چاڙهي. اهڙيون ڪينجهر

جائون مر هجن، جن کي تماچيءَ جي تات آهي ۽ جن جي تماچيءَ کي تات آهي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 1

Jam Tamachi Samo is a Sardar or a ruler of his tribe and Noori an ugly fisherwoman. Samo has made those relatives whose worth is baggage and very feeble and weak, who have fish in the bad smell baskets and stinking winnowing fans, if you touch it, you will feel ashamed. Their trouser is fully dirty and dress torn into pieces with holes. Jam has given them facilities and young and old dirty samo ladies are coming and making noise to his many story building. There is neither pride nor ill feelings for others in the mind of Noori. Her submissiveness is wonderful and influence of all queens has reduced before her. She does not look as a fisherwomen but looks as a Queen amongst all Queens, Tamachi is airing her with a peacock feathers fan. Leaving all Samo ladies, she is being lifted in his car. Such Keenjhar born ladies may get births who have care of Tamachi and whose cherishment is with Tamachi.

1

تون سمون، آئون گندري، مون عيبن ۾ جو،
پسي رائيُن رُو، متان ماڱر متئين!

Noori says, "You are Samo leader or chief and I am Gandri (Dirty) by caste of fishermen and I am full of defects and shortcomings. You should not turn your face from me after seeing faces of your other Queens".

2

تون سمو، آئون گندري، مون ۾ عيب اپار،
پسي لي لُغار، متان ماڱر متئين!

You are Samo leader or chief and I am Gandri by caste of fishermen and I have many defects you should not change your face from me to see the saliva (Liquid) of fish.

3

تون تماچي، تَر ڏٺي، آئون مُهاڻي مي،
مون کي ڏهاڳ مَر ڏي، آئون ڄا نالي سِيس تهنجي.

You are Tamachi ruler and husband of Bandar and I am Fisherman's daughter. I am called with your name (because I am your legal wife) you should not leave me or put me in trouble of separation.

4

تون تماچي، تَر ڏٺي، آئون گندري غريب،
تو سين ڄام! قريب، ڪي ڏن ڇڏائي ڏيڄ مون.

You are Tamachi ruler or care taker or owner of Bander and I am Gandri by caste of poor fisherman! Oh Jam! I am your married wife, so you excuse all tax to my relatives".

5

ڪڪيءَ هاڻيون ڪاريون، ڇڇيءَ هاڻا ڇڇ،
پاند جنين جي پاند سين، لڳو ٿئي لڇ،
سَمو ڄام سُهڇ، اُپو ڪري اُن سين.

The baskets of fishermen are fumigated with bad smell and winnowing fans stinking so much that if you touch them, it will be felt ashamed. Samo leader favours them (They are awarded facilities and easiness).

6

ڪاريون، ڪوڙهيون، ڪوڙيون، مُور نه موچارين،
وئي ويٺيون وات تي، ڪڪيءَ جون ڪاريون،
اُنين جون آريون، سَمي ري ڪير سهي؟

Fisher women are black, not attractive in features and not white or shining. They put full baskets on the way for sale. Their coquetting or familiar activities who will bear except Samo ruler Jam Tamachi?

7

گندُ جن جيءَ گوڙ ۾، پاڻوڙا پوشاڪ،
اُنين جيءَ اوطاق، راجا ريجهي آئيو.

In whose loose unstitched leg cover cloth are attached roots of lotus and whom, dress of lotus leaves is worn, in their sitting place, the ruler thronged to visit.

8

ٿيا تماچيءَ ڄامر سين، مهاڻا محروم،
ننڍيءَ وڏيءَ گندريءَ، مٽي ماڙيءَ ڌوم،
جي ڪينجهر، جي روم، سي سڀ انعامي ٿيا.

Fisherman became familiar secret knowers to Tamachi Jam. Old or young fisher women thronged to visit the palace. Either Keenjhar lake or Rome foreign country or faraway countries' all fishermen were awarded prizes of Jam Tamachi.

9

نه وڏي، نه وڪڻي، نه ماري، نه ڌاري،
ڪارو وڌائين ڪوه ۾، نر تون نهاري،
سائي پر پاري، جا گهر سمي جي سڀجي.

Now Noori neither cuts fish nor sell it, neither catches nor keeps it with her. She knowingly threw the basket of fish in the well. (She does not concern with the fish trade. She does act or treat like that is being dealt or performed in the palace of same Ruler).

10

نه وڏي، نه وڪڻي، نه ڪڍي پر ڪاري،
اُهيچ سُهيج ساھميون، ڏريان نه ڌاري،
سائي پر پاري، جا گهر سمي جي سڀجي.

Now Noori neither cuts the fish nor sells it, she does not keep the measurement sales. She adopts the same treatment which is being acted upon in the palace of Samo leader.

11

پاپوڙو پيش ڪيو، نئون نوريءَ نئي،
حاضر هيون هڪيون، سميون سڀئي،
نوازي نئي، گاڏيءَ چاڙهي گندري.

Noori appeared before Jam in new dress of *Paboorro* (Lotus Plant) as a gift (or worn lotus plants dress). There all Samo ladies (of the palace of Jam Tamachi) were present. Jam Tamachi left all other Samo ladies, selected Noori and took her or gave her lift in his car.

12

مهاڻيءَ جي من ۾، نه گيرب نه گاءِ،
نيئن سين ناز ڪري، ريجهايائين راءِ،
سمو سڀن ملاءِ، هيريائين حرفت سين.

Fisher woman (Noori) had neither pride nor greatness in mind. She attracted Raja (ruler) with her amusing eyes. Amongst all queens, she amused, fascinated or captivated Samo leader.

13

نوريءَ جي نياز جو، عجبُ اجهل هو،
سمو سڀ سڀن ۾، مي مور چيو سوءِ،
اچيو آئين پوءِ، حجت پڳي راڻي.

Noori's submissiveness is the cause of wonder. Samo (Tamachi) the leader of all, was amused and attracted by fisher woman! All Queens stand behind her. Their claim of pride vanished or broke into pieces.

14

هٿين، پيرين، آرڪٿين، منهن نه مهاڻي،
جئن سڳو وچ سُرندڙي، تنن راڻين ۾ راڻي،
اُصل هئي ان ڪي، اهل جاماڻي،
سمي سڃاڻي، پيڙو ٻڌس پانهن ۾.

Noori does not look as a fisher woman by hands, feet,

behavior and shape or face or features. Just as between the wires of violin or fiddle, a connecting thread is fixed, so she looks or appears Queen amongst all Queens. From the very beginning, her behavior and face was kingly. Samo (Tamachi) after a great test look, bound or enclosed a thread in her arm for wedding with her.

15

تھڙو ڪنجهر ۾، ڪين ٻيو، جهڙي سونهن سندياس،
مڏ، مياڻيون، مڪڙا، مڙئي معاف ٿياس،
مورچل مٿانس، اپو تماچي تي هڻي.

Like Noori's beauty, there was no beauty in the Keenjhar, all the material of catching fish and also the spots or places of collecting the fish were left out or removed. (She became free from them or she was freed of all such fish material). Therefore Tamachi standing, moves round her the Fan made of Peacock feathers.

16

ڪو سميون! ٻن سومريون! جي اچن اوچي ڳاٽ،
ورسي ڪينجهر ڄاڻيون! جن تماچيءَ جي تات،
رائين ملان رات، ماڻڪُ مي پرائيو.

Those Samo and Soomro ladies should be left alone, who behave with proudness. Those daughters of fishermen are sacred whom should have care and support or remembrance of Jam Tamachi. Amongst all Queens, the fisher woman got an invaluable pearl (Tamachi).

وائي 1

هيري هٿ وڌائين، ويهي سائين وڃ ۾،
نوازش نوريءَ جي، آهي تماچيءَ تائين،
گندگيءَ گوشو ڪيو، عطر اوت اوتائين،
انڌا، منڊا آڻيا، سخا سڏ وڌائين،
پسو جوڏ جوڏ جو، ڪو هنڌ ڪو نه مٽيائين،

قيمت ڪميٽن سين، جهڙي وَٽَ وٽيائين.
 موتي مڇيءَ هٿ تي، ڪوڏن جيئن ڪڍيائين،
 ماڻڪَ مياڻن ۾، چلڪن جيئن ڇڏيائين،
 ڏيئي سونُ سوال ۾، رُپي راند ڪيائين،
 پاڻيٺ آڻي پاڻ سين، لعلون سڀ لڏيائين،
 فيروزا فقيرن تان، گهوري سڀ گهورياڻين،
 اُتي عبداللطيف چئي، اڇلي اُملَ ڏنائين.

VAEE (FLATULENCE)

Sitting with fishermen, Samo put his hand in the diamond (He filled his hands with diamonds). On Noori she has favour of Tamachi up to his survival. He removed bad smell and sprayed perfume musk and all kinds of fragrant scents. He announced generosity or charity for blind and lame and other patients and needy people. See the generosity of this philanthropist; he did not forget any place or village.

He distributed precious and costly gifts like new wick of lamp amongst very poor simple and low graded people. On the shop of fish, he spread pearls like a shell with two sides or parts. In fishing spots or places, he spread pearls like fish layers. In the charity he gave golden things or gold seals and played game of silver. He brought with himself water pearls, all other material destroyed. To all the beggars distributed all blue coloured diamonds. Shah Latif there says, "He showered invaluable pearls. (If God wishes, He favours all the poor people of the world with the prizes of all precious goods).



داستان ٻيو

مهائيءَ جي اڪثرين ۾ اهو ڪو جادو آهي، جو تماچي ڄامر کي نيزا پايو ٿي نٿي.
 مطلب تي اها عشق جي ڪرامت آهي "جئن ڄارو ڄامر ڪلهي ڪيو". شل ڄامر جي ڄمار
 وڌي ٿئي، جنهن مياڻيون موڪيون آهن ۽ ملاحن کي سامر بخشي آهي. شل تماچي هميشه

لاءِ تڳي، جنهن جي ڪري، نوريءَ جو ڪر ملاحن ۾ اوچو ٿيو آهي. اتر لڳي ڪينجهر ڍنڍ هندورو ٿيو پوي هيٺ جر آهي، مٿي مڇر ۽ پاسي ۾ وٿراھ. ڪنڌيءَ تي ڪوئٺر پيا ترن. بهار جي اچڻ سان، ڪينجهر ڪٿوري ٿيو پوي. پوءِ ”مي هٿ ۾ هيڪڙي، ڄام هٿ ۾ ڄار“ ۽ ڪينجهر ۾ سارو ڏينهن شڪار. عشق جو اسرار اهو آهي، جو تماچيءَ جهڙو حاڪم مهاڻن سان هڪ ٿيو وڃي. حقيقت ۾ ڄام، ڌڻي سڳورو آهي، جنهن کي نه ڪنهن ڄڻيو ۽ جنهن نه ڪنهن کي ڄڻيو. سندس تخت اوچي ۾ اوچو ۽ شاندار ۾ شاندار ۽ مڙني الله وارن جو عزيز ۽ يار آهي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 2

There is such magic in the eyes of the fisherwoman that Jam Tamachi is compelled to consider them as arrows to injure him or attract him to remain in the company of Noori. It means it is natural fortune of love. “as Jam received the stinking girl on his shoulder” May Jam live long who amused fish places or spots and awarded fishermen his all kinds of respected position and also protection. May Jam Tamachi prosper always who has raised the status and plight of Noori and the fishermen community. When northern air is blown, Keenjhar lake turns into cool or cold place like a cradle or a kind of swing. In the bottom of the lake is water and in the surface or upper side of water waves and at sides shadows of trees. On the bank of the lake are swing heirs to a kingdom. On coming the spring season, Keenjhar becomes Musk with all round fragrance and sweet and pleasant smell. Then “in the hands of fishermen is grass and lotus and so Jam takes net”. The whole day is then passed in hunting in the whole Keenjhar. The mystery of love is such that like Tamachi ruler mingles and unites with fishermen. (In real sense, Jam is God Who neither is born nor He gives births). His King seat is at the upper level and splendid. He is dear and friend of all God fearing people.

1

سِرُ سَلَابَت، سپرين! مَرڪَن! تون مَر مَريج،
 آهيئن نارُ اڪيُن جو، وٽان مون مَر وِجيڃ،
 تماچي! تڳيڃ، ڪو ڏينهن ڪنڇهر ڪنڌين.

Oh dear! Oh always laughing beloved! Your body may be safe! Do not migrate from this world. You provide coolness for my eyes, do not go from me. Oh Jam Tamachi! You may enjoy a long time on the banks of Keenjhar.

2

هيٺِ جَرُ، مٿي مَچَرُ، پاسي ۾ وٽراءَ،
اچي وڃي وڃ ۾، تماچيءَ جي ساءِ،
لڳي اُتر واءِ، ڪنجهرُ هندورو ٿئي.

In the bottom water, on the top or surface (clumps of trees) and from sides shadows of trees. Noori enjoys the sweet company of Jam by boats travel here and there. When northern air blows, Keenjhar (water of Keenjhar) swings like a cradle (or boat swimming in the Keenjhar shakes or swings or vibrates).

3

هيٺِ جَرُ، مٿي مَچَرُ، پاسي ۾ پرين سنداڻ،
ڪوڙين ڪاڇ سڏاڻ، اُن سڌو ڪون رهيو.

In the bottom water, on the top or surface clumps of trees and from sides shadows and near my dear beloved is my all hopes and utilities were achieved, nothing remains incomplete.

4

هيٺِ جَرُ، مٿي مَچَرُ، ڪنڌيءَ ڪوٽر تَرَن،
وڙڻي واهونڊن، ڪنجهرُ ڪٿوري ٿئي.

In the bottom water, on the top or surface clumps of trees and near sides, lotus flowers are swinging or vibrating. In the spring season, Keenjhar Lake is fumigating with perfume and Musk fragrance.

5

سَميون ڪري سينگارُ، راءِ ريجهاڻن آڻيون،
ڄام هٿ ۾ ڄارُ، ڄلي جهيرن وڃ ۾.

Samo ladies are doing makeup, and came for attracting Raja or Jam Tamachi. Jam Tamachi has net of catching fish in his hands and he walks and makes rounds with *Jabeer* caste of the fisher women.

6

نوريءَ جي نوازيو، ٿيو تماچي تي،
گاڏيءَ ڇاڙهي گندري، ماڙهو ڪيو مي،
ڪنجهر چوندا ڪي، ته سچ سيائي ڳالهڙي.

Jam Tamachi became successful because he favoured Noori by selecting amongst other many fisherwomen. He took the fisher woman with himself in the car and raised her status and honour. Surrounding the Keenjhar lake, today also people are witness about the truth of his story.

7

ڄامان اڳي جي ڄاڻيون، تن جي نرت نوريءَ کي ناه،
نه منهن، نه مار ڪي، نه وڃن ڪنهن وهانءَ،
سي ڪنجهر ڪنديون ڪانه، جن تماچي تڪيو.

The Samo family women who were born before Jam Tamachi (means old ladies of the palace), Noori does not know about them. They neither attended any marriage tent nor they participated any gathering of death. Whose dependence on Tamachi, what they will do to Keenjhar.

8

نه ڪنهن ڄائو ڄام ڪي، نڪو ڄام وڻيءَ،
ننڍيءَ وڏيءَ گندريءَ، سڀين آه سڀيءَ،
”لم يلد ولم يولد“، اي نجابت نياءَ،
ڪبر ڪبرياءَ، تخت تماچيءَ ڄام جو.

Neither any body has born Jam Tamachi, nor he has given birth to any one. He is relative of every old and young fisherwomen. (Due to wedding with Noori). “Neither anyone had born

him nor he gave birth to anyone". (Actually this has been quoted for God). It is sign for his nobleness or gentleness. (He is relative of all). The kingdom sitting place throne of Jam Tamachi is of the great name and fame or power and pomp or dignity.

9

پَڪا پَڪا ريو، ڄامُ تماچي آيو،
گوندَر لاهيو، گندريون! آتن اڃا ريو،
ڪنجهرُ قراريو، سمي سامر بخشي.

Their residences have been cleaned, Jam Tamachi has settled. Oh fisherwomen! Throw away your grieves and clean your residences or courtyard of your houses. Keenjhar became griefless or preserved. (Fishermen of Keenjhar became worriless). Samo has protected all. (Whom God favours, from their hearts and minds all worries and grieves go away. They keep their mind clean and always remain worriless.

10

ڪو جو ڪامن مي، آهي اگڙين ۾،
تن تماچيءَ ڄام جو، ناپون پايوني،
عشق اٿن ڪري، جئن ڄارو ڄام ڪلهي ڪيو.

The fisherwoman (Noori) has got such a magic look into her eyes that the body of Jam Tamachi is being held on the arrows. This is all such attraction of love that like Jam Tamachi Ruler, takes net of fishermen on his shoulders.

*

سر گھاتو

(مورڙي ميربحر جو قصو ۽ اُن جي روحاني معنيٰ)

گھاتو سنسڪرت لفظ آهي ۽ معنيٰ اٿس ”مڇي مار“. هن سر ۾ مڇي مارڻ جو ذڪر ٿو اچي، جنهن ڪري مٿس اهو نالو رکيو ويو آهي. هي سر هيٺين قصي تي ٻڌل آهي. راجا دلو راءِ جي راڄ ۾، سون مياڻيءَ ۾ اويائي نالي هڪ مهاڻو رهندو هو جنهن کي ست پُٽ هئا. ڇهه ڀائر جوڌا جوان هئا، باقي مورڙو جسم جو جڏو هو. مورڙي کي ٻيا ڀائر گهر جي سنڀال لاءِ ڇڏي، پاڻ مڇي مارڻ هليا ويندا هئا. هڪ ڏينهن قضا سان هو ڪلاچيءَ جي ڪُن ۾ وڃي اڙيا ۽ ٻيڙيءَ سوڌا درياه ۾ غرق ٿي ويا. انهيءَ ڪُن ۾ هڪ مانگر مڇ رهندو هو، جنهن کين بروقت ڳڙڪائي ڇڏيو. جڏهن گھاتو گهر نه موٽيا، تڏهن سندن گهر جا مڙئي پاتي فڪر ۾ پئجي ويا. نيٺ مورڙو هڪ مڇڻو ڪٺي، سندس تلاش لاءِ ويو. کيس جهٽ معلوم ٿيو ته سندس ڀائرن سان ڪهڙو قهر ٿيو آهي. مورڙو عقل ۾ اڪابر هو، هن پنهنجي عزيزن سان صلاح ڪري، هڪ لوهي پڇرو تيار ڪرايو. جنهن جي ٻاهرئين پاسي تڪا ڪُنڊا ۽ ڪيل لڳل هئا، جن مان هر هڪ کي ريشمي رسو وٽيل هو. سمورا رسا وري هڪ پاڇاريءَ سان ٻڌل هئا. ڪلاچيءَ جي ڪُن وٽ پهچڻ شرط مورڙو پاڻ وڃي پڇري ۾ ويهي رهيو ۽ همراهن کي چيائين ”پڇري کي ڪُن ۾ ڪيرايو، جڏهن رسا لڏندا ڏسو، تڏهن ان کي چڪي ٻاهر ڪڍو.“ مانگر مڇ به تيار ويٺو هو، جئن ئي وات کولي، مورڙي کي ڳڙڪائڻ جي ڪيائين، تنهن ئي ڇاڙين ۾ وڃي ڪيل ڪُنڊا اٽڪيس. مورڙي بر وقت رسا لوڏيا. سندس همراهن، سانهن سان پاڇاريون جوئي، وٺي انهن جي پنن تي ٻريل مٿا رکيا. سانه اٿي پڳا ۽ مانگر مڇ گهلجي سڪيءَ تي آيو. پوءِ ته بُري تي بڻجي وئي ۽ ماري پورو ڪيائونس. مورڙو صحيح سلامت ٻاهر نڪري آيو. مڇ جو پيٽ چيري، ان مان ڀائرن جا ڪرنگهر ڪڍيائين ۽ انهن کي وڃي هڪ جبل جي دامن ۾ دفن ڪيائين. پوءِ پاڻ مُجاور ٿي ويهي رهيو! اهو مقام، ڪراچيءَ کان ٻه ميل پري، اڄ ڏينهن تائين قائم آهي. مورڙو به اتي دفن ٿيل آهي. انهيءَ مقام کي ”مورڙي جو مقام“ سڏيندا آهن. هن سر ۾ دنيا کي مها ساگر جي صورت ڏني وئي آهي ۽ ان جي خوفن ۽ خطرن جو ذڪر ڪيو ويو آهي. نفس، مانگر مڇ مثال آهي. انسان جي اندر ۾ حرص ۽ هوس جو ڪُن هميشه جولانيون پيو ماري. نفس مانگر مڇ مثال آهي، جو ڪڏهن به راضي ٿيڻ جو ناهي ۽ هر وقت نئين نئين طلب ڪندو ٿو رهي. سندس طمع جي حد ٿي

ناهي جيڪي ڳڙڪائي، سو ٿورو. انهيءَ نفس کي مارڻ لاءِ سخت ڪشالا گهرجن، رڳو ديني فرض ان کي مات نه ٿا ڪري سگهن. مانگر مڇ به ڪنڊن ۽ ڪيلن واري پڃري سان شڪار ٿيو، ڄار ۽ مڇڻا ان کي ڦاسائڻ لاءِ ڪارگر نه هئا. انهيءَ نفس کي نهوڙڻ لاءِ مورڙي جهڙا ڪي افلاطون طالب گهرجن. جيڪي انساني نفس کي نابود ٿا ڪن، سي مورڙي وانگر، هميشه جو سڪ ٿا ماڻين.

گهوريندي گهور پيا، اگهور گهور يائون،
ميڪر ماريائون، ملاحن منهن سَرا.

TUNE (SUR) GHATOO

(MORIRO FISHERMAN'S STORY AND ITS SPIRITUAL MEANING AND SECRECY)

Ghatoo is Sanskrit language word which means "Fish Catcher". In this Tune (Sur), there is description about fish catching. It is described as follows:

In the ruler ship of Raja Diloo Rai, in the village Sone Miyani, a fisherman namely Obhayo was living who had seven sons, six of them were strong and healthy youngsters but one Moriro was disabled in health. Therefore other brothers used to leave Moriro to deal with the household affairs and they used to go to catch the fish. One day they were caught in the whirlpool of the water and drowned along with their boat in the river where a crocodile was living in the water which at once gulped them or ate them all. When Ghatoo could not return home, then all their family members got worried. After thinking, Moriro took a fisherman and tried to find out them. He at once understood as to what was happened to his brothers. Moriro was intelligent and active in planning. He advising his relatives got prepared an iron cage with sharp fish hooks and nails outside round it which were intertwined with silky thread rope fastened with a handle for lifting any load or weight. Reaching at the whirlpool of Kalachi, Moriro sat in the cage and advised his helpers to throw it in the

water of whirlpool of the river and when you see the ropes moving then it may be pulled out. The crocodile was ready to gulp it also. As the crocodile tried to gulp the cage of Moriro then all the iron hooks and nails hit it and injured its throats. Moriro at once moved the ropes and his helpers with the help of mighty male buffaloes were fastened with handles and they put on their back the burning cotton threads which compelled them to run quickly and pulled out the crocodile on the surface of the ground. Then all the people there started beating it and at last they killed the whale. Moriro was safe and alive. He then cut the whale and drew out bones of the dead bodies of his six brothers and buried them near a graveyard in the sides of a mountain. Then he looked after their graves as a caretaker. Moriro when died after some time was also buried in that grave yard named as "Moriro Graveyard". It is at the distance of two miles away from Karachi (now in the city) and till now it exists.

In this Tune (Sur), the world has been considered as great ocean. All the dangers and fears hidden or secret to be happened here have been described. Sensual desires are compared with the whale. In the human being, the whirlpool of greed and desires is always making currents. Whale is like sensual desires which is never satisfied but at every moment, it desires new thing to gulp more and more. There is no limit to its greedy desires. What he gulps things, they are very few. That sensual desires may be ended with great efforts. Religious or other tricks only cannot remove it. The whale was killed with iron hooks and nails. The net and fishermen were not capable of killing it.

For killing all sensual desires, there is need of many Plato like Moriros. The human beings who killed sensual desires, they enjoy all comforts like Moriro "After making great efforts, they entered into the whirlpool and searched the deep ocean. They killed the whale, the faces of fishermen became happy and contented. (Moriro fisherman kept himself in the cage and got killed the whale. On their success, fishermen celebrated happiness and their success).

داستان پهريون

مهراڻ کي پسي، گهڻ ڄاڻ وارا به موڙهل ٿيو پون ۽ کين اڳيان پويان ٿاڻ وسريو وڃن. سندن اوليون اُجهڻ ۽ ونجهه وهڻ ٿا لڳن. ڪلاچي ۽ جي ڪُن ۾ اهو قهر آهي، جو جيڪو گهڙي سو وري واپس نه وري ۽ نه ڪا اتي جي خبر ڏئي. مورڙي جا پائر ڪالهه ڪلاچي ۽ ويا آهن ۽ وري پيرونه ڪيو اٿن. سندن مڇئا ۽ چار ڏسڻ ۾ نه ٿا اچن، سندن گهر وارين کي گهاتوڙن جا ٿوڪ ٿا مارين. شايد هر لوڪ وچان لڏي، اونهي ۾ هميشه لاءِ سمائجي ويا. جتي اڳي مڇين جا ڍير هئا، تن تي هاڻ واريءَ جا بٽ لڳا پيا آهن. نه بازار ۾ ٻوڙ آهي، چلر چٽ. سر ڇڻ سڪي ويو آهي ۽ سونگي عدم آهن. نيٺ ملاحن جڏهن مڇ کي ماريو، تڏهن سندن منهن سرها ٿيا. ڏٺيءَ جا طالب به تيسين سُڪ نه ٿا سمهن، جيسين نفس کي ڪهي فنا نه ٿا ڪن.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 1

To see the Indus (Mehran) River, the all knowing people are confused and everything and all tricks they forget. In their front swimming and moving their rudders fail to work. In the whirlpool of Kalachi, the mishap is that who so ever jumps into it, he neither returns nor communicates any information of that place. Brothers of Moriro have gone to Kalachi yesterday and could not return. Their nets and baskets are not available and cannot be seen. Their wives are anxious to see them. Perhaps they have migrated to unknown place or drowned and died in the deep water. Where heaps of fishes were, there are now the stacks (heaps) of sands. Neither there is smell of fish, nor the scales of skin of fish are visible. Water has dried and smell is invisible or non existent. At last when fishermen killed the whale then their faces looked happy and comfortable. God desiring people also do not feel ease or sleep with comfort, till they kill all their sensual desires.

1

گهنگريا گهڻ ڄاڻ، موڙهي مَت مهائين،
ويا گڏجي وير ۾، پيا منهن مهراڻ،
اڳيان پويان ٿاڻ، ويا ويچارن وسري.

The experts and knowledgeable persons confused and champions forgot all things. They entered into the river and drowned in the currents of water. They erred, misled, omitted all past and present tricks or thoughts.

2

ماڪَ پڄاينِ مولهيا، مٿان رات پئي،
اوليون اُجهڻ لڳيون، ويا ونجهه وهي،
ڪلاچيان ڪهي، ڪڏهن ڪو نه آيو.

Their turbans were wetted with the dew and the night appeared. The handles of the boat were swimming and its rudders were moved in the currents. From the whirlpool of Kalachi never anybody safely returned or came back.

3

ڪو جو قهرُ ڪلاچ ۾، گهڙي سوئي،
خبر ڪون ڏئي، ته رڄ ڪهاڙي رنديا؟

In the whirlpool of Kalachi, such mishap has appeared or occurred that whosoever enters into the water of the river, he was carried away. Nobody informs or suggests the reason of the interruption or hindrance of their nets they threw in the water of the river.

4

ڪالهه ڪلاچيءَ ويا، چتيون کڻي چڱير،
پائرن پيرونه ڪيو، اڏن ڪي اوڀر،
اهڙي خاصي ڪير، ڪن ورائي جهلي.

The fishermen with tassel turbans, took big lance or spears and went to the whirlpool of Kalachi. Moriro's brothers did not return, brothers were disappeared. This noble group or company was stopped by the turn of the whirlpool.

5

تَرِيُون پَسَان نہ تارِ ۾، جُهڳا جاءِ نہ ڪن،
مَادِر! مَلاَحَن، ماڳ نہ ڊوڀا مَڪُڙا.

The wife of the fisherman says, "I do not see the swimmer fishermen in the river, the big nets are not stopped there. Oh mother! The boatmen with full boats did not come back home or did not return their homes.

6

ڏهاڻي ڏنم ڪيترا، جَنين ماريو موڪ،
گَهر ۾ گهاٽوئڙن جا، ٿا ماريئم ٿوڪ،
لَڏي وڃان لوڪ، اونهي ويا اوهرِي.

The fishermen who caught many fishes, out of them, many I saw daily. In the house, the luggage and other material of fishermen who used to dive in the river grieved to see. They migrated from this world and drowned in the deep water of the ocean or they died in the river.

7

اُڀي اوسڙان اُس ۾، جَھليو ڪُن ڪنارَ،
گهاٽو گَهر نہ آڻيا، وڏي لڳين وارَ،
هَيس جنين هارَ، سي موڙي چڙهيا مَڪُڙا.

Taking the side of the whirlpool, I am roaming or going in sun shine in their hope or for them. Fishermen did not come back to their homes and made much delay. In whose care or solace I was, they turning their boats went away.

8

جتي گهوريو گهاٽوئين، تتي واريءَ بُتَ،
سهيڻ ساتي مُتَ، سُرُ سڪو، سونگي، ڳيا.

Where the fishermen or divers put their nets in the water for catching fishes, there are now only heaps of sand. Many and

unlimited number of fishermen came into the whirlpool or caught by the potters kin. The river dried and the revenue collectors went away or left the place.

9

مُون اُڌارِيا مَڇڙا، الله! گهاتو آڻ،
ميان! مُدارن سين، مون کي، قادر! وجه مَر ڪاڻ،
هَت مُنهنجي هاڻ، قَدُر لَڌو جن ري.

I have borrowed fishes. Oh God! You may return fishermen. Oh powerful or full of strength! Do not make me weak or needy with the owner of the rooms or houses. Without those fishermen I have or my body and heart have known their value.

10

اَئين جا لُڌو لوڏ، اِي پرگهاتوئن جي،
ڪُن ڪلاچي ڪوڏ، سَڪ نه سَتا ڪڏهين.

You move or walk with pride, that is the manner of fishermen. In the fondness of the sacrifice of the whirlpool, they never slept with comfort or ease.

11

گهوريندي گهور پيا، اگهور گهوريائون،
ميڪر ماريائون، ملاحن مُنهن سنرا.

After making great efforts, they entered into the whirlpool and searched the deep ocean. They killed the whale, the faces of fishermen became happy and contented. (Moriro fisherman kept himself in the cage and got killed the whale. On their success, fishermen celebrated happiness and their success).

12

جئن جُهڳا پائيين جهول ڀر، ائين نه مَرَن مڇ،
سَهَر ڌار سَمند جا، ڪي راتون رڱيون رَڇ،
هي چارون ۽ ڇڇ، اڃا اوڙاه اڳاهون ٿيو.

As you put nets in the corner (standing or shallow waters in the corner pond) the whale will not be killed. (They live in the deep water and not in the shallow corner water). You should keep with you nets of strong coloured ropes. These are deep and salty low lying places, deep waters are still away. (Who want to kill sensual desires, be prepared for a long struggle, but nothing is achieved from the small struggle or war of efforts).



سُر سورث

(راء ڏياڇ جو قصو ۽ ان جي روحاني معنيٰ)

ڪنهن زماني ۾، راء ڏياڇ نالي، هڪ راجا، جهونا ڳڙھ تي راڄ ڪندو هو. کيس هڪ بي اولاد پيڻ هئي، جنهن هڪ ڏينهن هڪ فقير کان ٻار لاءِ دُعا گهرائي. درويش چيس ته ”تو کي هڪ پُٽ ڄمندو، پر اهو تنهنجي ڀاءُ جو سر وٺندو.“ اهو ٻڌي هوءَ نهايت پشيمان ٿي. نون مهينن کان پوءِ کيس پُٽ ڄائو، جنهن کي بروقت هڪ صندوق ۾ ٽاڪي کڻي حوالي درياهه ڪيائين. صندوق لڙهندي وڃي راجا ”انيراء“ جي ملڪ ۾ نڪتي ۽ اُتي هڪ چارڻ ۽ سندس زال کي هٿ آئي، هنن ٻار کي ڪڍي وڃي پاليو ۽ نالو رکيائونس ٻيجل. ٻيجل جڏهن سائڻيو، تڏهن جهنگ ۾ مالُ چارڻ لڳو. هڪ ڏينهن ٻيجل جي ڪُن تي هڪ ساز جو موهيندڙ الاپ پيو. نظر ڪيائين ته کيس هڪ وڻ تي ڪنهن مُروءَ جا انڊا تنگيل ڏسڻ ۾ آيا. آواز اهڙو ته مٺو هو، جو پڪي پڪڻ ۽ جيو جتنر، پاڻ وساري، اچي اُتي ڄم کائي بيهي ٿي ويا. حقيقت ۾، ڪنهن درويش هڪ هرڻ جو شڪار ڪري، ان جا انڊا کڻي وڻ ۾ تنگيا هئا، جي پوءِ سُڪي ساز جا آواز ڪڍڻ لڳا هئا. ٻيجل اهي کڻي وڃي چنگ تي چاڙهيا. سندس چنگ جي آواز تي پسون ۽ پڪي اچي ڪٺا ٿيندا هئا ۽ هو به هر روز ٻه چار هرڻ جهلي اچي مائٽن جي پالنا ڪندو هو. سندس سُرندي جي پوءِ هر هنڌ هاڪ پئجي وئي. قضا سان، جنهن وقت ٻيجل ڄائو هو، تنهن وقت راجا انيراءِ کي پڻ هڪ ڌيءَ ڄائي هئي، جا سندس سٺ ڏيئڻ ۾ اضافو هئي. خارن وچان، راجا اُن کي صندوق ۾ وجهائي درياهه ۾ لوڙهائي ڇڏيو. اها صندوق راءِ ڏياڇ جي ملڪ ۾، رتني نالي هڪ ڪُنير کي هٿ آئي. رتني کي به اولاد ڪو نه هو، سو ڪوڏ وچان وڃي ٻار کي پاليائين ۽ نالو رکيائينس سورث. سورث جڏهن جوين کي رسي تڏهن سندس حُسن جو حساب ٿي ڪو نه هو. سندس سونهن جي هاڪ ٻڌي، راجا انيراءِ رتني کان سندس سڱ گهريو، ڪميڻي کي سڏ نه هئي ته سورث سندس ئي نياڻي هئي، جا پاڻ درياهه ۾ لوڙهائي ڇڏي هئائين. رتني جئن جڇ وٺي ٿي ويو، تنهن راءِ ڏياڇ جي نظر وڃي اُن تي پيئي. حقيقت معلوم ڪرڻ تي ڏاڍا خار لڳس ۽ رتني کي گهرائي مٿس ملامت ڪيائين ۽ سورث کي پنهنجي حويلي ۾ رکيائين.

انيراءِ کي جڏهن اها خبر پيئي، تڏهن سندس غصي جي حد نه رهي. بروقت وڏو لشڪر ساڻ ڪري، جهونا ڳڙھ تي چڙهائي ڪيائين، پر ٻارهن مهينن جي گهيري کان

پوءِ به کيس سوڀ نصيب نه ٿي. آخر پنهنجي وطن ڏانهن واپس وريو ۽ هڪ ٿالھ، مھرن سان ڀري ساري ملڪ ۾ هوڪو ڏياريائين ته ”جيڪو راءِ ڏياچ جو سر وڌي ايندو، تنهن کي هي ٿالھ ملندو، ۽ ٻيو به جيڪي هو گهرندو، سو لهندو.“ ٻيجل جي زال، مڙس جي غير حاضريءَ ۾ ٿالھ وٺي رکيو ۽ وڃن ڏنائين ته ”گهوٽم راءِ ڏياچ جو سر وڌي ايندو.“ ٻيجل به لاچار ٿي سرنڊو سينگاري جهونا ڳڙھ ڏانهن راهه ورتي. راءِ ڏياچ جي محل وٽ رسي تند تنواريائين. سندس چنگ جي آواز، راجا جي دل کي گھائي وڌو. ٻيجل کي چيائين ته ”گهر جيڪي گهرڻو اٿيئي“ ٻيجل چيو ته ”راجا! توهان هڪ گجھي ڳالھ ڪرڻي اٿم“ راجا کيس چوڏول موڪلي، پاڻ وٽ گھرايو ٻيجل سرنڊو وڃائيندو رهيو. ۽ راجا بي خود ٿي کيس طرحين طرحين جا انعام آڇيندو رهيو. نيٺ ٻيجل هٿ جوڙي عرض کيس ته ”مون کي مال نه گھرجي پر تو سخيءَ جو سر گھرجي.“ تون ڪڏهن ”نانه نه سڪيو آهين، سو اٿي مون کي پنهنجو سر ڏي.“ راءِ ڏياچ به چوچ وڇان، پنهنجن هٿن سان ڪلهن تان ڪنڌ ڪوري ڏنس. ٻيجل سر ڪٽي اچي انيراءِ جي اڳيان رکيو. انيراءِ جي دل کي چوٽ رسي ويئي ۽ چيائينس ته ”حيث اٿيئي ڪميٽا! تون ٿوري لالچ تي هٽي سخي سردار جو سر وڌي آيو آهين! هينئر تڙ هٿان ۽ منهنجو ملڪ ڇڏي وڃ.“ ٻيجل به نهايت پشيمان ٿيو، ۽ هوش وڃائي جهونا ڳڙھ ڏانهن ڊوڙيو. اتي پهچي ڏسي ته سورڻ، مڇ ۾ پاڻ وڃهي، ستي ٿي رهي آهي. پوءِ پاڻ به آگ ۾ ڪاهي پيو ۽ سڙي پسم ٿي ويو. هن سر ۾ هيءُ تمثيل رکيل آهي: راءِ ڏياچ مان مراد آهي اهو سعادتمند طالب، جو مرشد جي صرف اشاري تي، پنهنجو سر لاهي ٿو ڏئي. مرشد به کيس گجھي راز ٿو ٻڌائي ۽ پاڻ سان هڪ ڪري ٿو ڇڏي. ٻيجل، حقيقت ۾ ”مرشد ڪامل“ جي معنيٰ ۾ آيو آهي. هو خلوت ۾ راءِ ڏياچ اڳيان ”واحو ولاتي“ ٿو وڃائي. اهو ساز، اندر جو ساز آهي، جنهن جا آلاپ، دنيا جي مڙني سازن جي آوازن کان وڌيڪ منا ۽ موهيندڙ آهن. راءِ ڏياچ جي اندر ۾ هڪ عجيب روشني ٿي چمڪي: ”خيمي ۾ گنھگار جي، چانڊوٿا چمڪن.“ اهڙي طرح مرشد ڪامل، طالب جي قلب ۾ روحاني نور ٿو جاڳائي ۽ پنهنجي مريد کي هميشه واري حياتي بخشي، کيس سرفراز ٿو ڪري. طالب نفس کي نابود ڪري، مرشد ۾ فنا ٿو ڪاڻي. نفس مٿو ته سڪ ٿيو. ”سورڻ مٽي، سڪ ٿيو“ خيما ڪنيا گنھگار. اتي سورڻ کي ”نفس“ جي معنيٰ ۾ وٺڻ گھرجي.

”سورڻ“ سنسڪرت شبد ”سؤراشتر“ جو بگڙيل روپ آهي. هيءُ راڳڻي پکرو جي ٽئين پُٺ جي استري آهي ۽ رات جي ٻئي پُٺ ۾ ڳائي آهي. شايد هيءُ راڳڻي سؤراشتر ۾ گھڻو ڳائڻ ۾ ايندي هئي. هتي شاه صاحب ئي راءِ ڏياچ آهي، چو ته پاڻ راڳ تي سراپا ڦڏا هو ۽ دمر به راڳ ٻڌندي ئي مراقبي ۾ سرنوائي ڏنائين.

تَندُ تُماریءَ تان، کَھیرو سو قبول پیو،
خاک، مِتی کا بان، کَآتیا پوءِ کُجھ نہین.

TUNE (SUR) SORATH

Once upon a time, Jhunagarah was ruled by Raja Rai Diyach. He had a childless sister who one day from a beggar or God fearing man demanded prayers or blessings of God for a child to be born to her. The God fearing person said, "She would give birth to a son but he will take the head from his brother Raja Diyach. To hear this, she became dejected and felt repentance. After nine months, she gave birth to a son but immediately she arranged to put her child in a wooden box and thrown it in the river. The box floating reached in the country of Raja Ani Rai and received by a shepherd and his wife. They drew the baby from the box and reared and brought him up in their care in their house as they were childless. They named the child as Beejal. When Beejal grew and got maturity, he also used to graze the animals in the forests or fields. One day Beejal heard an amusing voice. He saw here and there. His sight fell on a tree where the intestines of a pig were hanged. The voice was so much sweet that all the birds and insects on hearing this sweet song, they were attracted and compelled to make their abode to live there. Actually a pious man had hunted a Deer, he drew its intestines and hanged them in the tree and when they had dried, they started giving sounds of a musical instrument. Beejal brought them and fixed them with his harp or a handful musical instrument. On the sound of the harp, all the beasts and birds in the forests and deserts used to come there and stood over there to hear that sweet sound of the harp being played by Beejal who caught daily two or three deer and provided their meat to his relatives for eating. The sweet sound of his harp became famous and open in all over the surroundings. naturally, at the time when Beejal was born, Raja Ani Rai's 61st daughter had also born who was added to his 60 other daughters. In anger, Raja had floated her in the box in river also. That box

floating reached in the country of Rai Diyach and received by a Potter namely Ratni. He had also no child so he brought up her with fondness and named her as Sorath. When Sorath got matured, her beauty was so much spread in the surroundings that Raja Ani Rai desired to marry her and demanded her for his wedding from Ratni who had received from the river in a box floated by her father Ani Rai. He did not know that she was her daughter floated her by him in the river in anger.

Ratni took her daughter along with his other relatives to get her wedded with Raja Ani Rai as desired and demanded by him from Ratni. Raja Rai Diyach when knew this fact, he called Ratni and prevented him to get Sorath married with Raja Ani Rai as she was his daughter so he put her in his palace. When Ani Rai heard this story, he got annoyed and attacked on Jhoonagarah but failed to do so as he tried to defeat Raja Diyach for about 12 months and returned to his country unsuccessfully. He tricked other way to kill Raja Diyach and take his head. He filled a big and large tray with diamonds and announced that who would take the head of Rai Diyach, he will be awarded his tray full of diamonds and other things what so ever demanded by him. The wife of Beejal took this tray with her in her house in the absence of her husband Beejal. She promised the announcer that her husband Beejal will surely bring the head of Rai Diyach. At the stress of his wife and in the greed of diamonds and other awards, Beejal took his harp and left for the country of Jhoonagarah. He reached at the palace of Rai Diyach and played his harp of sweet and amusing sound. On the sweet sound of the harp, Raja Diyach was also attracted and amused to hear this. He offered "to demand whatsoever he needs". Beejal sent a message to Rai Diyach that he would tell him a secret story in person. Raja sent him Palanquin for coming to him. Beejal continued to play his harp and Raja continued to offer him big awards but submissively Beejal requested him that he did not want any material or goods, but being a charitable and generous King or Raja and did not use No to anyone, so he expressed his demand that he needed his head. Hearing this, he showed his generosity and keeping the reputation of his promise

and status, he cut his own head from his shoulders and Beejal got his head and brought it to Raja Ani Rai. When Ani Rai saw the head of Rai Diyach, he got anger and felt repented. He annoyed with Beejal and reproached him that due to greediness of diamonds, he killed and brought the cut head of Raja Diyach a generous and noble man. He rebuked Beejal and exiled him from his country. Beejal also repented and got worried to kill the Raja Diyach. He became mad and lost his senses and left for Jhoonagarah. When he reached there, he saw that Sorath had jumped into the flame of fire to show her sacrifice for her husband Raja Diyach. Then to see this tragic scene and plight, he also jumped into the fire and was burnt into pieces and ashes. In this episode, the similitude is as follows:

Rai Diyach means that chaste and virtuous desirer who on the hint of his guide, he is slaughtering his own head and giving to the guide. The guide narrates him the hidden secrets of life and makes him of the equal status. Beejal actually has been communicated as the perfect guide. He in his meeting is playing fiddle in very attractive manner that musical instrument is the sound of the heart which is more sweet and amusing than the other sounds of the musical instruments in the world. In the heart of Rai Diyach, the wonderful light is reaching or appearing "In the tent of the pious man lights are shining". This, the perfect guide is shining spiritual light in the heart of the lover or seeker and provides his disciple an eternal life and makes him splendid and perfect. The lover (seeker) destroys his all sensual desires and ends himself in his guide. "If sensual desires are destroyed, comfort is achieved. "Sorath died, then happiness came, tents are taken out by the chaste man". Here Sorath may be considered as sensual desires (Nafis). "Sorath" is the spoilt shape of the "Sorashter" in Sanskrit language. This song (Raga) is the wife of Bharoo's third son and is being sung in the second part of the night or at midnight. Perhaps, this song (Raga) is more sung in Sorashter. Here Shah Sahib is himself Rai Diyach because he was fond of this song and he lost his breath hearing this Raga or song by downing his head in his both legs.

“Rai Diyach says to Beejal: What melody has been sung by the wire of your fiddle or harp, that has been accepted. This head in lieu of that is presented but demand other prize or charity. This body is the structure or statue of the earth or dust if it has been cut, it remains or becomes nothing”.

داستان پهريون

چارڻ (بيجل) چنگ کي جهوڙا ۽ جهائين ٻڌي، ۽ الله پر آس رکي، راءِ ڏياڇ جي محل اڳيان آيو آهي. واحد در وينتي ڪري ٿو چوي: سباجها سائين! راءِ ريجهائين راڳ سين. جاجڪ محل هيٺ آيو ٿي، سر جون صداون ٿو ڪري. هو پرديسان پنڌ ڪري آيو آهي. هو مال نه ٿو مڱي، پر جيءُ ٿو گهري، چي: ”اي سورٿ ورا اٿي مڱڻهار ملههءَ جو ويرين وچان آيو آهي. آءُ ساعت به صبر نه ٿو سهي سگهان. وهلو ٿي، سر وڍي ڏي. اي راجا! تنهنجو شان سُٽي، ۽ ٻيا در ٻن ڏيئي ۽ دور ڪري، تو در آيو آهيان. جيڪي ڪماڇ سان ڪهان ٿو، سو سباجهي ڪن سان سن، هاڻ اٿي ڪو پينار جو پاند پر.“

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 1

Charan (who plays harp) or (Beejal) after fastening small bell of metal and tassel and keeping hopes in God, came in front of the palace of Rai Diyach. He submissively requests at the door of the owner one and says: “Oh merciful owner! Rai is amused with singing the song” standing under the palace, the singer or beggar (Jajak) is making appeals for taking head or taking breath”. He has come from very far away place or from other foreign country. He does not demand any material thing but he demands the breath! Saying: “Oh husband of Sorath! Stand up and favour the beggar or who makes demand, who has come from enemies. I cannot tolerate a single moment to wait. Be merciful, give me your head after cutting it from your body. Oh Raja! After hearing your high status and leaving other doors, I have come to your door to you. What I say with my tongue or mouth, hear it with your kind and merciful ear, now stand and fill the wallet of the beggar or “give me that thing I have demanded i.e. your head cut from your body”.

1

الله جي آس ڪري، هليو هٽائين،
 چارڻ ٻڌا چنگ ڪي، جهوڙا ۽ جهائين،
 ڏولي راءِ ڏياچ جي، ڏوران ڏنائين،
 وينتي واحد ڌر، تنهن وير ڪيائين،
 ”سباجها سائين! راءِ ريجهاڻين راڳ سين.“

Keeping hope in God, Beejal from here (from the country of Ani Rai) travelled. The demand maker or the beggar who demands or begs has fastened tassels and small bell of metal with his harp. From some distance, he saw the palace of Rai Diyach. That moment, he prayed to God: Oh merciful owner! May You satisfy the Raja (ruler) on this song or Raga or may You make agreeable to the Raja (Ruler).

2

پرديسان پند ڪري، هلي آيو هون،
 اونچو تون عرش تي، آن پورو مٿي پون،
 ڪيئن ٿسندن تون؟ هي سر سوالي مڱڻو.

Beejal says to Rai Diyach: "I a foreigner from far away place have come here. You are on the sky (being of high caliber or status), I am unknown and on land (having simple and poor status). How, you will be agreeable or satisfied? This beggar or demand maker is begging your head or breath".

3

پرديسان پند ڪري، سٺي آيس شان،
 مڱان ڪهڙيءَ مت سين؟ نسورو نادان!
 سو ڪوڏيارين ڏان، جو طمع ڪي ترڪ ڪري.“

"Hearing about your status and reputation, I have come from far away foreign place. With what trick or secrecy I should demand charity? I am unknown totally! Such charity you may give me that my desire or need may be fulfilled".

4

”سَرديءُ سالِمُ نہ رھان، گرميءَ تيان گُذارُ،
 اَمَنُ دِيچ امانُ تون، سائلِ هَڻي سازُ،
 ربانيءَ کي رازُ، خالصُ دِيچ خَليلُ جو.“

In cold, my health does not remain sound (it downs) and in summer (hot) season, I am weak and feeble. You may favour with safety and comfort (from the pain or punishment of Ani Rai). This beggar or demand maker plays musical instrument (demand is repeated). Please tell this singer a friendly pure and net secret”. (Prophet Ibrahim is called as “a friend of God or Khalil Allah”).

5

”تو دَرِ آيس، راجيا: جاجُکُ وِني جيُ،
 کَنان، نازِ حامِيءِ، هانِ بچائجِ هيُ،
 والي ديارِئي ويُ، جت آهي جَناتِ عَدن.“

Oh Raja (King)! I have come at your door (house). This harp player or singer has come for taking your head or breath. Now save him from the burning fire (Ani Rai's Punishment or pains). May God bestow you that garden where there is paradise of Aden. (May God favour you with it).

6

”هيا دَرِ دِيئي هِن کي، آيس تنهنجي دَرِ،
 سونهارا سورث وَر! ڪا منهنجي ڪَر،
 ڀِلا! پيري پَر، پالهو پاندُ پينار جو.“

Leaving all other doors, I have come to your door. Oh noble husband of Sorath! Do something for me or take my care or help me. Oh noble Raja (King)! Fill the empty wallet or bag of this demand maker or beggar, (Beejal).

داستان ٻيو

عطائيءَ ڪينرو وڄائي، سارو شهر تندن سان تپايو آهي. قلعي ۾ ساري رات ڳايائين، صبح جو مٿس ماڻڪ اُٿا، پر انهن کي هٿ نه لڌائين. راجا نيٺ وائي ورنائي، کيس رتولن ۾ ٿو سڏائي. ميراڻيءَ ڪنهن مڇاريءَ مهل راءِ سان راز ڪيو. پوءِ ”راجا راڳائي، هر دوئي هيڪ ٿيا.“ ٻيجل کي اتي ڪوٺايو ويو، ”جت اچن نه اُردا بيگيون.“ راجا کيس وڏا ڏان ٿو آڇي، ”تازي ڏيوس تڪڙا، جوهر پائي زين.“ پر مڱڻو سر ڌاران ٻيو ڪي ڪين ٿو گهري.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 2

The singer or music instrument player plays the harp and has made the whole city into the trouble of sounds and voices. All the night sang or played the harp near the Fort, in the morning, many pearls were offered but he did not lie his hands on them. Raja at last called him at his palace or at the decorated rooms. The singer at the better occasion disclosed his secret with the Raja. Then Raja and singer agreed and became one in their secrets. Beejal was called there, “Camel-men should come but not bags”. Raja offered him big prizes, “Give all to the beggar or singer or demand maker, bags of jewels and pearls” but the beggar demands nothing excepting the head or breath of Raja (King).

1

جاڳڪُ جهونا ڳڙه ۾، ڪوءِ عطائي آيو،
تنهن ڪامل ڪڍي ڪينرو، ويهي وڄايو،
شهرُ سڄوئي سرُ سين، تندن تپايو،
دائون درمانديون ٿيون، پائين پاڏايو،
چارڻ ٿي چايو، ته ماري آهي مڱڻو.

The beggar or instrument player who came in Jhunagarah, he was God gifted or expert musical instrument player. That expert, took the musical instrument and played it. The wires of fiddle or harp, with their sound stimulated great lamentation in

the city. The female servants wondered and the queens started weeping. The musical instrument player desired to send a message that "this musician beggar is a killer hunter". (This beggar wounds hearts and kill them with the sound of the instrument).

2

نِرتي تَندُ نِيازَ سِين، بُرائي ٻيجل،
 راجا رَتوَلَن ۾، اونائي اَمَل،
 راز ڪيائين راءِ سِين، ڪَنهن مِوچاريءَ مَهَل،
 "اَنَا أَحْمَدُ بِلَا مِيم"، سِين هَنئي سائِل،
 ڪَنهن ڪَنهن پيئي ڪَل، تَهَرِ دِوئي هيڪُ ٿيا.

Beejal humbly played the thread of the instrument with force. The famous or invaluable personality the Raja requested him in the palace. Beejal at some fortunate time or moment exchanged a deep secret with the Raja (King or Ruler). I am Ahmed without M (means Ahad=God): the musician begged for this. No body understood this secret that (Raja and the singer) they have converted as one or equal. (In the belief of Sufi's Hazrat Muhammad (PBUH) said that they "were one with God". It means that the perfect guide tells the demand maker this secret and considers him as one with himself.

3

ڪِنين ڪِنين ماڙهين، پيئي ڪَل ڪائي،
 رَسِيَا جِي رَمَزَ ڪي، تن پارسي پائي،
 "الانسان سِرِي وَأَنَا سِرُهُ" ورتي ئي وائي،
 راجا راڳائي، هر دِوئي هيڪُ ٿيا.

Some small group of people know this secret or enigma or riddle. The people who have understood that secret they only can understand those secrets or enigma. "Human is my secret and I am his secret". (Hadith) this secret is being told and repeated. (Beejal tells Raja Diyach this enigma). Raja and the singer have connected into each other.

4

سِرَ جي هُئائين هَلِيو، چارُن چَتائي،
 سو مُوڙا جُهلي نه مالَ جا، ٿو ماڻِڪَ موٽائي،
 ”تو دَرِ آيسَ تي، جِئن تو ناهِ نه سَڪيو.“

The beggar kept desire of getting head in his heart from here (his home). He does not take bags of money jewels are not being accepted. Raja! I have come to your door because of the fact that you have never learnt to say no to anybody.

5

”جي ميراڻي مڱڻا، آئون پڻ منجهان تَن،“
 ”ڪي ڪُه منهنجي ڪَن، اِرتَ منجهاران اُن جي.“

Beejal says, “Those beggars who have this song received in heirship, I am also from them”. Rai Diyach says, “Sing my ear some from their heirship (Divine gift or endowment or generosity).

6

”ڪا جا ڳالهه ڳري، ٻيڄليا! ٻڌاءِ مون،
 پينين جئن ڳرناڙ ۾، تَنڊن تان ڪَري،
 ڪِ تو پَنڌ پَري؟ ڪِ مڱ جُهليندين؟ مڱڻا!“

Rai Diyach says, “Oh Beejal! Say the same story, tell me: after entering into my palace, you stroke on the wires of the fiddle or harp. Oh beggar! Have you to go back to far away foreign country or here you want to take prize or award?

7

مڱ نه جُهليان مُورَهين، نه مون پَنڌ پَري،
 ڳڻي آيسَ ڳالهڙي، ڳجهي تو ڳري،
 ساهه سَمجھج سورَٺ وَڙ! ويندُس ڪين وَري،
 پَريان پير پَري، تولءِ آڻيو آهيان.

Beejal says, “I shall neither get the prize or award (fine) nor I shall go back to far away foreign country, I have brought a secret

story to you." Oh husband of Sorath! Understand it, I shall not return. I have come to you from foreign far away country (to take your head and breath).

8

سِرُ مَگي، سِرُ گُھري، سِرُ رءِ ٿئي نہ صلاح،
 غَرِيبَنئون نہ گُذري، ٿو ماري مير مَلاح،
 نايو نوابن جا، سوريو ڪڍي سا،
 خالق سَنجھ صَباح! ڪو نہ ڇڏيندو ڪَٽھين.

He demands head in prize or charity, needs the head, without the head, the agreement is not possible. He does not enter into poor people house, he kills rich and beautiful people. He falls the rich people and rulers and takes away their breath. God will never leave any body at evening and even at morning.

داستان ٽيون

راجا کي رتولن ۾ ٻيجل جو ٻول سڀاڻو آهي. چوي ٿو ته ”اي مزمان! هت هلي آءُ ته مٿو ڏيانء.“ تنهن قدمن تان لڪ گهوري ٿي. ”ٻيجل ”ساز سري“ ڪٿي، محل ۾ آيو آهي. گهوٽ اچي سلطان کان سسي گهري آهي. سورٺ ور چويس تو ته ”اي جاجڪ! توکي ڏه پيرا جهار آهي. جنهن سر ۾ مريءُ جيترو به مله ناهي، تنهنجو تون طمعدار ٿيو آهين. جي هي ڪپار ڪم اچي ته ويه پيرا وڌي ڏيانء.“

تون هي هڏو هٿ ڪري، وهلو موٽي وڃ، متان انيراءِ سان وڇا ۾ ولهو وهين، وهين. تنهنجي تند جي تنوار سان، مان پنهنجو مٿو مَور نه پاڙيان، جي سوء سر تارازيءَ ۾ پائي تنهنجي تند برابر توريان ته اُٿل اوڏانهين ٿيندي، جيڏانهن ٻيجل ٻولائي. جي مُنهنجي مٿي تي ڪوڙين ڪپار هجن ته سسيءَ کي واريو سؤ وار وڌيان.“ ميرائي، جادمر (راءِ ڏياچ) جو جود (سخاوت) پسي، پر (راضي) ٿيو.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 3

Raja liked the song or conversation of Beejal in his palaces. He says: "Oh guest! Come on here then I shall give my head to

you. I will sacrifice lacs on your steps or on your coming to me". Beejal playing his musical instrument came into the palace. The bride has demanded the head from the king or ruler. The husband of Sorath says to him, "Oh beggar! You have my ten times salute. The head which has no value equivalent to Mari, you have demanded it. If you need this Kapar a part of my body, I can give it to you cutting it twenty times. Take this bone, soon be back so that meet Ani Rai and get your prize from him. I cannot compare my head with the wires of fiddle. If I put a hundred heads in the measuring scale, they will not be equal to the sweet sound of your fiddle. If in my head there should be crores of foreheads, I should cut my head a hundred times. The singer seeing he spirit of the generosity of the Raja Diyach, became very happy and satisfied.

1

ڪي جو ٻيجل ٻوليو، پنيءَ ويهي ڀان،
 راجا ٽولن ۾ سيباڻو سُلطانُ،
 آءُ مَٿاهون مَڱڻا! مُقابل ميدانِ،
 گهوريان لَڪُ، لُطيف چئي تنهنجي قَدَمَن تان قُربانِ،
 مَٿو هي، مزمان! هلي آءُ تہ ڏينءَ.

The beggar Beejal, early in the morning, played such a tone or melody with his fiddle or harp, that was liked by Raja (king) in his colourful palaces. Beejal was sent a message: Oh beggar! You come up (in palaces) personally be in front of me. I sacrifice lacs on your steps or your visit to palace. Oh guest! Come here so I cut my head and give it to you.

2

”آءُ مَٿاهون، مَڱڻا! چَرهي ۾ چَوڏول،
 توکي گهوٽ گهرائيو، راجا مَنجهر رتول،
 ٻيجلَ توسين ٻول، وهائيءَ وِڏن جي.“

(Beejal received this message) "Oh beggar! You come up in the Sedan or Palanquin. The beautiful and merciful king has

called you in the colourful palace. Oh Beejal! Early in the morning, he has promised to give you the slaughtered head to you".

3

مَحَلِين آيو مڱڻو، گڻي ساڙ سري،
لڳي تَنڊُ تَنِيَر جِي، ٻيا ڪوٽ ڪري،
هنڌين ماڳين هوَ ٿي، تنهنجي ٻيجل! دانهن ٻري،
سسي تنهن سلطان کان، اچي گهوٽ گهري،
جُهونا ڳڙه جهرِي، پُوندي جهانءَ جُهرِڪَ ڀر.

The instrument player took a wonderful harp or fiddle. The strike of wire of the fiddle player made in such a way that the forts started fall down. Oh Beejal! About you everywhere much has been spread and your news has become famous or known to all. That fiddle player has demanded his head or breath from the Raja (Ruler). The whole Jhoonagarah country will crackdown and lamentation will take place in the palace.

4

ڏاتارَ ۽ مڱڻي، ڪو نه وسيلو وڃ،
سائي تالَ تَنڊَن جِي، سائي چارڻ چٽ،
جي هتي جي هُت، ته ڳالهه مڙيائي هيڪڙي.

In Raja Rai Diyach and the beggar (Beejal) there remained no bashfulness or veil. In wires of harp, the same voice was coming which had been in the mind of the instrument player. (What was in the heart of Beejal, that was being sung or drawn out from his fiddle). What was on the land (here) or there in the palace, the same voice or poem was being sung. (That was the demand for the head or breath).

5

”جاڳڪ! تو جُهارُ، ڏَه پيرا ڏياڇ چئي،
جَنهن ۾ مالَ نه مَريءَ جيترو، تَنهن تون طَمَعڌارُ،
جي اچيئي ڪَم ڪپارُ، ته ويهه پيرا وڌي ڏينءَ.“

Raja says to Beejal, "Oh fiddle player or charmer! Diyach desires or performs ten times greetings or welcomes to you. In the head having nothing material or any wealth or money valuing equal to a small piece of peppermint (which is all empty) you have been or you are demanding that valueless thing! If my head has utility which fulfills your need, I can cut it twenty times and gives it to you".

6

”ٻيلي ٻئي پار، جان مون نيڻ هڻي نهاري،
چوري رڪيمر ڇٽ ڀر، ڏسڻ جا ڌاتار،
هيءَ سر توهان ڌار، ٻيجي ڪنهن نه ٻوليو.“

Beejal says, "When I, keeping my both eyes up seeing at the both sides of the forests, thinking for all generous people of the world or all countries, without you or excepting you no other man is agreeable to give this head.

7

”سو جي، مڱڻهار! مر هو، جنهن تو مٿي سر سٽو ڪيو،
جو مون مل مور نه سڀجي، تان جي سو گهريو،
نه جڳان جڳ ڏنو، ڏنگو ڌاتار ڪي.“

Rai Diyach says, "Oh beggar! That life of a person (human being) may not have been available (which had been sacrificed on you), upon which head you (with Ani Rai have bargained) or whose head, you demand (in lieu) of the melody or tone and tune of this fiddle or harp. If you had demanded that would not have been available with me, you would have ashamed the generous or charitable persons of all the world or of all the countries.

8

”مٿو مٽائين گهوري، مٿو تو مٽاءِ،
هڏو هيءُ هٿ ڪري، جاڇڪ! وهلو جاءِ،
تون سين انيراءِ، جمر وڇا ڀر وهلو وهين.“

Raja says, "This head may I fully sacrifice upon you. Oh fiddle player! You may get this empty head or forehead, travel immediately lest you be defective or incomplete in fulfilling your promise made with (Ani Rai).

9

مٿو مَور نہ پاڙيان، تنهنجيءَ تَندُ تنوار،
سِرَ ۾ سَڃَن ناهِ ڪي، موٽُ مَر مَڱڻهار!
ڪينهي مَنجهه ڪَپار، لڄيندو ٿو لاهيان.

Raja says, "This head is never compared or never considered equal to your fiddle wires. To sacrifice the head is not a comparison with the melody of your fiddle but Oh beggar! You do not go back empty handed. In my head or forehead, there is nothing valuable thing or it does not possess any value or price, so cutting it I do not feel ashamed or I think it a very simple and Cheap thing.

10

”سَو سِرَن پائي، جي تَندُ برابر توريان،
اُٿل اوڏانهن ٿئي، جيڏانهن ٻيڄل پُرائي،
سَڪڻو هُڏ آهي، سِرَ ۾ سَڃَن ناهِ ڪي.“

“I put one hundred heads in one scale of balance and a wire of the fiddle or harp of a wire in the other scale, then that scale will get down in which Beejal plays his fiddle. (For one Beejal’s spiritual secret, the hundred heads demanded by the beggar are valueless or nothing). My head is empty bone, to sacrifice head is not any charity or prize”.

11

”مٿي اُتي مُنهنجي، جي ڪوڙين هُون ڪَپار،
نہ واريو واريو وڏيان، سِسيءَ ڪي سَو وار،
تہ پڻ تَندُ تنوار، مُوهان مٿائون، مَڱڻا!“

If I had crores of heads, I would cut again over again them

even hundred times. Nevertheless, the melody of your fiddle Oh beggar! Would have been more costly than my head".

12

”جو تو ڏين، ڏياڇ! لاهيو اي سرُ سِڪو ڏي،
ڪي نانه جهڙو ڏي، جو سَنَدَ ٿئي سواليين.“

Beejal says: "Oh Rai Diyach! What you want to give, that head is cut by every one." (On honour and wealth, every one is ready to sacrifice ones head). You may give such a charity or prize, other may say no or others cannot offer like that which should ever remain (as agreement or document) for beggars who demand.

13

پسي پاڻ پُر ٿيو، سَندو جادِمرِ جُودُ،
مَڱَ وهائيءَ، مَڱُڻا! مَڱو هيرَ مَوجُودُ،
بَلِڪَ آهي بُودُ، ناکِسيءَ نابودُ ۾.

Singer (Beejal), to see the generosity of Raja of Yadokal was satisfied fully. Oh Beggar! You will get charity at early in the morning but head is present now. But the real entity is in self killing or self ending.

14

چارڻ چَنگُ ڪُلهي ڪَري، پيرَ پُري پاتا،
صدا جي سَيدُ چئي، وائي ڪيائين واتا،
تَنهن تي راءُ راضي ٿيو، دلِ وڌيءَ داتا،
مَرڪي مَرُ ماتا، روڙي راءِ ڏياڇ جي.

The fiddle player taking the fiddle on his shoulders walked and put his feet in Jhunagarah. From his mouth, he disclosed his demand (to demand head), over this demand, the generous and broad minded Raja agreed. Let the noble mother feels pride for giving birth to her (such charitable and generous son).

داستان چوٿون

ڏياچ، ٻيجل جي مام (پرولي) پروڙي ويو، ڇي: ”اي جاجڪ! هي سر، کلھن کان ڪوريان يا جُسي سين ڏيان؟ گھر توڙي سورٺ، جي تندن برابر توريان، تہ نہ پڙن. هي بت، مٽيءَ جو بوتو آهي. جي کائيو تہ پوءِ ڪجهہ ناهي.“ نيٺ تڏہ، ڪٿارو ۽ ڪنڌ پاڻ ۾ ڀرتا. هن پارس (ٻيجل) راءِ جي حضور ۾ ڪا اهڙي پيرائتي تڏہ هئي، جو هن ڪيندي ڪاتي، ”وڏو ڪرت ڪپار ۾.“ ڏياچ، ماڇ (راڳائيءَ) کي سر ڏيئي هر ڌڪ کان آڇو ٿيو. راءِ خيما ڪنيا تہ ”سھسين سورٺ جھڙيون، اڀيون اوساريون.“ ٻيجل کي ناريون، راجا جا چوٽا سينگارڻو، هٿ ۾ ٿيون ڏين ۽ روج ٿيون ڪن تہ ”راجا رات رمگيو.“ ڪنگهار هٿان خيما ڪڍي، وڃي هتي ڪوڙيا. راجا لاءِ هاڻ ابدي ولايت ۾ روپ آهي، جنهن جي تنوار هيٺئر ڊٽين پٽين پيئي پوي. راءِ ڏياچ ڏسو تہ هيٺئر نوراني ولايت ۾ راضي ٿيو ويٺو آهي. راءِ ڏياچ جي ماءُ مر تہ اهڙي پٽ تي مرڪي، سورٺ بہ چڪيا تي چڙهي تہ سڪي ٿي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 4

Diyach understood the secret of Beejal. He said, “Oh beggar fiddle player! This head should I cut from shoulders or give you with the whole body. If I measure house and Sorath equally with wires of the fiddle, they will not fit in the scale. This body is the statue of mud or dust. If you cut, it will be nothing or there will be no value of it”. At last, wire, dragger (cutter) and shoulder agreed themselves. He played the wire of the fiddle before this noble Rai, so taking the cutter, he stroke in the head. Diyach's head was taken by the singer and freed him from the worldly worries and woes. Rai's tents were taken then Sorath with all stood up with grief and pains. “The girls decorated the big hair of Raja, and gave in hands to Beejal and they started mourning for the loss or death of the Raja Rai Diyach saying “Raja has gone away in the night. The king took tents from here and erected them there. For Raja, there is eternal music and singing in the eternal foreign country. The voice of that melody is heard in the heaps of sand and also in desert land. Rai Diyach is fully satisfied in the spiritual foreign country. The noble mother of Rai Diyach may be happy over her generous son. Sorath also learns after getting burned in the fire to prove herself to be a faithful wife of the Raja Diyach”.

1

رءُ مَصْلَحَتَ مَگْثَا، قَصَرَ كَيْنَ اَچَن،
 نُورَ تَجَلُو نورَ سِين، نَمِيو نِينِ پَسَن،
 خيمي ۾ ڪنگهارَ جي، چاندوڻا چمڪَن،
 لَڏائين لَطِيفُ چئي، سندا ڏانُ ڏَسِين،
 تيلان مُلڪَ ڏٺِين، مَحيو مَگْثَارَ ڪي.

Beggars, do not come in the palace without favor or grace. God fearing always throng to God fearing hearted Kings in their palaces. Demand makers or seekers' eyes with the light of guide see the light of God. In the person of Rai Diyach, are shining the lights of the moon. (The body of Rai Diyach is full of God's light). He obtained prizes of all countries (all countries favours and graces). Therefore rulers bowed down before the beggar, or music instrument player (Beejal). The worldly kings also bow down before God fearing people.

2

”مَرُ تہ آئِين، مَگْثَا، مَامَ پُرُوڙي مون،
 جيڪا ڳاھ ڳالھائين، سا سڀ سَمجھيسُون،
 تَنھن ۾ تَسِج تون، جيڪي پويئي پَتَ ۾.“

Rai Diyach says, “Oh beggar! It is alright you came, I have understood the riddle which you talked. How much can you carry in the boat, agree with this”.

3

”چارڻ! تنهنجي چَنگَ جو، عَجَبُ آھِ راي،
 ھڻي آيو ھٿن سِين، جئرو رکيو جِي،
 راتِ مُنھنجو رِي، کاتيو تو کُماچَ سِين.“

“Oh instrument player! From your fiddle, the following are the wonderful instructions: you play fiddle with your hands, nevertheless, you have protected your health and body! (You have destroyed others, but you yourself have kept alive and safe!) you cut my heart with your fiddle or harp in the night”.

4

”تَانُ نہ آھی تَنَدُ جو، رون رون کَری راز،
 هَٹَنَدَز سَنَدَا هَٹَرَا، سَیَکو چَئی ساز،
 سَتَ دَیَئی شَہباز، تِیْ تَ تَوَکُ پَرائِیین.“

Beejal says: “This is not voice of fiddle but it makes the melodious voice of God’s secret, “Roon Roon”. Every body thinks it as the sound of instrument but in reality it is the charisma of the hands of the player. You keep swift speed being a quick speed falcon, so as to receive invaluable worth (eternal life).

5

”تَنَدُ تُماریءِ تَانُ، کَہیو سو قبول پیو،
 سِرُ تہ آھی سَتَ پَر، پَر پیو کی مَگِجُ دانُ،
 خَاکِ مَتی کا بانُ، کَاتِیا پوئے کُجھ نہین.“

Rai Diyach says to Beejal: “What melody has been sung by your wire of fiddle, that has been accepted. This head in lieu of that is presented but demand other prize or charity. This body is the structure or statue of the earth or dust if the head has been cut, it remains or becomes nothing”.

6

”چَارَنُ! ہولِج کی پیو، گُہریءِ سو گھوریان،
 گُہرُ، سورث نہ پَڑی، جان تَنَدَنِ بَرابَرِ توریان،
 گُجھی آہِرِ گَالِہَڑی، آءُ اوری، تان اوریان،
 کِکُلِہَنُونِ کوریان؟ کِ، جَاگَکُ! جُسی سین دِین؟“

“Oh beggar! Say other thing or demand next. Whatever you demanded that I sacrificed upon you. If palace and Sorath measure them before your fiddle and harp, they both will not match. I have to exchange a secret with you. Come near to me to tell you about the same. Oh fiddle player! This head I should cut it from shoulders or I should give it along with other part of my body”.

7

تِيئي پَرِچيا پاڻ ۾، تَنڊُ ڪَنارو، ڪَنڊُ،
 ”تنهن جُهڙي ناه ڪي، جو تو، چارڻ! ڪِيو پَنڊُ،
 اِي شڪرَ الحَمْدُ، جئن مَٿو گهريو، مَڱڻا!“

The wire of the fiddle or harp of Beejal, his dragger or big knife and Rai Diyach's head, three have compromised and concluded to reach at one thing (Raja's martyrdom). Rai Diyach says, "Oh fiddle player! That you have walked and visited here, nothing is equal to that activity and is an invaluable grace in this world. (The guide himself personally visits to the demand maker at his door step, is an invaluable grace or favour). Oh beggar! We should be thankful to God and He should be praised because of the fact that you demanded only my head (and not other thing, I could not be capable to give that or award if demanded).

8

ڪَنجھي ڪيرَت ڪينرو، واڄو ولا تي،
 هَنئي تَنڊُ حضور ۾، تَنهن پارسِ پيراتي،
 ڏَسنديئي ڏياچ ڪي، ظاهر ٿيو ذاتي،
 ڪڍي تَنهن کاتي، وڌو ڪَرڻ ڪپار ۾.

The fiddle singing that song, is playing as the foreign musical instrument (Great, splendid). That personality like pearls Beejal (means perfect guide), played open and detailed wire of fiddle before the Raja (means the seeker or King) described the whole spiritual secret. Observing this, personal light or temper of a sword arose in the heart of Rai Diyach (His hidden natural curtains were opened and his whole body filled with the light of God). Then he took the dragger and he cut his head at the neck. (The seeker after cutting his neck, got it presented before the guide).

9

گُلُ چنو گرنارَ جو، پَنڻُ ٿيون پَتِين،
 سَهسين سورَڻ جَهڙيون، اُپيون اوسارين،

چوٽا چارڻ هٿ ۾، سرُ سينگارِيو ڏين،
ناريون ناڏ ڪرين: ”راجا رات رَمگيو.“

The flower (Rai Diyach) was plucked from the garden of the palace of King (Raja) (died or went to end) and in whole Sorashter Capital place or valley all wives and other women ladies and girls mourned and wept with cries. Like the beautiful queen Sorath, other many women stood and mourned with loud cries. Decorating the hair of the cut head of Rai Diyach, they give heads in the hands of fiddle or harp player. All his wives mourning, crying and weeping tears say, “Raja went away or passed away at night”.

10

سورٿ مٿي، سُڪُ ٿيو، خيما هنيا ڪنگهار،
ٿيو راڳ، رُوپُ سو، لڳي تَنڊُ تنوار،
سوڏئين پَتين پار، پَسو! راجا راضي ٿيو.

Sorath died (After the death of Rai Diyach, she got pyre or got a funeral pile). The peace and comfort came and was felt. (Because all the state of turmoil or condition of this sad event occurred due to Sorath, Sorath means Nafis (Sensual desires) when it vanished, comfort for heart occurred). Rai Diyach took his tents (After passing, he erected them on the sky). In the spiritual world, songs were sung and musical instruments were played. (Here “So” word has meaningful objective. Which is sung by angels in the hidden world). The song is being sung through out every corner at all sides and is played in four directions. (Who have ears, they should hear this song).

See! Raja Diyach is now comfortably sitting in the sky, (that demand maker or seeker, satisfies the guide by sacrificing his head and breath, he would live in the sky with natural pleasures and happiness eternally).

*

سُرڪيڌارو

(امام حسن ۽ امام حسين جي شهادت جو قصو ۽ اُن جي روحاني معنيٰ)

حضرت محمد صلعم جن جي وفات کان پوءِ، سندن چار اصحاب هن ريت خلافت جي مسند تي ويٺا: حضرت ابوبڪر رضه، حضرت عمر رضه، حضرت عثمان رضه ۽ حضرت علي رضه. حضرت علي ڪوفه جي مسجد ۾ نماز پڙهندي شهيد ٿيو. سندس شهادت بعد سندس وڏي پٽ امام حسن خلافت جو ڀڃڻ پهريو. پر هن شام جي حاڪم معاويه سان جنگ ڪندي، شڪست کاڌي ۽ خلافت تان دستبردار ٿيڻو پيس. حضرت علي رضه، پيغمبر صلعم جو نياڻو به هو ته سوڻ به هو ۽ سندن ڌيءَ فاطمه سان پرڻيل هو. معاويه، امام حسن ۽ پاڻس امام حسين کي وڏا وظيفا ڏيئي، مديني روانو ڪيو ۽ اهو پڻ انجام ڪيائين ته کانئس پوءِ وري به امام حسن خلافت جي مسند تي وهندو. معاويه جي پٽ يزيد، پيءُ جي مرڻ کان اڳيئي، امام حسن کي زهر ڏياري، شهيد ڪرايو. پيءُ جي وفات بعد، يزيد پاڻ کي زوريءَ خليفو ظاهر ڪيو. جڏهن معاويه جي موت جي خبر هر هنڌ پئجي ويئي، تڏهن ڪوفين امام حسين ڏانهن ڪاغذ روانا ڪيا، جن ۾ پاڻ کي تابعدار ظاهر ڪيائون. امام حسين ڪوفي ڏانهن روانو ٿي ٿيو ته سندس عزيزن کيس ڪوفين جي بي وفائيءَ کان آگاهه ڪيو. امام حسين سندن چوڻ نه مڃيو ۽ ڌڻيءَ تي رکي پنهنجي ڪٽم قبيلي سان ڪوفه ڏي روانو ٿيو. امام حسين رضه، بابل جي سرحد تي پهتو ٿي کين ته کيس معلوم ٿيو ته ڪوفي ڦري يزيد جا حمايتي ٿيا آهن. امام حسين رضه ذوالجناح گهوڙي تي سوار هو. جڏهن ماريه جي ميدان تي پهتو، تڏهن سندس گهوڙو اڳتي چرڻ جي نه پيو ڪري. هڪ ساٿي چيس ته ”انهيءَ ميدان کي ڪربلا جو ميدان پڻ سڏيندا آهن.“ انهيءَ تي سندس زبان مان از خود هي لفظ نڪتا: الله اڪبر! هيءُ زمين ڪرب (مصيبت) ۽ بلا (آفت) جو گهر آهي ۽ منجهس خون جا رِٻلا پيا وهن. امام حسين پيو ڪو حيلو نه ڏسي، ڪربلا جي ميدان ۾ خيما کوڙيا. يزيد ملعون ساري خاندان جو پاڻي به بند ڪرائي ڇڏيو. امام حسين کي صرف چاليهه پيادا ۽ پتيهه سوار ساڻ هئا. محرم جي ڏهين تاريخ، چنچر ڏينهن، اسر جو، امام حسين جنگ لاءِ تيار ٿي بيٺو. کيس بدن تي مصري قبا پهريل هئي ۽ سر تي پيغمبر جو دستار شريف. چيلهه ۾ حضرت عليءَ جي ترار ذوالفقار ٻڌل هئس ۽ ڪلهي تي حضرت حمزي جي ڍال ڍاريل هيس. ستت ئي سورة حُر پنهنجيءَ فوج سميت، يزيد کان منهن موڙي، اچي امام حسين سان شامل ٿيو ۽

مانجهين جيان لڙي، شهيد ٿيو. ي زيد جي طرفان شمر ملعون لشڪر جي اڳواڻي پئي ڪئي. شمر، امام حسين جي سرفروش جوانن جي حملي جو تاءُ سهي نه سگهيو، سو حڪم ڏنائين ته ”تنهن کي باهه ڏيو.“ انهيءَ تي بيببون ڪيهون ڪنديون، خيمن کان ٻاهر نڪري آيون. امام حسين، شمر کي چيو: اي پلٽ! تون منهنجي عيال مان به نه ٿو ٿرين! شال دوزخ جي باهه ۾ سڙي مري! اهو ٻڌي، شمر پنهنجو حڪم رد ڪيو. ٻيهر جو پنهي ڌرين جنگ مهمل ڪري، اڳين نماز پڙهي. امام حسين به نماز ادا ڪئي. زيد جو لشڪر اُٿا هو. آخر امام حسين جا سمورا ساٿي شهيد ٿي ويا ۽ باقي وڃي سندس پٽ ۽ ڀائٽيا بچيا. سندس ڀائٽو امام قاسم دشمن تي مارو ڪرڻ لاءِ سنبريو. امام قاسم جي اسهڻ کان اڳ، امام حسين کيس پنهنجي نياڻي پرتائي، ۽ پوءِ گهوٽ، ڪيترن کي قتل ڪري، چاچي مٿان پنهنجو سر فدا ڪيو. امام حسين جو ابهر پٽ علي اصغر اچي اڃ ۾ ماندو ٿيو. کيس هنج ۾ کڻي، دشمن کي چيائين: ”هن معصوم اوهان جو ڪهڙو گناه ڪيو آهي؟ پاڻيءَ جو چڪو ڏيو ته پيار يانس.“ هڪ خبيث هڪ تير هنيو، جو اچي معصوم ڙي جي نڙيءَ ۾ لڳو. امام حسين، لهوءَ جا لڙڪ هاري، ڌڻيءَ جي ڪٽي تي صبر ۾ رهيو. اهو ڏسي، سندس پٽ زين العابدين، ويڙهه لاءِ تيار ٿيو، پر امام حسين کيس روڪيو ۽ چيو، ”تنهنجي شهيد ٿيڻ سان، اسان جو سمورو خاندان ختم ٿي ويندو. ڌڻي ڪندو ته تنهنجي ڪري ئي اسان جو نسل قيامت تائين قائم رهندو.“ آخر امام حسين، سڀني کان موڪلائي، جنگ جي ميدان ۾ ڪاهي پيو. وات تي اچي اڃ لڳيس، سو گهوڙو فرات نديءَ طرف ڦيرايائين. جئن ئي پاڻيءَ ۾ ٻڪ ٿي پيٽائين تن ئي اچي هڪ تير وات ۾ لڳس. امام حسين سورهي جيان لڙندو رهيو ۽ نيٺ گهاٽون ۽ اڃ سبب زمين تي ليٽي پيو. ڪنهن کي همت نه ٿي، جو سندس ويجهو اچي. آخر شمر ملعون حرفت هلائي، اچي سندس ڇاتيءَ تي چڙهي ويٺو. امام حسين کانئس نماز جي اجازت گهري. انهيءَ تي شمر سندس سڀني تان اٿيو، پر جيئن ئي امام حسين نماز پئي پڙهي، تنهن غداري ڪري کيس ترار هڻي، شهيد ڪري ڇڏيائين. هن سر ۾ شاه صاحب، حق جي راه تي هلندڙن جي سورن ۽ سختين جو بيان ڪيو آهي. ڌڻي پنهنجن پيارن کي سختيون ٿو سڻائي. انهيءَ ۾ ڪو اونهو راز رکيل آهي. حضرت عليءَ ۽ سندس اولاد لاءِ شهادت ازل کان ئي لکيل هئي. هنن پنهنجا سر دين ۽ حق تان فدا ڪيا. سچا انسان ڪڏهن به ظلم ۽ ستم اڳيان، نه ٿا جهڪن ۽ پنهنجي جان ساڻينءَ تان صدقو ڪرڻ ۾ سعادت ٿا سمجهن. سندن شهادت جي برڪت سان ئي دنيا ۾ حق جو گلشن هميشه سرسبز ۽ شاداب ٿو رهي. اهڙيءَ ريت، هو پاڻ کي فنا ڪري، بقا کي ٿا رسن ۽ ابدي عيش ٿا ماڻين.

”جنت سندن جُوءِ، فائق هليا فردوس ڏي.“ حقيقت ۾، شهادت، حضرت عليءَ ۽

سندس اولاد لاءِ ازل کان لکيل هئي. هنن لاءِ اها سختي نه هئي. پر الاهي محبت جو مينهن هو. ”ڪيڏارو“ سنسڪرت لفظ ”ڪيدار“ جي بگڙيل صورت آهي، جنهن جي معنيٰ آهي، ”جنگ جو ميدان“ ”ڪيداري“ هڪ راڳڻي آهي، جا ديهڪ راڳ جي پنجن استرين مان هڪ آهي. هن راڳڻيءَ کي ”سمپورڻ راڳڻي“ ڪري سڏيندا آهن. هن سر پر شاه صاحب، ڪريلا جي قضضي جو بيان ڪيو آهي. امام حسن ۽ امام حسين جي شهادت تي ماتر ڪيو اٿس. انهيءَ سان گڏ جنگ جي ميدان، جنگي اسباب، جنگي فن، جنگي سورمن ۽ سندن زالن جي دليري ۽ اعليٰ سيرت جو حيرت انگيز نقش چٽيو اٿس. هي سر شاه صاحب جو رزمي (جنگي) سر آهي، جنهن مان ظاهر آهي ته هو هر طرح ڪامل شاعر هو ۽ شعر جي هر قسم ۾ کيس ڪماليت حاصل هئي. سر ”ڪيڏارو“ کيس سنڌ جو فردوسي ثابت ٿو ڪري.

TUNE (SUR) 18 KEDARO (STORY OF MARTYRDOM OF IMAM HUSSAIN AND IMAM HASSAN AND ITS SPIRITUAL MEANING)

After the demise of Hazrat Muhammad (P.B.U.H), his four Caliphs were selected to work as the care takers to look after the affairs of the Islamic state etc. Their serial wise names were: Abu Bakar (R.A), Umar (R.A), Usman (R.A) and Ali (R.A). Ali (R.A) was martyred while offering morning prayers in the mosque at Koofa (Najaf) near his residence in Koofa when he was Caliph as he had migrated to Koofa from Madina Munawarah. After him, his elder son Hassan (R.A) was Caliph (Imam of Muslim Ummah). But he after the war waged by Muawiya, the Governor of Syria, Hassan (R.A) was defeated and discouraged so he deliberately asked Muawiya to run the Muslim state taking a promise from him that he would hand over the charge of ruler-ship to his younger brother Hussain (R.A) but he had violated his promise and had nominated his own son Yazid to become the Ruler to look after the affairs of the Muslim state. Ali (R.A) was the cousin and son of law of the Prophet Muhammad (P.B.U.H). He was married with the daughter of the Prophet Muhammad (P.B.U.H) namely Fatimat ul Zehra. After allowing some remunerations to

both brothers, Hassan (R.A) and Hussain (R.A) they migrated to Madinah. Before the death of his father Muawiya, his son Yazeed nominated himself as the ruler of the state in the Capital Damascus of Syria and later he arranged to get Hassan (R.A) poisoned. When the news of the death of Muawiya spread out and had known by all the people of Koofa they sent their messages to Hussain (R.A) to show their sympathy with him. When Imam Hussain got preparation to go to Koofa, his relatives and others advised him not to go there because of the unfaithfulness of the Koofians. Imam Hussain did not agree with them and due to rising pressure and victimization of Yazeed's Government servants with the Imam and his family at Madina, he along with his family left for Koofa (via Makah). When Imam left Makah and reached at the borders of Babul he got information about the Koofain's sympathy with Yazid. Imam Hussain was travelling on his horse Zuljanah. When they arrived at the Mariya plain, his horse showed reluctance to go ahead. One of his companions informed him about the plain they had reached that it was called as Karbala plain. He uttered two words there: "ALLAHU AKBAR! That land was the house of Karb (Trouble) and Bala (Mishap) and in it there were flowing the streams of or flow of blood. Seeing not other way, Imam Hussain ordered for erecting tents there for stay. Yazeed's servants including the Governor of Koofa Ubaidullah bin Ziyad stopped water for the whole family of Imam Hussain. Imam Hussain had the company of only forty walking on foot and 32 riding on animals. It was 10th of Muharram month, Saturday at the early morning, they prepared for defending war started by the Yazid's large army. He was wearing Egyptians covers/sheets and on his head was the turban of the Prophet Muhammad (P.B.U.H) and with his waist, sword of Ali "Al Zulficar" was fastened and on the shoulders was fixed a shield of Hamza (R.A), the Uncle of the Prophet Muhammad (P.B.U.H). Soon the brave Hur (R.A) along with his soldiers entered in the group of Imam Hussain, after separating himself and his soldiers from the army of Yazid and fighting bravely was martyred with his soldiers.

Yazid's army was being headed by Shimir. When he saw the spirit and pressure of Imam Hussain's fighters, Shimir ordered for burning the tents of Imam Hussain. The sacred ladies with their little children came out from the tents and at the rebukes and mis-blessing of Imam Hussain, he stopped his soldiers from burning the tents. Imam Hussain (R.A) mis-blessed Shimir and his soldiers that they will all be burnt in Hell by God. In the mid day prayers were offered and Imam Hussain (R.A) also prayed to God Almighty for His grace and mercy. Yazid's army was consisting of a large number of soldiers who martyred all fighters and only sons and nephews of Hussain (R.A.) were preparing for war. His nephew Qasim (R.A) became ready to fight but before going to fight with the enemies, he was got married with the daughter of Imam Hussain (R.A). Then he killed many of the enemy's army and at last he sacrificed his head for his uncle Imam Hussain (R.A). Ali Asghar, a very young and innocent son of Imam Hussain felt thirsty, Uncle of Hussain (R.A.), Abbas (R.A) took him in his hands and thronged to the river Farat for water but one of the soldiers of the enemy army threw an arrow to Abbas (R.A) which hit the innocent Asghar and martyred. Abbas (R.A) took the flag in his other hand and he was also stricken an arrow which hit him also and martyred. Imam Hussain (R.A) weeping tears in their martyrdom and he through patience, presented their dead bodies to God Almighty. Imam Hussain (R.A) other sick and very young son Zainulabidin became ready to fight with Yazid army but he was not allowed by his father Imam Hussain (R.A) because of his inability to fight due to his weakness and sickness and said to him that with his martyrdom, his whole dynasty will vanish and God will protect saving and ever living our family and dynasty up to the doomsday. At last Imam Hussain (R.A) entered into war ground but due to streams of arrows injured him and martyred him. When due to thirst, Imam Hussain (R.A) laid on the ground and no body had courage to kill him but Shimir by some trick, sat on the chest of Imam Hussain (R.A) and with his sword he martyred him while he was offering prayers of Asir (third part of the day).

In this episode, Shah Latif has described about the mishaps, pains and troubles (suffered by righteous people with the tyranny of Yazid son of Muawiya, the usurper heir of the enemy of Islam. There is a deep and long spiritual secret hidden behind this martyrdom of Imam Hussain (R.A). They sacrificed their heads for their religion Islam and right path. Truthful people do not bow down before tyrants and oppressors. For them it is great honour to sacrifice their existence and property. The garden of the righteous in the world remains ever green and popular with the grace of martyrdom. Thus they finish themselves and receive eternity and ever lasting comfort.

“Jannat (Paradise) is their place, noble and pious go to Firdous (Heaven). For them (Imam Ali (R.A) and his sons) martyrdom was reserved from the very day of existence of the world by God. It was not hardship for them but rain of mercy and love of God.

Kedaro in Sanskrit language has been derived from Kedar word which means “Ground of war”. Kedari is a Raga or singing which is one of the five wives of the Deepak Raga or song. This Raga (Song) is called “Sampoorn Queen”. In this episode shah Latif has described about the tragedy of Karbala. Imam Hassan and Hussain’s martyrdom has been mourned. Besides, the ground of war, reasons of war, war fun or art, the bravery and superior character of warriors and their wives have wonderfully been delineated. This is Shah Latif’s Razmi (about war) episode indicating that he was perfect poet and he was expertise in all kinds of poetical qualities. This Sur Kedaro proves that he was “Firdausi of Sindh”.

داستان پھريون

محرم جو مھينو ڏٺو آھي ۽ ازخود من ۾ اِمامَن سَگورن جو سنڪو (فڪر، جھوري) ٿيو آھي. مڪي ۽ مديني جي ماڻھن رند (ڪامل عارف) مٿي رُنو آھي. محرم موٽيو آھي، پر مير نہ موٽيا آھن. ميرن مديني کان نڪري ڇانوڻيون ھنيون، ڪاٺيءَ پاڻيءَ ۽ گاه لاءِ ماڻھو مُڪائون ۽ چڙھندي ايئن چيائون تہ ويڙھ وڏي ٿيندي. گھوٽ

گهوڙن تي چڙهي هليا، جتي رات رهيا، سي ماڳ سڳورا ۽ سرها ٿيا. شهادت جي سختي مڙيوئي ملار ۽ نسورو ٿي ناز آهي. حضرت عليءَ جي اولاد لاءِ مرگ (موت) مينهن مثل آهي. اهو راز ڪي عارف ئي پروڙين، امانن جي تقدير ۾ شهادت اصل کان لکيل آهي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 1

The month of Muharram (veneration or prestige) which is the first month of Islamic calendar has started or its moon has been sighted or seen. Therefore automatically in the hearts of people, the anxiety and sadness has appeared. The people of Makkah and Madina's perfect sages, and saints have wept. Muharram has returned but Meers (Imams and family) have not returned. Imams leaving Madina have erected cantonments, people have been sent to arrange for wood, water and grass and at the time of riding said that there would be a big war. Bride grooms rode on the horses, where they stayed the night, those places are sacred and pleasing. The hardship of martyrdom is very worrisome and pride. For Imam Ali's sons death is like rain. That secret only is known by pious and sages. In the fate of Imams, the martyrdom is written from the very beginning of the world.

1

ڏٺو مُحَرَّمُ ماہُ، سَنَڪو شَهزادن ٿيو،
جائڻي هيڪ الله، پاڻ وَٽنديون جو ڪري.

The month of Muharram has been observed and in the heart for Princes (Imam Hassan Imam Hussain) worry and sadness has arisen. Only God knows the secrets Who says His pleasant talks and stories.

2

مُحَرَّمُ موٽي آئيو، آئيا تان نه امام،
مَدِينِي جا ڄام، مولا مون کي مِيڙئين!

The month of Muharram has come back but Imams (Leaders) have not returned. Oh God! May I meet kings or rulers of Madina!

3

مِيرَ مَدِينَتانِ بَڪري، آئيا نہ موتي،
 ڪارا رُڱج ڪپڙا، ادا نيروتي،
 آن تَنين لاءِ لوئي، مِيرَ مُسافر رانِڀيا.

The Princes (Imams) left Madina and did not return (In Karbala they got martyrdom) Brother coloring man! Colour black clothes (Mourning dresses). I long for those voyagers Meers (Rulers) who passed away (or after martyrdom, they were colored in the love of God).

4

سَخَتي شهادت جي، مِڙوئي مَلاڻ،
 دُرُو ناهِ يَزِيدَ ڪي، اِي عِشق جو آثار،
 کُسنَ جو قرار، اُصُلِ اِمامِن سين.

For Imams, the hardship of martyrdom, was the merciful rain of God and kindness or gracious favour. The knowledge of that love of God, Yazid did not know a little about it. To sacrifice the head was the promise of Imams from very beginning of the world.

5

سَخَتي شهادت جي، نِسور وئي ناز،
 رِنَدَ پروڙين راز، قُضيي ڪَربَلا جو.

The hardship of martyrdom was pure pride from the side of the real lover (God). The secret of the tragedy of Karbala, the perfect knowledgeable saints can understand.

داستان ٻيو

ميرِ مديني کان، چنڊ لٽي چڙهيا ۽ ساڻن طبل، باز، تَبرون، ڪُنڊن ڪتارا ۽ ڪير هئا. هو آموت هئا ۽ رُڪ سان راڙو ڪرڻ لاءِ سنڀريا هئا. ڪربلا ۾ اچي پنهنجا خيما

ڪوڙيائون ۽ يزيد جي سامهون جنگ جوڻيائون. ترار تاءِ پسي، منهن نه موڙيائون. مصرين (ترارين) سان ويري ماري ”ڏونڊ ڪيائون ڏير“ مير حسين جو حملو پسي، دلير به دهلجي ويا. ڌرتي ڌبي ۽ آسمان ٽرڻ لڳا. هيءَ ڪا جنگ نه هئي، پر هي الاهي نور جو نظارو هو. ڌڻي پنهنجن دادلن کي ڪهائي ٿو محبن کي مارائي ٿو. انهيءَ ۾ ڪا اونهي ڳالهه اسرار جي آهي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 2

King Princes, rode at moon setting time from Madina and drums, falcons, swords, arrows, cutters, knives or draggers were with them. They were resolute and had prepared to fight with steel. They erected their tents in Karbala and before Yazid started war. To see the might or heat of sword, they had not moved their face. With the swords killed enemies and made them stunk dead bodies. To see the attack of Imam Hussain (R.A), the brave feared, the earth was marsh or swamped and sky was perturbed or disturbed. This was not a war but was a scene of natural light. God gets killed His dear darlings. In this tragedy is the secret of mystery or wonderful phenomenon.

1

چنڊَ وهائيءَ چڙهيا، مَلَهَ مدينَئانِ ميرَ،
ان سِينَ طَبَلَ، بازَ تَبَرُون، ڪُنڊَ ڪتارا، ڪيرَ،
عليءَ پُٽَ اميرَ، ڪندا راڙو رُڪَ سِينَ.

These brave Imams (Imam Hussain (R.A) and companions) at the moon setting time left Madina for war. They had drums, falcons, axes, spears, draggers etc. with them. Imam Ali's sons leaders will fight with steel weapons.

2

ڪربلا جي پٿر ۾، خيما ڪوڙيائون،
جهيڙو يزيد سامهون جُنبي جوڙيائون،
مُنهن نه موڙيائون، پسي تاءِ ترارَ جو.

In the Karbala ground, they erected their tents. They fought

war with force before the army of Yazid. Seeing the heat and emotion of the sword, they did not feel any fear.

3

ڪامل ڪربلا ۾، اهل بيت آيا،
ماري مصرين سين، تن ڪافر ڪنبايا،
سج ڪه بيبيءَ جايا ههڙا سوره سپرين.

The family members of the Prophet (P.B.U.H) came to Karbala. They killed the people of enemy with the swords made in Egypt and frightened the unbelievers or enemies (Soldiers of Yazid, all were Muslims). Undoubtedly or certainly, Bibi Fatima (the daughter of the Prophet (PBUH) gave birth such brave and strong persons.

4

ڪامل ڪربلا ۾، آيا جنگ جو،
ڌرتي ڌپي، لرزي ٿرٿليا آسمان،
ڪره هئي ڪان، هو نظارو نينهن جو.

These perfect and strong brave persons came into Karbala. The earth swamped, trembled and the sky marshed. This was not a common war but it was the mystery or charisma of Love of God.

5

دوست ڪهائي دادلا، محب مارائي،
خاصن خليلن ڪي، سختيون سهائي،
الله الصمد بي نیاز، سا ڪري، جا چاهي،
انهين منجه آهي، ڪا اونهي ڳالهه اسرار جي.

God gets cut His friends and darlings killed. He puts his own special friends into hardships. God is great and independent. He does whatever He wants. There is hidden a secret in all His actions.



داستان ٽيون

مانجهين جو مرڪ آهي هٿن، هڪلڻ ۽ ٻيلي سارڻ، هو رُڪ وهندي راند ۾ فرق نه ٿا وجهن. بهادر، بهادرن کي گڏيا ترارين جو ڪڙڪو پئي پيو ۽ ڪنڌ ڪريو پئي نچيا. انهن جهونجهارن جون وهون مُرڪن ٿيون، جي لڙندي سر ٿا ڏين ۽ لڄ ۾ اهي ٿيون مرن، جن جا پتار، رڻ مان پڇي اچي گهر ۾ ٿا لکن.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 3

The stalwarts or brave men's function is to hit, to ride or to drive and to take care of companions. They do not differentiate between bleeding while fighting and playing a game. Brave met or faced the brave people or fought with the brave. The swords made sounds and noise during the war and necks were cut or slaughtered and then they danced. The wives of those brave people who sacrificed their heads and those were ashamed whose husbands fled away and left the desert or war grounds and reached and hid themselves in their houses.

1

ڏٺو ڪالھ ڪنھين، جھونجھارڪو جھڳڙو،
هاڻين هٿ مڇائيا، ريلو رت نئين،
پانئن سا سنئين، چٽان جيءُ جو ڪو ٿئي.

Is there any one who saw with his eyes the war of the brave people? In the war, elephants flowed the streams of blood and got slaughtered their necks. The brave people think this affair or destination very easy from the place where there is danger to body or existence.

2

آيا، اُجارين، تنڪ، تراريون تئرا،
سانگيون سائن هٿ ۾، ڪُلهنئون نه لاهين،
اُپائي آهين، مُهاڻي مَرڻ تي.

The weapon cleaners have come and axes and swords are

being made shining and clean. The brave people have arrows in their hands and they do not take them out from their shoulders. These are fond of martyrdom and stood ready for dying.

3

هَتْنُ، هَكَلْنُ، پيلي سارُنُ، مانجهيان اِي مَرُڪُ،
وجهان تان نہ فَرُڪُ، رُڪ وهنديءَ راند ۾.

To hit, to ride horses and to remember or take care of companions, is the function of the brave. They do not make gap into fighting or waging war with steel swords. (They are continuously fighting the war).

4

بَهادر گڏيا بَهادرين، گڙگ ڪِلول ڪن،
وَجَهن ڌڙ ڌڙن تي، هاڪارين هَٿن،
ڪَرَن، ڪَنڌ نَچَن، رڻ گجيو، راڙو ٿيو.

The brave faced the brave and the sound of hitting swords is roaring. They are threatening and hitting with force and dead (martyred) bodies are being laid upon the dead bodies. Brave are falling on the ground and necks of dead are dancing. There is heavy noise in the war ground and cries of mourning are roared.

5

هوڏانهن هُن هاڪاريو، هيڏانهن هي هَٿن،
سُرنائون ۽ سُنڌڙا، ٻنڀن پار پُرن،
گهوڙن ۽ گهوڙن، رڻ ۾ لائون لڏيون.

That side, they threatened, this side, they hit with the weapons. At both sides, clarion and pipes are rung. The brave and their horses fell in the war ground and connected their shoulders with one another.

6

گهوڙن ۽ گهوڙن، جئڻ ٿورا ڏينھڙا،
ڪڏھن منجھ ڪوئَن، ڪڏھن واهي رڻ جا.

Horse's and brave leader's life is for very short period or days. (They usually are martyred). They sometimes are in palaces and sometimes they are waging wars in the war grounds. (They sometimes are laying on velvet soft beds in their palaces, some times they are in the war grounds and enjoying rest in dust there.

7

جَہْمَنَدِيُونِ اُچَن، جَہُولِيُونِ جُہُونجَہَارَن جُون،
پَايُو بَڪَ بَہَارَ جَا، اُن جُون وَهُون وَاڪَا ڪَن،
پَتِيَن، پَارَ ڪَڏِيَن، رِٺَ گَجِيُو، رَاڙُو ٿِيُو.

The palanquin (full of dead bodies) of brave are vibrating and reaching. Their wives are mourning and weeping loudly after putting double handful of dust in their hair. They are mourning with cries and sounds. On the war grounds, with the mourning the doomsday has occurred.

8

ڪَاَنڌَا! ڪَلَارِيَن ڪَپَڙِيَن، وَڙَا! وَنَاهِيُو آءُ،
جَتَ سَانِگِيُن جِي سَتَ وَهِي، اُتَ وِڪَ وَڌَندي پاءُ،
تَان تان پوءِ مَر پاءُ، جَان جَان نَوڏِيَن نہ چَڙهيَن.

“Oh Bride groom! Come prepared for marriage in clothes of marriage full of flowers. (Imam Qasim s/o Imam Hassan who had married with the daughter of Imam Hussain on the war ground where there was flow of arrows being stricken by enemy soldiers. He goes quickly there. You do not feel danger, till you perform martyrdom marriage”.

9

پِگُو! آئون نہ چَوَان، ’مَارِيُو‘، نہ وَسَہَان،
ڪَاَنڌَا مُنَہَن ۾رَ ڏَڪَڙَا، سِيڪِيندي سُونَہَان،
تَن پَن لَڃَ مَرَان، جِي هُونَسِ پُٺَ ۾رَ.

(A wife of a brave soldier says): I shall not call my husband as an abductor from the war ground, but I heard about his

martyrdom, I shall believe it. If I see my husband suffering from the injuries, I shall feel greatness. If injuries will be in his back, (due to his try to abduct from the war) I shall feel ashamed and would die.

10

مُنهن مٿاهان جن جا، سي پٽيو ڪڍن پيار،
”جيڏيون! هن جهنجار، اجاري سڀ اڃا ڪيا.“

Whose faces are up, they are mourning, sisters! From this unhappy event or tragedy, they all became clean and clear from any shortcoming.

11

مُر مَرين، آئون رُئن! موٽي آءُ مَر، ڪانڌ،
ڪڇن وڏا پانڊ، جڻن ٿورا ڏينهن ٿا.

A wife of a brave soldier says: Oh husband! May you die in the war ground by sacrificing your head and I should then mourn for you. You do not abduct from the war. Blames have great stretches (reproaches remain for ever), life is very short (To live is for very few days).

داستان چوٿون

عليءَ جي اولاد کي رڻ ۾ راتڙي پيئي آهي. ڪوفين وڏو قهر ڪيو، جو وڃي يزید جا حمايتي ٿيا. ڪربلا جي ميدان ۾ هو امامن کي پاڻي به نه پيارين. شهزادا جنگ جي ميدان ۾ پيغمبر صلعم کي پيا سارين. سندن شهادت جي خبر، هڪ رت ۾ ٻڌل پکي پيغمبر صلعم جي روضي شريف جي مٿان اڏامي کڻي آيو آهي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 4

The children of Imam Ali (R.A) (have passed the night in the desert). Koofis had been fraudulent to follow Yazid and leave the children of the prophet (PBUH). In the ground of Karbala, they do

not supply water to Imams and their little innocent children. The Princes remember the Prophet (PBUH) in the war ground. The news of their martyrdom has been brought by a blood stained bird flying over the Prophet's (PBUH) tomb in Madina.

1

ڪا جا ڏري ڏنگري، ڪو جو وريو واءِ،
عليءَ شيرِ وِفاءِ، رڻ ۾ پيڻ راتڙي.

Such fog and dew appeared or came over that Imam Ali the lion of God's children passed the night in the war ground (in Karbala).

2

جهيڙو لاه، يزد! عليءَ جي اولاد سين،
سانه پسندين عيد، جا هوندي مير حسين سين.

Oh Yazid! Avoid fighting with Imam Ali's (R.A) children. That comfort or happiness, you cannot enjoy that will be received by Imam Hussain till the doomsday.

3

ڪوفين قهر ڪيو، ٿيا جماتي يزد سين،
پليتن ڪي پڙ ۾ ورنه ور پيو،
سڌر رهون سهو، شير شهادت رسيو.

Koofis committed oppression with the children of Imam Ali (R.A) and met with Yazid becoming his followers, helpers or joined his leadership. These young people (Mir Hussain) coming to war ground was empowered by these fraudulent people. They were with the firm intention to martyr this brave man.

4

ڪوفين ڪاغذ لڪيو، وچ وجهي الله،
اسين تابع تنهنجا، تون اسان جو شاه،
هڪر هيڏي آءِ، ته تخت تابيني تنهنجي.

Koofi's taking God's name wrote to Imam Hussain, "We are your servants or followers, you are our King. Once you come here so that we may handover to you the Kingdom, or Throne".

5

ڪُوفِي ڪَربَلا ۾، پاڻي نہ پياريڻ،
اُتي عليءَ شاهَ کي، شهزادا ساريڻ،
نڪريو، نهارين، چڙهه، مير مُحمَّد عربي!

Koofis do not supply water to Imam Hussain and his companions. There, Princes remember Hazrat Ali (R.A) and coming out from the tents and seeing at all sides, call for as follows: "Oh Mir Muhammad Arabi (PBUH) (Oh Sacred Prophet!) come and be our helper and supporter".

6

پَرهَ پَڪِي آڻيو، ڪَربَلا مان ڪَهي،
رُوضي پاسِ رَسولَ جي، تَنهن هلي هاڪَ هَنئي،
دُنيَمِ رُڪَ رُئي، چڙهه، مير مُحمَّد عربي!

In the third part of the night, a blood stained pigeon came from Karbala at the tomb of the Prophet (PBUH) and made slogan: Oh Prophet (PBUH) I saw the shining of swords and you may come and support or protect the Princes from the tyrannical paws and oppressions of Yazid and his army.

داستان پنجون

امام حسين سان گڏ امام حسن ڪونهي، انهيءَ ڪري ي زيد تڪڙيون جهلون ٿو ڪري. آفرين حر کي هجي، جنهن ي زيد جو طرف ڇڏي، پاڻ اچي گهوٽ مٿان گهوريو. سورھ اهو آهي، جو جنگ جي ميدان ۾ دل جا سڀ وهه وساري ۽ موٽڻ کي مهڻو ڄاڻي. امام حسين جا ڏند، تير لڳڻ کان پوءِ ڏاڙهون جي گل جيان پئي بهڪيا ۽ سندس دستار شريف چوڏهينءَ جي چنڊ مٿل پئي چمڪي. سندس پيشانيءَ ۾ سجدي جي نشاني هئي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 5

Imam Hassan is not together with Imam Hussain. Therefore Yazid makes hindrances and attacks or does active tricks. We praise Hur who left Yazid's sides and joins the army of Imam Hussain and at last sacrificed his head. Brave is that man who forgets all his worries and doubts in the ground of war and considers return or abduction as reproach. The teeth of Imam Hussain after the hitting of an arrow look red and shining like a flower of pomegranate and his turban or forehead was also shining like a moon of fourteenth. In his face, there appeared a sign of bowing down for prayers.

1

حَسَنُ نَاهِ حُسَيْنَ وَتِ وَتِ، هِيلِي نَه پَاهُونِ،
 ساڙِيه شَهزادَنِ جو، آهي آڳَاهُونِ،
 يَزِيدَ! جُلاهُونِ، تيلانِ ڪَرئينِ تڪڙيون.

Hassan (who got martyrdom previously) is not helper and companion (in Karbala). The country of princes is far away. Oh Yazid! You are therefore making quick attacks on them?

2

ڪَلِي وِڙ ڪَنڪَ ڀر، هيءَ! جِي حَسَنُ هُو،
 پيڙو پيڙو پنهنجي پاءِ سين، پَتَنگَ جُئَن پيو،
 آهي ڪيرُ پيو، جو ڪري هَلانِ مِيرَ حُسَيْنِ تان؟

During the war, if there had been Hassan together with his brother Hussain, he would have sacrificed himself like a moth on his brother Imam Hussain. Now who is another who should threat and face all the attacks of the enemy on Imam Hussain.

3

ڪَلِي وِڙ ڪَنڪَ ڀر، سائو سَڀِ نَه هُونِ،
 پڙ ٿي سيئي پُونِ، موٽَنِ جَنينِ مِيهڻو.

During war, in the army all are not brave. In the war ground, they only enter who have no any kind of fear or doubt or shame or disgrace in their minds.

4

ڪلي وير ڪُنڪ ۾، پاڪر جو پائي،
اڃا ان کي جيئن جو، آسانگو آهي،
سُورهُ سوچائي، جو رُگو ئي رڻ گهڙي.

During the war, who wears armour, he still have desire of living more or who wants still living. He should call himself as brave, who fight war without armour or anything for protection or shield to protect himself.

5

سُورهُ! مَرِين سوپ کي، تہ دل جا وَهَمَ وسارِ،
هَڻ پالا، وڙه پاڪرين، آڏي ڍالَ مَرِ ڍارِ،
مٿان تيغِ تَرارِ، مارِ تہ مَتارو تئين.

Oh brave! If you fight for success, then you should forget from your mind all the doubts and worries. Strike your swords and grasp the enemy with embracing fight and do not keep shield in-front of you. You should strike your sword of your enemy then you will be called and considered as a brave soldier. Do not protect yourself with the shield but you should protect with your sword.

6

حُرُ هلي آئيو، مانجهي مَرَدانو:
”آهيان عاشقُ اڳ جو، پَتَنگُ پروانو،
مان راضي ٿئي رَسولُ رَبُ جو، نبي تو نانو،
هي سِرُ سَمانو، گهوت! مٿان ئي گهوريان.“

Brave and sacrificer Hur (who was in the army of Yazid) came to Imam Hussain and said: I am fond of fire, May your Nana (Mother's father) be happy on me. Oh bride groom! I should sacrifice my respectable and noble head (which was very valuable

and precious to Yazid).

7

هُئِي هِدَايَتَ حُرَ كِي، اَزَل ۾ اَصْلًا،
چَرُهي آئِيو جَنگِ تي، هَلي هُنَ پارا،
ايندي چيائين امامَ کي: گهوريُس اَن مَٿاءِ،
”لَا يُكَلِّفُ اللَّهُ نَفْسًا اِلَّا وُسْعَهَا“ جيڪا پُجَندم سا،
گهوٽَ به لڳا گهاءَ، سو پڻ شيرُ شهيدُ ٿيو.

From the beginning Hur was advised (to sacrifice head on Imam Hussain). He came from his side (Yazid's side) rode on the horse and entered into the war ground and said to Imam: "May I sacrifice on you". "God does not put any human being in trouble above his strength or power". What is in my approach, I shall do. This bride groom (Hur) received injuries and at last got martyrdom or sacrificed his head on Imam Hussain (R.A).

8

پاَوَنگُ اُڀو پَٽر ۾، هَٿي هزارِي هُوَلُ،
جَوهرَ ۽ جِڙاءِ سِين، ڪامِلَ سِرَ ڪَنگولُ،
رَتوَرَتَ رَتولُ، مولهيو ميرُ حُسين جو.

This brave (Imam Hussain) wore one thousand costly iron cap, stood in the war ground with rising neck and head. This sacred perfect had cap on the head decorated with diamonds and jewels. The turban or head covering cloth of Mir Hussain was red coloured.

9

ڏاڙهي رَتَ رَتِياس، ڏندَ تَه ڏاڙهونءَ گُلَ جِئَن،
چوڏهينءَ ماهَ چَندي جِئَن، پَٽر ۾ پاڳَٽِياس،
ميڙي ۾ مُحمَدَ جِي، مَرُ مَرُڪِي ماس،
تَنهن سورَهَ کي شاباس، جو مَٿي پَٽرُ پُرا ٿئي.

His beard was stained with blood and his teeth became as red as the pomegranate flower. His turban was shining like fourteenth moon in the war ground. In the meeting of the Prophet

(PBUH) (on the day of judgment) rightly his mother (mother of Imam Hussain, Bibi Fatima, the daughter of the Prophet (PBUH) will feel proud. Praise will be offered to that brave who was killed (martyred) in the war ground.

10

ڪڪرا ڪربلا جا، مادرِ تي ميڙياس،
قَتَن تان رَت ڦڙا، عليءَ تي اُگهياس،
مڙئي معاف ڪياس، خالقِ بدلي خون جي.

His (mother of Imam Hussain) mother (Bibi Fatima) is removing or cleaning the dust of Karbala from his body and Imam Ali (R.A) (His father) was cleaning the blood from the injuries. For his blood or in lieu of his blood, God excused all sins of believers.

داستان چھون

سوره اهو آهي، جو نيزن مٿان پاڻ اچي، رک جو پيالو ٿو پيئي. جنگ جو ميدان، گجهن سان ايئن ڇانئجي ويو، جئن ٻڪرين سان چپر ڇانئجي وڃي. گجهون به مانجهي مڙسن جي ماس جون شائق آهن. ڪانئر کي هو ويجهو نه ٿيون وڃن. جن سورهن پنهنجا سر فدا ڪيا، سي جنت ۾ ويا ۽ شهيدن کي حورن سهره ٻڌا. امام حسن ۽ امام حسين پنهنجي خاندان کي ملهايو. سندن شهادت تي ساري ڪائنات ماتم ڪيو.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 6

The brave is that who may jump himself on the arrows and drink the cup of steel. The war ground has been covered by vultures just as the cottage made of sticks and reeds has been covered. The vultures are fond of eating the flesh of the brave men. They do not allow crows to come near them. The brave men who sacrificed their heads they went to Paradise and the martyred were crowned the decoration covers by the fairies. Imam Hassan and Hussain upraised the status of their dynasty or family. On their martyrdom, the whole universe mourned.

1

ڪوٽر، ڪلي جا ڪوڏيا! جانڪي تائين جي،
مٿان آڙن اُسري، رُڪ پيالو پي،
گاهُ گجهن جو، ٿي ويني جن وره ٿيا.

Oh princes fond of war! Till you are alive, you should jump on the tops of the arrows and drink the cups of water of a sword, (drink the cup of martyrdom with the steel weapons). You may be the food of vultures (who have passed many years longing for the flesh of the brave men).

2

چپر چئن پهون، تئن رڻ گجهن رانيو،
ونڪا ونڪن گڏيا، ڊوڙيو ڏين ڊهون،
مهاين وهون، نير مهانگو ڪنديون.

Just as goats are spread on the mountains, so the war ground is also full of vultures. Brave became in-front of brave people and attacked on one an others. The wives of martyred, will increase the cost of colour (because blue clothes they will wear, in the market of colour, there will be rise in prices or the shortage will occur in the supply of colour).

3

ڪوپا ڪلي ڪوڏيا، راوت ڪين زهن،
سائين سر فدا ڪيا، اڳيان امامن،
”يُجاهِدُون فِي سَبِيلِ اللَّهِ“، ڪم اهوئي ڪن،
حورون هار ٻڌن، سهرا شهيدن ڪي.

The brave warriors, in the war ground, do not evade to sacrifice their head. The brave before Imams sacrificed their heads. They are fighting in the way of God. “They are doing the similar task of sacrificing their heads in the way of God. The fairies of heaven decorating the martyred with garlands and crowned with the decorated covers just as bride grooms are crowned at the time of marriage.”

4

جَنَّتْ سَنَدِينِ جَوءِ، فائِقَ هَلِيا فَرْدوسِ ڏي،
 فاني ٿيا 'في الله' ۾، هُوَ سِينِ ٿيا هُوَ،
 رَبُّ! ڏيکارئين روءِ، اُنين جي احسانِ سِينِ.

Paradise is their home, they great human beings went to heaven. They ended (merged) in God and became one. Oh God! Have mercy on me and show me their faces. (You may be kind enough and show me their faces).

5

حَسَنَ، مِيرَ حُسَيْنَ ڪي، رُنُونِ ٽولَن،
 گهر ماڙهين، جهنگِ مروئين، اُين ۾ مَلڪَن،
 پڪين پاڻ پڇاڙيو، تہ لڏيو هَوَ وَجَن،
 آلا! شهزادن، سوڀون ڏئين، سڄا ڏٺي!

On the martyrdom of Imam Hassan and Imam Hussain, three groups wept tears, in houses the people, in the jungle pigs or animals and in the sky angels. The birds in the morning making themselves weak and very feeble, cried loudly that "Beloved are migrating!" Oh true God! You may grant successes to Princes.

6

حَسَنَ، مِيرَ حُسَيْنَ جو، جن نہ هئڙي جار،
 خالقُ، رَبُّ جَبَّار، ڪين مَرهيندو تن ڪي.

In whose heart there is no pain or grief of the martyrdom of Imam Hassan and Imam Hussain (R.A), they will not be pardoned by God Almighty! For their painlessness or gracelessness, God will not excuse them.

*

سُر سارنگ

راڳ سارنگ، ميگهه راڳ جي اٺن پٽن مان هڪ آهي. ملهار وري ميگهه جي پنجن استرين مان هڪ آهي. ميگهه ملهار ۽ سارنگ ٻوليءَ جي لحاظ کان هڪ ئي معنيٰ ۾ استعمال ٿيندا آهن. ٽنهي کي با ترتيب ڳائڻ سان، آسمان ۾ جهڙ لڳيو وڃي ۽ مينهن اچيو وسي. ڪن صاحبن جو چوڻ آهي ته ”سارنگ“ هڪ پڪيءَ جو نالو آهي، جنهن جي منن ۽ درديلن ڏانهن مان هي سُر ورتو ويو آهي. رسالي جي سر ”سارنگ“ جو مضمون هي آهي: الله اڪرم ڪيا آهن. پلڙ جي پالوٽ سان پٽن پاه جهليا آهن ۽ گسن مٿي گاه ٿيا آهن. سانگين ۾ نئون ساه پيو آهي، ڇو ته آب اڳوندري جي وس ٿي آهي. اڪرم کي اهڙو رنگ روپ ناهي، جهڙو جانيءَ کي. جي جاني جوءَ ۾ آيو ته ڄڻ سُهسين سارنگ ٿيا. پرين، پڪي ۾ آيو ته قلب کي قرار ٿيو ۽ غم گذار ٿيو. شل پرين، پاسي کان پري نه ٿين. تازي تنوار ڪئي آهي ۽ هارين هر سنباهيا آهن. اتر پار کان ڪڪر ڪارا ڪيس ڪري آيا آهن ۽ وڃون لعل لبيس پھري آيون آهن. سانگين کي گهڻا سک ٿيا آهن. پٽن ۾ ڪٿوريءَ جي خوشبوءِ ڦهليل آهي. ملار جي ويس ۾ پرينءَ پاڻ پَسايو آهي. پرينءَ کي پسندي، دل جون مرادون پُنيون، عاشق جي نيٺن مان جهڙ لهي ٿي نه ٿو، پوءِ آپ ۾ ڪڪر هجن نه هجن. پرينءَ کي ساريو سندس ڳلن تي لڙڪ لڙيو پون. سارنگ جي اچڻ سان سنگهاريون سرهيون ۽ سايون ٿيون ٿين. هو مڪڻ سان مُنيون ٿيون پرين، ۽ طوق پويو ٿيون پائين. اُن ارزان ٿو ٿئي ۽ جهنگ جا مڙئي ٿوڪ جهڙوڪ چيڙ، ڪنپيون وغيره جامر ٿا پڙن.

سنگهار پنهنجا ڌڻ ولهارن ۾ وڃيو چارين. سارنگ کي ماڻهو، مرگهه، مينهن، آڙيون، تازا، سمنڊ جون سڀون، مطلب ته سارو عالم ٿو ساري. جهڙن جي جهونگار قلب تان ڪٽ لاهيو ڇڏي، سارو بُر، خوشيءَ وچان ساز، سارنگيون ۽ سُندا ٿو وڃائي. سارنگ پٽن تي صراحيون ٿو پلتي. سارنگ ۾ اهو ئي سينگار آهي، جهڙوڪ لاک جي لائيءَ ۾. بادل بُرجن سان رسيلا رنگ ڪڍيو بيهن. وڃون، ڪٽهار جئن ٿيون ڪڙن. ڪڪرن جي خوش رفتار، جيڪر هاڻي به چاه پئي سکن. (سنسڪرت وارن ڪوين هاڻيءَ جي چال کي گهڻو ساراهيو آهي.) ڳاڙهي مخمل جي رنگ جا مينهن سارا سارنگ جي لب جي لالڻ (وچ جي لالڻ) ڏسي، حيرت ۾ پئجي وڃن. محبوبين، سارنگ جي ويس ۾ زعفران سان ڪنڻي آهي. وڃن جي نوازش مڙني ولاتين تي آهي. رڳو ڏيهه جا ڏڪاري ماتم ۾ آهن، ڇو ته جو ان مهانگو ڪري وڪڻڻ لاءِ ميڙيو هئائون، سو سستو وڪڻڻو

پوندن. ويچار يون واديون به فڪر ۾ آهن، جي اتر سندن نجهرا ڏاهي ڇڏي ته جيڪر ڪنهن کي ڪارون ڪن؟ ڪانڌن جي پاند بنا، ڪپھ ۾ ٺار پيئون ٺرن. نينهن ۽ مينهن ٻئي اکر هيڪڙي. عاشق اندر ۾ به ”جهڙ جهور“ ٿو وهي. سندس نيٺ دائر ملار جيئن پيا وسن. هن سر ۾ شاه، مينهن جي مُند ۾ قدرت جي رنگ ۽ رونق جو بيان ڪيو آهي. مينهن ساري عالم ۾ آسودگي ٿو آئي ۽ انهيءَ ڪري الاهي مَهر جو نشان آهي. ساري ڪائنات مينهن لاءِ سڪي ٿي. شاه، مينهن ۾ حقيقي محبوب جو حُسن ٿو پسي. ملهار جي مند ۾ چٽو طرف موج ۽ مستي چائنجيو وڃي. جهنگن بنن ۽ پٽن ۾ سارنگيون ۽ سرنڊا پيا ٻُرن ۽ سنگهار خوشيءَ ۾ مست ٿيو وڃن. عاشقن جي اندر ۾ آپار جهڙ لڳيو وڃن ۽ هو پنهنجن محبوبن کي ساريو، اکين مان مينهن پيا وڌائين. شاه صاحب هن سر ۾ ساري دنيا لاءِ حُب جو اظهار ڪيو آهي ۽ ان جي آسودگيءَ لاءِ ڏئيءَ جي در تي سوال ڪيو اٿس. ساڳئي وقت، پنهنجي ساٿيه سنڌ جي سُڪ لاءِ خاص التجا ڪئي اٿس سندس دل ۾ جو ساري مخلوقات لاءِ درد هو، سو هن سر مان آئيني مثل عيان (ظاهر) آهي. غريب ماڻهن جي سُڪ لاءِ هر دم اونو هوس. ڏڪارين ۽ موڙين جي روش تي سندس سيني ۾ دائمي افسوس ۽ ارمان هو، ايتري قدر جو هِنج جو جَهان ۾ هئڻ ئي نه ٿي وٺيس.

حڪم ٿيو بادل کي، ته سارنگ ساڻ ڪجن،
وچون وسڻ آئيون، ٿَ ٿَ مينهن ٿمن،
جن مهانگو لهي ميڙيو، سي ٿا هٿ هڻن،
پنجن منجهان پندرهن ٿيا، اُٿن ٿا ورق وڙن،
ڏڪاريل ڏيهه مان، شل موڙي سڀ مرن،
وري وڙي وس جون، ڪيون ڳالهيون ڳنوارن،
سيد چئي سڀن، آه توه تَنهنجي آسرو.

TUNE (SUR) SARANG

Song (Ragga) Sarang is one of the eight sons of Megh Rag (Rainy or cloudy season Raga). Malhar (Cloudy weather) is one of five wives of Megh (Rainy season). Megh, Malhar and Sarang are the same in meaning in accordance with the linguistic usage. With singing of these three Raaga or songs systematically, clouds appear in the sky and start raining. Some experts say that Sarang

is a name of a bird from whose sweet and sorrowful sounds, this Tune (Sur) or Raaga has been derived. The objective of this Raaga or episode in the Risaalo is as follows: God has created clouds with the water of the rain, the deserts are cultivated and on the paths grass has grown. The shepherds have taken sigh of the relief because the water has come in the fate of easy feeling or care free people. Clouds have not as colourful shape as beloved's colour. If the beloved comes in the place, people consider that the Sarang or rainy season would appear. If the beloved came in the tent, it is understood that comfort would be felt in the heart and sorrow would be vanished. May the beloved, not be separate. The Indian Cuckoo has warbled or chirped and farmers have prepared or taken the ploughs. From the northern side, the clouds have appeared with black shades and the lightening have worn red dresses. The shepherds have got many pleasures and comforts, in the planets and deserts Musk has spread its fragrance. In the rainy dress, the beloved has shown himself his face. After having seen the beloved, the hopes of the heart are fulfilled. Clouds are not disappearing from the eyes and minds of the lover, though there are clouds or not in the sky. To remember their beloveds, they are weeping tears on their cheeks. On the coming of Sarang (cloudy season), the shepherds wives are happy and have been hopeful for giving birth to babies. They make their both hands full of butter and wear embroidered clothes, necklace, chain, collar etc. the corn is cheap and wild vegetables like mushrooms and Pubescent Cucumber are grown in abundance. Shepherds grace their flocks of animals in the green fields or grassy grounds. Sarang is remembered by the whole world like people, animals i.e. pigs, cows, buffaloes, birds, Indian Cuckoos, shells of oceans etc. the voice of clouds removes rust from the hearts. The whole desert in the happiness or enjoyment plays music, a stringed musical instrument and a violin or fiddle. Sarang is filling goblets, jugs or long necked flasks in the desert or plains Sarang has the same decoration as in the tulip of reddishness of sealing wax or gum. Clouds appear as colourful with towers or turret or sign of the zodiac. Lightening is like flower. The happy rows of clouds as if

elephants learn with interest. (The Sanskrit literary people have praised very much the movement of elephants). The needy of rains of red velvet colour also wonder to see the reddishness of lips of Sarang (lightening reddishness). The beloveds have taken with their saffron in the dress of Sarang. The favour of lightening is spread everywhere or at every place or area.

Only the local inhabitants or businessmen are feeling worries because they had hoarded the corn to purchase it at higher prices and now they will have to sell it at lower prices. The carpenters wives are also in worry because if their huts are damaged by northern airs or winds or storms whom should they make complaints for re-compensation? Without their husbands, they cool themselves in the cotton's shadow. Faithfulness and rain have the similar meaning. Lovers are internally feeling clouds and rainy weather. Their eyes are continuously weeping tears like in rainy season, clouds are raining.

In this episode, Shah described the colourful scenes of nature in the rainy season. The rain brings prosperity and easiness in the lives of the poor people throughout the world and therefore it becomes sign of God's graciousness. The whole universe is longing for the rain. Shah sees the real beauty of the real beloved in the rain. In the rainy season or weather, the luxury and enthusiasm take place everywhere, in the forests, deserts and plains, fiddles and musical instruments are being played and the shepherds enjoy happiness. In the heart of lovers, clouds are risen and they remember their beloveds, weeping tears from their eyes. In this episode, Shah has described love for the love of the whole world and also prayed for their prosperous lives. Similarly for his own country Sindh, he has also humbly prayed for prosperity and pleasures. In this heart he possessed sympathy for the whole world, it is crystal clear and apparent from this episode. He was anxious to receive happy and comfortable days for the poor people, he had in his heart, the pain and anxieties against the intentions and ill wishes of misers and famine originators so much as even their existence in this world was not liked by him.

The clouds were ordered (God ordered) that "There should

be preparation for raining. Lightening came for showering the rains, so the rains are falling extensively and amply." Those (businessmen) purchased the corn at higher prices and hoarded, now they are repenting. The prices raised from five to fifteen (Rates raised triple times), so the pages of their account registers are changing and showing the (rise in prices). May all famine creators and miser people should die and disappear from the country. The cow shepherds have again predicted about the fall of rains. Shah Latif says, "Oh God! For all people, your mercy is needed." (It is observed from this act of profiting of businessmen that they used to flee or victimize the common men.)

داستان پهريون

جهڙ ٿيو آهي ۽ وڏ ڦڙو مينهن وسيو آهي. پلر جي پالوت ٿي آهي ۽ پتن تي ساوڪون لڳي ويئون آهن. سانگين ۾ نئون ساه وريو آهي ۽ سندن گوندر مٽجي ويا آهن. چوءِ ڌاري رنگ لڳي ويا آهن. جانيءَ (رب) پنهنجو ديدار هر هنڌ ڪرايو آهي. تازن تنوار ڪئي آهي، هارين هر سنباھيا آهن. تر ۽ تراريون ڀرجي ويئون آهن ۽ پتن مان ڪٽوريءَ جي خوشبوءِ پيئي اچي. سنگھاريون پرہ ڦٽيءَ جو مڪڻ پيئون ولوڙين ۽ ڏاڍيون خوش آهن. سارنگ کي رڳو ماڻھو نه، پر مرگھ، مينھون، آڙيون ۽ تازا به ٿا سارين. سمنڊ ۾ جي سڀون آهن، سي به نئين سج، مينهن لاءِ پيئون نھارين.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 1

Clouds have appeared and heavy or large drops have rained. The rain has dropped and in the grounds or deserts greenery has grown. Shepherd have sighed relief and their pains are removed, all around, the atmosphere has been colourful. The Dear (God) has shown His appearance. Indian cuckoo have sweetly sung songs, farmers have made ready their ploughs, low lying and ponds have been filled up with water and from plains the fragrance of the musk has spread. The shepherd wives have churned butter in the early morning and are very much happy and contented. Not only human beings but animals, buffaloes, birds, coots or wild ducks and Indian cuckoos have all remembered

Sarang (Rainy days). In the ocean, the shells are looking for the rain at every sun rise.

1

اَگَمِيو آهي، لڳهه پَسُ! لَطِيف چَئي،
وَنُو مِينُهَن وَدُ قُتَرُو، كَيد وَدَنُ كاهي،
چَن چَڏِي پَتِ پَتَرُو، سَمَرُ سَنباهي،
وَهُومَ لاهي، آسَرُو الله مان.

Shah Latif says, "Clouds have appeared, see the large and deep clouds! The heavy rain has dropped, (Oh owners of animals!) take outside the flocks of your animals. Take your luggage and other homely goods, leave the low lying places and settle down at the upper sides or places. Do not be disappointed from God Almighty.

2

اَگَمَ ڪيا الله، لڳهه پَسُ! لَطِيف چَئي،
پَلَرُ جِي پالوٽُ سِين پَتَن جَهَلِيا پا،
واحدُ وَڌائي ڪيا، مٿي گَسَن گاه،
سانگِيَن وِريا ساه، اُننِ آبُ اڳونڊرو.

With the dropping of the rain water, plains have been irrigated and coloured. The owner (God) has grown abundant grasses. Owners of animals have breathed a fresh. All pain and hardships have been removed by the rain water.

3

اَگَمَ اِي نہ اَنگ، جَهڙو پَسَن پَرينءَ جو،
سِيئَن رءِ سَيَدُ چَئي، رُوخ نہ رُچَن رَنگ،
سَهَسِين ٿيا، سارَنگ، جاني آيو جُوءَ ۾.

Clouds (Rains) have no such colour or shape (In rain, nature has no such beauty) that is in the seeing or sight of the dear one. Shah Latif says that, "Without beloveds, the rainy season colours

do not please the soul". When the beloveds came to the tents or at home, then the rains fall (or sweet voices or sounds of Sarang are heard).

4

جاني آيو جوءَ ۾، ٿيو ڦلَبَ ڦراڻ،
وَهَلو وِڇائين ويو، ڪري غَمُ گُڏاڻ،
نظارو نِرواڻ، پي پَسايو پاڻهِنجو.

The beloved himself came to our tent or house, heart felt comfort and pleasure. The pain went off. The beloved showed himself without any fear or shyness.

5

اُڄ پڻ اُترَ پارَ ڏي، تاڙي ڪي تنوار،
هاريَن هرَ سَنباهيا، سرها ٿيا سَنگهار،
اُڄ پڻ مُنهنجي يار، وسڻ جا ويس ڪيا.

Today also at northern side, Indian Cuckoo (Chatak bird which remains anxiously worried for rain) has sung sweet songs or made sweet voices. Farmers have made ready their ploughs and the wealthy people are very much happy. Today, my beloved has worn dresses of rainy season. (Shah Latif sees the beauty of real beloved in the rain and natural colours).

6

اُڄ پڻ اُترَ پارَ ڏي، ڪارا ڪَڪَر ڪيسِ،
وِڇون وَسڻ آڻيون، ڪري لَعَل لَبيسِ،
پرين جي پَرديسِ، مون کي مينهن ميڙيا.

Today also, there are black hair like clouds at the northern side. Lightening in red dresses are thundering. My dear beloveds who are out of their countries or outside, the rain met me with them. (In rain, for beloveds, I longed so much that they entered into my heart).

7

اُڄ پڻ اُميدون، اڱمَر سنڊيُون اُپ ۾،
 ساوڻُ پُسي، سَرَتيون! سَڄڻُ ساريو مون،
 آئون آسائتي آهيان، مان پڄائي پُون،
 گهر ته گهرجين تون، مُندَ مڙئي مينهن جي.

Today also, there are hopes of clouds in the sky. Oh lady friends! To welcome the summer season, I have remembered my beloved. I am hopeful that the rain may fall and wet the dry plains. Oh beloved! In the whole summer season, I need you only in my house.

8

اُتران ٿي آئيون، ڪري هڪل هوءَ،
 پري تَلِ ترائيون، جوڙي هليون جوءَ،
 پَسو جا پَتَن ۾، ڪٿوريءَ خوشبوءَ،
 اچي روبروءَ، اُٿيون روضي تان رَسولَ جي.

Today, from North, showers of rain attacked and thundered with noise. They filling the ponds and low lying plains flowed as rivers. In the deserts and plains, fragrance of musk spread and observed those showers of rain which fell on the tomb of the Prophet (PBUH).

9

پي پَسايو پانهنجو، نظارو ناگاهُ،
 لَتو ڪُڻ ڦلوب تان، ٿي وُرُوهُنَ واہ،
 اميدون ارواح، پي پَسندي پَسنيُون.

The beloved suddenly showed his face. The whole confusion and suffocation went away from the heart and it was felt comfortable and entertaining. To see the beloved personally, all the hopes of the heart are fulfilled.

10

وَسَنُ أَكْثَرُينَ جُئِنَ، جِي هُونْدَ سِڪَئِين، مِينَهِن!
تِه هُونْدَ راتو ڏينهن، بس بُونْدَ يَنُئون نہ ڪَرين.

Oh rain! You (like lovers eyes) learn to fall, you will not stop raining the whole night and day. (Lovers are weeping night and day for their beloveds).

11

گامر گنديءَ گنج، اَبرِ ۾ اُهاءُ ٿيو،
پَسي پَر پَرِين جِي، ڏور ٿيا سَپ ڏنڄ،
شال وَسندو سَنڄ، عاشق تي اوهيڙا ڪَري.

There has been lightening in the clouds, now there will be abundant corn in the large vessel made of earth. To see the generosity of the beloved, all pain and sorrows went away. May the rain fall on the lover, in the evening sunset time.

12

اَگڻ تازي، بَهرِ ڪُنڊيون، پَڪا پَت سُنهن،
سُرهِي سِيڄ، پاسي پَرِين، مَرُ پيا مِينهن وَسَن،
اَسان ۽ پَرِين، شال هُون بَرابَر ڏينهاڙا.

In the open field or plain, Arabian horses, outside home curved horns buffaloes and on grounds, huts or straw houses are suitable for looking attractive atmosphere. The bed should be sprayed with perfumes and beloveds, should be near or very close and rains should fall. May our and beloved's days pass in this atmosphere for ever.

13

بَر وٺا، تَر وٺا، وٺيون تَرايون،
پَرهَ جو پَتَن تي، ڪَن وَلوڙا وايون،
مَڪڻ پَرِين هَڻڙا، سَنگهاريُون سايون،
ساري ڏهن سامهون، ٻوليون رانيون،
ٻانهيون ۽ ٻايون، پَڪي سُنهن پانهنجي.

In plains, low lying areas, rains have fallen. In the early morning, sounds of churning the curd for butter are heard. The women of animal owners have been more wealthy and rich and their hands are full of the butter. In front of the standing and happy family members, milk is being drawn out from the white buffaloes carefully. The female servants and wives of the rich people are contented and happy in their houses.

14

بَرَوَنا، تَرَوَنا، ونو جيسر مير،
اَگَمَ ڪري آئيون، پائڙ پري پير،
لاٿائون، لطيف چئي، وانديُن مٿان وير،
سَرها ڪيائون سير، سَرهيون سنگهاريون ٿيون.

The rain made green Thar deserts, barren places and Jessalmir. Lightening with clouds came to the Thar Desert. Widows were relieved of their worries. Roads and paths spread out fragrance and the wives of shepherds were very much happy and fully contented.

15

بَرَوَنا، تَرَوَنا، وني ڪڇ ڪنار،
پونياڙيءَ پٽن تي، ڏس! نايائون نار،
سباجهي ستار، لاٿا ڏرت ڏيه تان.

Rains fall from the side of Kachh to barren places and Thar deserts. See that in the evening the flow of waters passed from the plains. God the gracious relieved all difficulties and hardships from the country.

16

سارنگ! سار لهيج، الله لڳ اُچين جي،
پاڻي پوڄ پٽن ۾، ارزان اُن ڪريج،
وڻن وڙهي، ته سنگهارن سڱ ٿئي.

Oh Rain! For God's sake, you take care of thirsty. Much

water may come through rains and corns may be cheap so that animal owners should prosper (they may be wealthy and rich).

17

سارنگ کي سارين، ماڙهو، مرگه، مينهن،
آڙيون اُڀر آسري، تاڙا تنوارين،
سپون جي سمونڊ ۾، نئين سڄ نهارين،
پلڙ پيارين، ته سنگهارن سڱ ٿئي.

People, deer and buffaloes are remembering the rain. The wild ducks are on the hope of clouds and Indian cuckoos are singing. Shells which are living in the bottom of ocean, are looking for fresh drops of rain water. Shepherds also feel happy and comfortable.

وائي 1

منهنجي سيد سار لهندو، مون کي آه اميد الله ۾،
سجدي پئي سپرينءَ، زاريون زور ڪريندو،
امت ڪارن احمد اُت، پرمل پاڪ پنندو،
صور دکاءِ ٿيندو، اڪيون سڀ سڄ ڪيندو،
ميڙو ٿيندو مومنين، اُت محمد مير ملهندو،
نفسا نفسي سڀ ڪو ڪري، راتا در ڊوڙندو،
مُهت ڏيندس مولو، اُت بديون بخشائيندو.

VAEE (FLATULENCE)

The Prophet (PBUH) will take my care on the day of judgment. That is hope in my mind. He bowing down his head to God, will submit Him to get pardon for his nation (Ummat). Prophet Muhammad (PBUH) will achieve excuse for his nation (Ummat). (Request God for their pardon). The forceful sound of Angel Israpheel's pipe will be heard and the sun will draw out the eyes with its scorching heat. There joint gathering will be of the Muslim nation (Ummat) and the Prophet (PBUH) will be in good books. Every human being will run for saving his own life or his

body. There God will favour His messenger or Prophet (PBUH) and will be successful in getting pardon for his nation (Ummat).



داستان ٻيو

سارنگ کي به اُها ئي رونق آهي، جهڙي لاک جي لالاڻ کي ۽ چنيءَ جي گلڪارين کي. مينهن ڪراڙ جا ڪُن پريا آهن ۽ ماڪاڻي ۽ پَٻَ تي وسڪارون ڪيون اٿس. واهن جي ڪپن تي سهڻو سائو گاهه اُپريو آهي ۽ مڙيئي باغ بهاريا اٿس. برِٻَٽ ۾ به چڻ موسيقيءَ (سنگيت) جي محفل لڳي ويئي آهي ۽ سارنگيون، سرنڊا ۽ چنگ پيا وڃن. چوڌاري سرهائي ۽ سرهاڻ آهي. رڳو ويڄاريون وانديون (بيوه زالون) ڏک ۾ آهن، ڇو ته هڪ وارث وَلهُو نه اٿن، ٻيو ته پڪا چنل اٿن.

اُتر ڊاهي اُن جا، ته ڪنهن کي ڪارون ڪن.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 2

Sarang (rainy season) has the same attraction as the reddishness to the gum or sealing wax and flowery embroidered hand -printed head dress for women. The rain has filled up the whirlpools of the Karar lake and showered on Makani and Pab mountains.

On the sides of canals of water, the beautiful grass has grown and all gardens are beautified and look as pleasant places. In the barren plains, the gatherings of musical instruments have been arranged. The fiddles of all kinds and stringed musical instrument are being played. There is happiness and fragrance all around, only the hopeless widows women are in grief because they have neither any care taker or heir to look after them nor they have safe houses but broken straw made huts.

“If the north breaks or damages their houses, to whom they may complain or who is there to heed to their complaints”.

1

سارَنگَ سائي سَٽَ، جَھڙي لالي لاکَ جي،
 ائِنَ سي اُڀنَ اَنگيا، جئِنَ سِي چَنيءَ چَٽَ،
 بَرسيو پاسي پَٽَ، پَريائين کُنَ ڪَراڙَ جا.

The rain has the same attraction as reddishness to the sealing wax, (It is pointed out as the reddishness of lightening). The clouds have appeared in colourful design as embroidery or flowery design on the hand printed head covering cloth of women. The rain fell near the Bhit (Sand heaps of Bhit Shah Latif) and filled up the low lying areas of Karar Lake (near the tomb of Shah Latif).

2

پَري پَٽَ تي آئيو، سارَنگَ سُهَڄَ منجھان،
 کَڙيون گَٺَڻَ هارَ جئِنَ، وِجُون اُتر واءِ،
 سُرَها سَڀَڙا ٿيا، دامنَ دِڀَ ڪيا،
 پَھري پَٽَنَڻان، پَريائين کُنَ ڪَراڙَ جا.

The Sarang (cloud) in force returned to Bhit (heaps of sand). The lightening with the northern airs shined like lights. The green plains were filled with the fragrance and the grass grew in abundance. The rain moved from plains to fill the low lying areas of the Karar Lake (near the tomb of Shah Latif).

3

پَريائين کُنَ ڪَراڙَ جا، وُٺو وارياسو،
 گُٺي تيءَ کِنوڻَ ڪيو، چَڱو چوواءِ ماسو،
 ماکاڻيءَ تان موٽيو، ڏيئي پَٽَ پاسو،
 خالقَ ڪيو خاصو، چيهرَ چُڪيءَ کَنڌين.

Sarang (Rainy clouds) filled the low lying areas of the Karar Lake and rained in Thar. Seasonal lightening continued for sufficient period. Taking side of the Pab mountain, the stream/current of water turned to the Makani mountain. God grew beautiful and abundant grass on the sides of hills and Rivers.

4

چيهو چُڪيءَ ڪَنڌِيين، ڪيائين گُونگَ تي گُلَ،
هَڏا ڪُنِيان هليو، پري ترايون تُلَ،
آندائين آبِ اُچَل، مٿي باغَ بهارَ جي.

Sarang produced the grass on the shores of rivers and hills and the flowers at the sides of Garang, a barren canal of water then went to a village Hadakutyan near Bhit Shah. Moving from this village Hadakutyan, filled up the low lying plains with the water. Water flowed and the happiness brought in the gardens.

5

اُجَ رَسِيلا رَنگَ، بادَل ڪَڍيا بُرجَن سِين،
سازَ سارَنگيون سُرندا، وڄائي بُرُ چَنگَ،
صُراحيون سازَنگَ، پَلتِيُون، راتِ پَڌامَ تي.

Today, clouds have shown their beautiful colours with the lightening. The whole Thar desert plays, musical instruments and fiddles. (In the rainy season, the People of Thar (Thari) play different kinds of musical instruments to enjoy the rainy season). Tonight, Sarang showered the necked flasks of rain over Padham (a place near Bhit).

6

مِينهان ۽ نِينهان، ٻئي اکر هيڪڙي،
جي وَسَنَ جا ويسَ ڪَري، تَڪَر ڪن ڪِينهان،
بادلَ ٿي بيهان، جي آگَمَ اچَن جا ڪَرين.

The rain and faith (love) are the words of the identical meaning. The Sarang is dressing the rainy clothes and the clouds are roaring. Just as the lover after seeing the dresses of his beloved is crying and requesting him, oh beloved! If you make preparation of visiting me, I should be ready to appear as the cloud or (I should draw water from my eyes).

7

ڪُڻڪَن ڪانڌُ ڇت ڪيو، جُهڙ پَسِيو جُهڄَن،
وَر رءُ وانڍِيُن اڏيا، پَڪا سِي مَر پُسن،
اُتر ڊاهي اُن جا، تہ ڪنهن کي ڪارون ڪَن،
وارثُ وري تَن، اچي شالَ اولو ڪَري.

The widows remembering their husbands in the heart, are weeping with cries. Without their husbands who have built up their straw huts, they may not get wet in the rain. If their huts are broken or damaged by the northern rains whom they will complain. May their husbands be back home to protect their curtain or cover or honour.

8

ڪُڻڪَن، ڪانڌُ ڇت ڪيو، جُهڙ پَسِيو جُهڄَن،
سُڻيو رڙ رَعَدَ جي، ڪَلِيون ٿيون ڪَنبن،
ڪَلِيون ڪين ڪُڇَن، ويڇاريون وَرنَ رِيءُ.

The widows are remembering their husbands in the heart. are weeping with cries. When they see the clouds, they tremble, to hear the thundering of clouds as their livers are shaking. The helpless young women feel no joy in life without their husbands.

داستان ٿيون

بادلن جي چال اهڙي ته ناز ۽ انداز واري آهي، جو هاڻي به جيڪر ڪانئن چڪڻ جي طرز چاهه سان سکن. وڇڙين ۾ اها لالائي آهي، جو مينهن وسارا به حيرت ۾ پئجي وڃن. وڇن جي چمڪائڻ ۾ ڪينسر (زعفران) جي رونق آهي. سنگهاريون سرهيون ٿيون آهن ۽ گلن جا هار پويو ڳچيءَ ۾ پيئون پائين. ويڇاريون وانڍيون (بيوه زالن) پنهنجن ڪانڌن کي پيئون سارين ۽ ڪپاهن (بسترن) ۾ وَرنَ رِيءُ نار پيئون ٿرن.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 3

The movement of clouds is so much of pride and style that

the elephants should learn such style of movement. There is so much reddishness in lightening that the rain showers will wonder. In the shining of lightening there is attraction of saffron. Rich women have been happy and take in their necks the garlands of flowers. The helpless widow women remember their husbands and in beds without their husbands feel very cold.

1

گَنيرَ گَتِ سِڪَن، چَلَنُ جِي چاه پئي،
هَنبوا حيرَتَ مَپيا، لالي کي لَبَن،
چَمڪَن چوڏَسَ چَنڊَ جَن، وِجڙيون وَهَسَن،
لَوچَن تَا لَطيفُ چئي، پَسَن لاءِ پَرين،
کيسَر قَرِبن، سَنباهي ساڻ گُنيا.

The elephants should learn with fondness the style of movements. (The attractive movements of clouds is pointed out). In Sanskrit language, the experts have praised the speed of elephants. The rain lovers wondered as the lips are so much reddish (Shah Latif sees reddishness of lips of beloved in the shining of the lightening). The lightening shine all around like the fourteenth of the moon and make happy. The beloveds have carried with them the saffron (lightening shines have the saffron colour). Shah sees the real beloved in the Sarang (rainy season).

2

مُنڌَ ٿي مَنڊَلُ مَنڊيا، کي اوهِڙَن اوک،
چاڇَر ٿي چَنَن ۾، مينهون چَرَن موک،
سَرهون ٿيون سنگهاريون پويو پائَن طوق،
ميها، چيڙ، ڦَنگيون، جت ٿين سڀئي ٿوڪ،
لاهِڻين مَتان لوک، ڏولائي جا ڏينها.

The rainy season has come and music instruments are played and the rain showers have spread out. On the low lying areas, the grass has grown and the buffaloes are chewing much grass. The wives of the rich people are happy and wear garlands of flowers.

There cucumber, mushrooms and pubescent cucumber is main source of food. May God relieve the days of sadness and worries from the whole world.

3

مُنْدَ ٿِي مَنڊَلِ مَنڊِيَا، تَاڙِي ڪِي تنوار،
هارِينُ هَرِ سَنَباھِيَا، سَرھَا ٿِيَا سَنگھار،
اُچُ منهنجي يار، وَسَنُ جا ويسَ ڪيا.

The season of rain has come and musical instruments have been played and Indian cuckoos have sung the sweet song or cried. The farmers have prepared their ploughs for ploughing their fields and the wealthier people have been happy. Today, my beloved, has worn the dresses of raining. (Shah Latif sees real beauty and attraction in the colours of the real beloved and Sarang (Rainy clouds and weather).

4

مُحَبُّ مَنهنجا سَپَرِين! آٿِيئي اللہ،
توڪي ساريو ساہ، اُڪَنڊِيو آھون ڪَري.

Oh my dear beloved! May God bring you to us. Remembering you, our heart is yearning for you every while.

5

اَگَرُ ڪيو اَچَن، سَچُن سانوڻ مينهن جئن،
پاسي تَن وَسَن، جي سَپُ جَماندَرُ سڪيا.

The beloveds come like clouds in summer rain. They shower at those places where the people were yearning for them.

6

اُوچُنُ گُھر جي آجڪو، جُھوڀو سھي نہ، سِي،
سَٿاڻج سُوڙَ ڪي، حالُ مَنهنجو ھي،
اڱڻُ آيو ٿي تہ ڍوليا! ڪنھن ڍنگ ٿيان.

I need house and material and my straw hut does not bear the cold. Tell this account to my respected husband. Oh dear! Come in my courtyard so that I should recover myself.

7

ڪانڌا! تنهنجي پاند ري، سَنجھي سيءَ مَران،
ڪامِل! ڪَپاهَن ۾، پيئي نَارُ نَران،
تاريءَ تو تَران، جِئَن وَرُ وِهاڻيءَ وارئين.

Oh husband! Without your cover or protection, I am suffering from the cold. Oh dear! I feel cold in my beds. On your hope or solace, I pass the days and pray for your return to me.

8

ڪانڌا! تنهنجي پاند ري مَران سَپ رات،
ڪامِل! ڪَپاهَن ۾، جَھپَ نہ اچي جِهاٽ،
اچين جي پَريات، تہ آئون سيءَ نہ ساريان.

Oh husband! Without your cover or protection, I am trembling in the cold. Oh perfect! I cannot sleep in the beds at the nights. If you come to me in the early morning, I would forget the cold.

داستان چوٿون

سانوڻ ۾ مينهن هر هنڌ اچ لائي ڇڏي آهي. سنگهارن پنهنجون ڪُنڊيون ۽ وِڇُون اُٿي، ساون پتن تي ڇڏيون آهن ۽ سندن سموري اڃ اُساٽ لٿي آهي. ولهارن (ميدانن) ۾ ساوا گلر وڇائجي ويا آهن. شاه صاحب سنگهارن جي حق ۾ به هيءَ دعا ٿو پني: ”سنگهارن شرم رک منهنجا سپرين!“ وڇڙين ساري عالم تي فيض ڪيو آهي. ڪنهن به ولايت کي نه وساريو اٿن. استنبول، روم، سمرقند، ڪابل، قنڌار، دهلي، دکن، جيسلمير، بيڪانير، ڀڄ، امر ڪوٽ. مطلب ته ڪو به هنڌ ڪو نه مٿيو اٿن ۽ هر هڪ ديس کي نوازيو اٿن ۽ مڙئي جيون کي وڏا ڀڄ ڪيا اٿن. شاه، سنڌ ۽ ساري جهان جي آسودگيءَ لاءِ حق جي درگاه ۾ دعا گهري آهي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 4

In summer, the rain has showered everywhere and spread out whiteness. The cattle owners have taken horny buffaloes and their female calf buffaloes and left them in the green plains and their thirst and urge of drinking water has quenched. In the plains, green carpets have appeared. Shah Latif prays also for cattle owners as follows: "Protect honour of cattle owners my beloved God!" lightening has graced every place or area in the world. No state has been neglected, Istanbul, Rome, Samarqand, Kabul, Kandahar, Delhi, Deccan, Jaisalmer, Bikaner, Bhuj, Amer Kot means no place has been left or forgotten and have been graced everywhere and every animal or human being has been favoured with water. Shah Latif has prayed for prosperity of Sindh and the whole world or universe.

1

سَچُ سَانُوڻ مِينَهَن جِئَن، جُهٽُڪَن پَاسِي جِهوڪَ،
 ڏيندا پاڻ پَتَن ڪِي، مَنجِهان مِينَهَن موڪَ،
 لَسَ پِيارينَ لوڪَ، اَگَمَ ڪِيو اڪِيُن سِين.

Beloved, drizzles continually or rains shower towards Jhok like the rain in summer or like summer rain. They will make colourful atmosphere in the plains with the water of the rain. They weep tears from eyes and shower to drink the pure water or clean water to the whole world.

2

واهندان وڃون ٿيون، ڪڙيون ڏنهن گُنياتَ،
 ڪُنڊيون ڪاهي گس ڪريو، وڃون ڪريو واتَ،
 سَنگهارَن سُڪَ ٿيو، لٿي اُج اُسات!
 جُهٽُ ڦُڙ ڏيئي جهاتَ، پُڙائينديون پَتِيُون.

With the western air, the lightening appeared and shined at Khunbhat side. They took buffaloes and kept them on the paths or

roads (so that they chew grass at the grass grounds). The cattle owners became wealthy and felt happy and quenched their thirst. The clouds moved and waved, made wet to the plains, irrigated the barren fields. (Lightening will bring water and will make green the plains).

3

سَڄو صافُ نه اُڀري، سَڙلي وڃان سَڄُ،
مُنهنُ چڙهيو ماڙهن کي، ڏٺي واڌايون وڄُ،
هنئڙا! ڪُپُ مَر ڪِڄُ، سِگها ملندءَ سَڀرين.

The sun, under the clouds, does not appear as a whole and clear. The lightening offers congratulations to the people after showing their shining. Oh heart! Do not be weak in worry, soon the dear will meet you.

4

يَتِ ڀَڙي پَتِ پيئيُون، ٿيا ولهارن وي،
سَڄُ، چنڊ نه پاڙيان، سيٽن جي شبيهه،
جي جاني اندر جيءَ، سي ڀرين پيهي گهر آيا.

Lightening (Rains) moved to Dhat (Thar) rained on the plains and greenery, spread out in the deserts of grounds. I do not match the face or figure of the beloved with the sun and the moon. The beloveds who were in the heart, they themselves visited the home.

5

يَتِ ڀَڙي پَتِ پيئيُون، وڃن ڪيا ڌرم،
واحد وڌائي ڪيا، ڪنڊن سان ڪرم،
سنگهارن شرم، رکُ منهنجا سڀرين.

Lightening (Rains) fell on plains and did great generousities after moving from Dhat (Thar). God graced with the rains. Oh beloved God! You may protect honour of cattle owners. (They may be graced with prosperity and save them from hunger and poverty).

6

موٽي مانڊاڻ جي، واري ڪيائين وار،
 وڃون وسڻ اٿيون، چوڏس ۽ چوڌار،
 ڪي اٿي ويئون استنبول ڏي، ڪي مٿيون مغرب پار،
 ڪي چمڪن چين تي، ڪي لهن سمرقندين سار،
 ڪي رمي ويئون روم تي، ڪي ڪابل، ڪي قندار،
 ڪي دهليءَ، ڪي دکن، ڪي گرن مٿي گرنار،
 ڪنهن جني جيسلمير تان، ڏنا بیکانير بڪار،
 ڪنهن پڇ پڇاڻيو، ڪنهن ڍٽ مٿي ڍار،
 ڪنهن اچي امر ڪوٽ تان، وسايا ولهار،
 سانئير! سدائين ڪرين، مٿي سنڌ سڪار،
 دوس! مٺا دلدار، عالم سڀ آباد ڪرين.

God again showered rain from the clouds. Lightening started raining all around. Some went to Istanbul (Capital city of Turkey) and some went to the west (west means Europe). Some are shining upon China foreign country and some take care of Samarqand (People of Samarqand). Some went away to Rome, some to Kabul, some to Kandahar, some went to Delhi, some went to Deccan, some thundered upon Girnar. Some rain showered with enthusiasm on Jaisalmer and some on Bikaner. Some made wet to Bhuj city and some turned to Dhat (Thar). Some came to Amerkot and made green its plains. Oh my honourable sir! You may always sustain Sindh with prosperity! Oh my sweet beloved! You may keep the whole world or Universe prosperous and living! (Here, Shah Latif has expressed his sympathies with Sindh and also with the whole world. He possessed international spirit and well wishes so he has prayed here for the prosperity and well-being of the whole (Universe).

7

موٽي مانڊاڻ جي، جُڙي ڪيائين جوڙ،
 وڃون وسڻ اٿيون، ٻه ٻه ٻڌائون ٻوڙ،
 انن جا عالم ۾، لکين ٿيا ڪوڙ،
 سارنگ لاتي سوڙھ، سانده سهاڻو ٿيو.

Again preparing for cloudy season, there comes attraction in atmosphere. The lightening started raining and bravo! The water inundated everything. Lacs of heaps were made of corns. The rain removed the shortage of water and forever there came the light (The prosperity and cheapness occurred and the light came for the comfort of the common man).

8

حُڪْمُ ٿيو بادلَ کي، تہ سارَنگَ ساڻَ ڪَڄَن،
وَجُونِ وَسَنَ آئِيُون، تَهَ تَهَ مِينَهَن بَمَن،
جِن مَهانگو لَهي ميڙيو، سي ٿا هَتَ هَتَن،
پَنجَن مَنجَهان پَنڊرَهَن ٿيا، اِئن ٿا وَرَقَ وَرَن،
دُڪارِيا ڏيَه مان، شالَ مُوڏي سَڀَ مَرَن،
وَرِي وَڏي وَسَ جُون، ڪِيُون ڳالهيُون ڳَنوارَن،
سَيَدُ چوي سِين، آه توهَر تَنهنجِي آسرو.

The clouds were ordered (God ordered) that "There should be preparation for raining. Lightening came for showering the rains, so the rains fell extensively and amply. Those (businessmen) purchased the corn at higher prices and hoarded, now they are repenting. The prices raised from five to fifteen (Rates raised triple times), so the pages of their registers are changing and showing the (rise in prices). May all famine creators and miser people should die and disappear from the country. The cow shepherds have again predicted about the fall of rains. Shah Latif says, "Oh God! For all people, Your mercy is needed. (It is observed from this act of profiteering of businessmen that they used to fleece or victimize the common men).

9

اَنڊَرِ جُهڙُ جُهورِ وَهي، ٻَهَرِ ڪَڪَرُ نہ ڪو،
وَسائِيندي وَجُڙِي، حُبَ جَنِين کي هو،
لَاکُن جَنِين لَو، تَن اوڪاڻِين نہ اڪِيُون.

In the heart of the lover, there is deep cloud, but openly no cloud is visible. Who have love, upon whom, the lightening (of

love) will shower the water (rain). In whose home, there is beloved, their eyes are not dried.

10

اَگِجِي آئِيُون، اُتران ڪَري اُور،
جي پرين هُئڙا ڏور، سي مُون ڪي مينهن ميڙيا.

Rains with clouds came jointly or collectively from the north. Those dears were away, they were met or contacted by the Sarang (Rainy clouds). In the rain, the beloved is remembered and the account of separation has erased.

وائي 2

آئي مُندَ ملا، آئون ڪُهنا ڪنديس ڪپڙا،
وَسَنَ جا ويسَ ڪيا، اُڄُ مُنهنجي يار،
لار لائيندي وِجڙا، پَنڙس پَنپا وار،
پَڪي آءُ پرين تون، لَهَ مُنهنجي سَيدا سار.

VAEE (FLATULENCE)

The season of Sarang (Rainy season) has come. I shall therefore wear red dress. (Khuhunbo is dress for marriage). Today, my dear has dressed the rainy clothes. (Real beloved has shown his face in the shape of rain. Fastening the bell to female calves, their black curved hair have got wet. (Newly marriage decoration). Oh dear! Come in my hut. Oh Prophet (PBUH)! Take my care.

*

سُر آسا

”آسا“ هڪ مٺي راڳڻي آهي، جا اُسَر جو ڳائڻي آهي. انهيءَ وقت، ساري ڪائنات ڌڻيءَ جي وڏائي ٿي ڳائي، ڪي صاحب فرماين ٿا ته ”آسا“ هڪ راجڪماري جو نالو آهي، جا پريات جو، ڌڻيءَ جي ساراه ۾ گيت ڳائيندي هئي. جنهن سُر ۾ هوءَ ڳائيندي هئي، تنهن تي ”آسا“ نالو پئجي ويو. شاھ جي سُر ”آسا“ جو مضمون هي آهي.

لاحد ۾ لوڇن سان هاديءَ جي حد نه ٿي لپي، سپرينءَ جي سونهن جو نه آهي قد نه مڏ، هتي عاشقن وٽ سڪڻ جي عدد، هُت پرينءَ کي ڪابه پرواه ناهي، ”آئون“ يعني خوديءَ سان ڪوبه هُن پار نه پهتو. ڌڻيءَ کي هيڪڙائي وڻندڙ آهي، اي طالب! تون به هيڪڙائيءَ وٽ وڃي ”هڻڻ“ (خوديءَ) جون هنجون هار، ڌڻيءَ کي سڀوئي جمال آهي ۽ کيس ئي ”تو“ رسي، ٻي هت ”آئون“ ۽ ”تون“ آهي ئي ڪانه. انسان ڌڻيءَ جو. ڳجهه آهي ۽ ڌڻي انسان جو اها تنوار سڀ عالم ۽ عارف ڪندا ويا، انسان، عبد (بندو) آهي، ڌڻي معبود (مالڪ)، معبود (ڌڻيءَ) وانگر عبد (انسان) جي به نه آهي ابتدا، نه ان انتها، چوٽ سندس روح، حق (خدا تعاليٰ) جو جزو آهي.

اي نمازي! جيسين پاڻ کي ٿو پسين، تيسين تنهنجي نماز ۽ سجود کي ڇا ڪبو! جنهن پرينءَ جي تون پڇا ٿو ڪرين، تنهن جي صورت نه سوجهه، چوٽ هو آروپ يا بي صورت آهي، تون وجود وڃائي، ٻارن جيان معصوم ٿي، جن وجود وڃايو، تن ئي ڌڻي ۾ فنا ڪاڏي آهي. پوءِ هنن لاءِ نه آهي قيام، نه قعود. هو نابود ٿي، سڄي ”بود“ کي رسيا آهن، محبوب جو ديدار، جيءُ جُسي ۽ جان لاءِ، ”حضورِ حج“ آهي، اڪيون ڪالهه اهو ڪي پسي آيون آهن، جواج قرار ۾ نه ٿيون سُمهن. کين اڀر آر لڳي آهي ۽ دل ۾ ديوانيون ٿيون آهن. پرينءَ کي ڏسڻ لاءِ ڏهاڙي وسن ٿيون، جيئن جيئن پرين ٿيون پسن، تئن تئن مٿن نينهن جا نشا ٿا چڙهن. اکين کي عجب جهڙيون عادتون آهن. ڪڪرن وانگر اُگم ٿيون لائين ۽ سانوڻ جي مينهن جيئن وسن ٿيون، رُسن به پاڻ ۾، پرڇن به پاڻ ۾. اڪيون اتي وڃي ٿيون لڳن، جت حاجت ناهه هٿيار جي. ”هي جي“ مجازياتيون (اڪيون) منهن ۾ اٿيئي، تن سان نه ڏس، انهن جي وسيلي، ڪنهن به پرينءَ کي نه سڃاتو، پرين اهي ٿا پسن، جن ٻئي اڪيون ٻوٽيون، جت پرين آهي، تن ”آه ناهه ڪا“، انهيءَ ولایت ۾ نه ”آه“ آهي، نه ”ناهه“. اهو به هڪ خاڪي (انسان) جو خيال آهي، پرينءَ جو جمال، پسڻ کان ئي پري آهي. جن کي اڪين ۾ ڪُتر آهن، سي ڪُتر پرين پسندا! روحاني ولایت کي ڪا ڊيگهه يا

ويل ناهي، هيءَ اهو ڪيل آهي، جو اندو انساني عقل پروڙي نه سگهندو. هن حيرت جي ديس ۾ حوصلو ويڇون ٿيو وڃي. اي طالب! تون ترڪ کي ترڪ ڪر، لوڪ کان نه لڪ، پر لڪڻ کان به لڪج. اسين جن لاءِ سڪون ٿا، سي اسين پاڻ آهيون. جي تون سڄي نظر سان ڏسين ته هر چيز کي جيڪر حق چوين، رڳو زبان سان ڪلمي چوڻ ۾ ايمان ناهي، نڪي رڳو تلڪ لڳائڻ يا جڻئي پائڻ ۾ ڌرم سمايل آهي. ڪارو سرمون، مردن کي نه جڳائي، تون لالن جي لالائيءَ جو سرمون پاءِ. ”پاڻ“ جو پردو پاڻ پري ڪر. سڄي ”مون“، ”مون“ (ايشور جي هستيءَ) مان ئي پيدا ٿي ٿئي، جو پاڻ سڃاڻي، سوئي ”مون“ چوي، اوهان کي ائين نه چوڻو آهي، جي حبيب سان حل ٿيا آهن، تن جو تڻ تسبيح آهي ۽ مَن مٿيو، سندن دل دنبورو (دنبورو) آهي ۽ سندس رڳون وحدت جي راز سان وڃندڙ آهن. اُهي سَتا به جاڳن پيا ۽ سندن ننب به عبادت آهي.

تن تسبيح، مَن مٿيو دل دنبورو جن،
تندون جي طلب جون، وحدت سروجن،
وحده لاشريڪ لَه اهو راڳ رڳن،
سي ستائي جاڳن، ننب عبادت ان جي.

TUNE (SUR) ASSA

Assa is a sweet singing of a song, which is sung early in the morning or after the second part of the night. At that time the whole Universe pray and beg to God for His mercy to be taken to the human kind. Some experts say that "Assa" is the name of Raj Kumari (Queen) who used to sing in the praise of God. That melody in which she used to sing a song was called "Assa". Shah Latif's Assa's purpose is "to search in the unity of limitless, the limit of Guide is unlimited. The beauty of the beloved has neither length nor measurement. Here the lover has unlimited longing, there the beloved has no care. "I" or egoism does not get anybody to the destination. God likes unity. Oh lover! You should also accept unity, forget "being" (egoism). God has all along beauty and deserves to be "You" only. At the other side, here neither "I" nor "You". Human kind is the secret of God and vice versa. That narration all philosophers and scholars repeated again and over

again. Human being is the (creation) and God is the Creator. Like God human kind has neither beginning nor end because his Soul is a part of the Right (God).

Oh prayer offering man! Till you see yourself, what your prayers and bowing down to God will bring for you! The beloved for whom you ask for, does not observe His figure because He is shapeless and having no figure. You should lose your existence and be innocent like little babies. Who lost the existence, they obtained their end in God, then for them is neither existence nor any sitting. They after losing their existence, have become true and real beings. To see the beloved, is a personal pilgrimage of body and heart. Eyes saw yesterday those things which now are restless. They have been affected by the love and their hearts have been anxious to remain in their closeness. For seeing the beloved, they are weeping tears daily, just as they see the beloved, they are feeling intoxicated with love. Eyes have wonderful habits. Like clouds they bring rain of tears and shower like the rain of summer. They become angry with themselves and compromise between themselves. Eyes love there where there is no need of any weapon. What you have these "worldly loving" (eyes) in the face, do not see with those. With those you could not recognize the beloved. They are seeing their beloved who have closed their both eyes. Where is beloved present, there is "neither yes nor no". This is also an idea of a dusty human being. The beauty in the beloved is away from the sight. Who have grudges or hatred, how will they observe their beloveds. The spiritual destination has neither length nor breadth. That is only a game so a blind cannot understand the human wisdom or brain. In this wonderful place, the senses do not work. Oh lover! You may abandon the abandon. Do not hide from the world or public but hide from the hide (secret). For whom we are longing, we are ourselves. If you see with the right or truthful sight, then you may consider righteous everything. Only to say with the tongue the Kalma (to recite the faithfulness) is not belief and no religion is complete with carving blot of religious words in any part of the body or putting a marble stone in the fingers. To put black antimony in the eyes by males

does not suit or allow the males or shows as religious ritual. You may put red antimony of pious people. "self curtain you should remove yourself" Real "I" is created from "I" (God). Who knows himself and his sensual desires, he should say "I", you have not to say like this. Who are associated with the beloved, their body is like beads and their heart is a jewel or ornament of bead, their heart is a fiddle and their veins are playing with the secrets of oneness or unity. Those sleeping or in slumber are awakening and their sleep is also a prayer. Body bead, mind jewel, heart fiddle, wires of demand, playing with oneness, only one no partner, in their veins, the sleeping are awakening, sleep is their prayer.

داستان پھريون

لاحدر ۾ لوچڻ سان پروڙ ٿي پوي ته هاديءَ جي حد ٿي ناهي ۽ سڀرينءَ جي سونهن جو ڪو حساب ئي ڪونهي، جهڙو آهي عاشقن جو سڪڻ بي عدد، تهڙي ئي آهي پرين جي بيپرواهي بيحد. "آئون" (خوديءَ) سان، روحاني ولايت ۾ ڪوئي ڪونه پهتو، ڏٺيءَ کي هيڪڙائي وٽندڙ آهي. جي "آئون" وساري، منجهس محو ٿيا، سي حقيقت سڄي رمز کي رسيا. ڏٺيءَ کي ئي سمورو جمال آهي، انسان سندس ڳجهه آهي ۽ پاڻ انسان جو مڙئي عالم ۽ عارف اهڙي تنوار ڪندا ويا، جيسين عبادت ڪندڙ پاڻ کي ٿو پسي (خوديءَ ۾ گرفتار آهي)، تيسين سندس عبادت نه ٿي آڳهي، جن نابودي اختيار ڪئي، سي ئي اعليٰ درجي تي رسيا.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 1

To searching in nothingness one knows that there is no limit to the guide (God) and beloved's beauty has no account or not be counted. Just as lovers longing is limitless, the similar is beloved's carelessness unlimited with "I" (egoism), no one reached the spiritual destination. God likes oneness. If forgetting "I", attached with Him, they really reached the truthful secret. God has all beauty. Humankind is His secret and vice versa. All Scholars and philosophers talked about it. Till the praying offeror sees himself (egoism lover), so his prayer is not granted. Who adopted non existence, they only reach the climax of high standards.

1

لوچان ٿي لاحت ۾، هاديءَ لھان نہ حدُ،
 سپيريان جي سونهن جو، نڪو قد نہ مد،
 هِت سڪڻ بي عذد، هِت پرينءَ پرواهِ ناهِ ڪو..

I search in homelessness, but the perfect guide has no limit.
 The beauty of beloved has neither account nor any limit. Here (In
 the heart of lover) there is a limitless longing for meeting and
 there the beloved has no care also.

2

”آئون“ سين اُن پار، ڪڏهن تان ڪو نہ پيو،
 ”اِنَّ اللّٰهَ وَتَرْيُحُ الْوَتَرِ“، نيئي ٻيائي پار،
 هيڪڙائيءَ وٽ هار، هنجون جي هُئڻ جون.

With egoism, nobody ever reached that side (to spiritualism).
 God is one and He likes oneness”. You should burn and make
 dust to dualism or hypocrisy. Weep tears of egoism or hypocrisy
 to oneness.

3

بَن! ٻيائي، سُپرين! پاڻان مون کي پل،
 ”آئون“ اوريان جهل، توکي رسي ”تو“ ڏٺي.

Oh beloved! Abandon hypocrisy. Prevent me from egoism.
 You may stop my selfishness coming close to me. Oh God! You
 deserve your entity and dignity.

4

هُوَ سَ ڪونهي هنَ ري، هيءُ نہ هُنهان ڌار،
 ”اَلْاِنْسَانُ سِرِّي وَ اَنَا سِرُّهُ“، پروڙج پڇار،
 ڪندا ويا تنوار، عالمِ عارف اهرِي.

He means God, this means humankind or not separate from
 his existence and this means humankind is not separate from him
 means from God. ”Humankind is my secret and vice versa.” (God

says) understand that conversation. The people who possess true knowledge recite this conversation and talk.

5

جانِ جانِ پَسِينِ پاڻُ کي، تان تانِ ناوِ نِماڻِ
سڀِ وِجائي ساڻِ تِهانِ پوءِ تَڪْبِيرِ چَڻو

Till you see yourself (till you consider your entity separate), your prayer is not acceptable. Abandon your all efforts (be close to God), then raise then slogan of the greatness of God).

6

جانِ جانِ پَسِينِ پاڻُ کي، تان تانِ ناوِ سُجُوڏِ
وِجائي وُجُوڏِ، تِهانِ پوءِ تَڪْبِيرِ چَڻو

Till you see yourself, your bowing down in prayers is not suitable. Lose your entity then raise slogan of the grandeur of God Almighty.

7

نابُوڏِيءَ نِيئي، عَبدِڪي اَعلِيٰ ڪِيوِ،
مُورَتِ ۾ مَخْفِي ٿِيَا، صُورَتِ پَنُ سِيئي،
ڪَبي اِتِ ڪِيهِي؟ ڳالِهه پريان جي ڳجهه جي.

Self destruction (lose self) creature or made the humankind of great status. They are hidden or secret in every shape and they are also in original shape. Here what secret of beloved will be narrated? (Tongue has no courage to disclose the secret of this riddle).

8

جن وِجايو وُجُوڏِڪي، سي فاني ٿيا ”في الله“ ۾،
نہ ٿين قِيامُ، نہ قُعودُ ۾، نہ ڪوڪُنِ سُجُوڏِ،
جِيلانِ ٿيا نابُوڏِ، تيلانِ گُڏيا بُوڏِڪي.

Who destroyed their entity, they became close to God. For

them, neither sitting in prayers, is necessary and standing nor bowing down is essential. In which condition or shape, they destroyed themselves, in that condition or position, they reached to God or to true entity. (They are mixed or associated with God).



داستان ٻيو

جيڪي اکيون، سج اُڀرندي ٿي، پرينءَ کي نه ٿيون ڀسن، تن جو هٿڻ اُڃايو آهي ۽ اُهي ٻئي ڪڍي ڪانگن کي ڏجن. جن نيشن، نيرانيشي پرين کي ڏٺو، تن جن ستر ڪاج ڪاڏا. اکيون پرينءَ کي اُسر جو ڏسندي، سندس اڳيان اُرداس ۾ اُڀيون ٿيون رهن ۽ ٻي ڪار نه ٿيون ڪن، محبوب کي ڏسندي خوش ٿيون ٿين ۽ کيس نه ڏسندي هنجون ٿيون هارين، ڏسيو ڏسيو به ڪڏهن ڍاڻن نه ٿيون، اڪڙيون پاڻ ۾ ٿي رُسن ۽ پرچن، هڪ ٻئي تي ڏمر ڏوس ڪن ۽ وري ڪلن ۽ ڪيڪارين. اکيون اهي ئي ڌار، جي پرينءَ کي ڀسن، ٻئي ڏانهن نه نهار، چوٽ پرين ريسارا اٿيئي، تون هميشه عامر جي ابتڙ هل.
”جي لهوارو لوڪ وڃي، تون اوچو وه اوڀار.“

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 2

The eyes which do not see their beloved at the sun rise, their existence is for nothing and both of them should be taken away and thrown them to the crows. The eyes which saw their beloved before breakfast, they ate seventy kinds of food. Eyes seeing the beloved at the early in the morning, they stand straight before him just like in prayers and do not do other things. Seeing their beloved, they feel happy and if they do not see him, they weep tears. Seeing him again and over again, they are not saturated. Eyes compromise and become angry with each others. They become unhappy and at ease themselves. Keep those eyes which see the beloved and do not see to others because beloved is envious. Always go in opposition of the common man: "If people go with the waves or at the side of waves they flow, but you move towards upper side or in front of the wave or flow of water".

1

اُڀرندي ئي سڄ، پرين جي نه پسنديون،
ڪڍي هيئي ڏج، اُگريون ڪانگن ڪي.

If the eyes do not see the beloved at the time of the sun rise, they both of them should be taken and thrown to the crows.

2

نيرانائي نيٺ، نيئي آڇ پرين ڪي،
ستر ڪاڏا ڪيٺ، جهڙو منهن محبوب جو.

Before breakfast, both of your eyes be given to your beloved. When you see the face of your beloved, consider you took seventy kinds of foods.

3

تن نيٺن ڪي نيران، جن ساڄهڙ سين سانپيٽيا،
جيءَ، جسي ۽ جان، ڪر حُضوري حج ڪيو.

Those eyes which took breakfast, who saw the beloved at early morning. Heart, body and the brain even if performed the great Hajj (seeing the beloved is like performing the Hajj-Akbar).

4

اُڳيون علي الصباح، دوست ديڪڻ آئيون،
اُڀينديون ارداس ۾، ٻي نه ڪنديون ڪاءِ،
رچنديون رءُ پاڻ، پرچنديون پرينءَ سين.

Eyes came to see the beloved early in the morning. They will stand up in prayers and will not do other things. They without artificial colour will be coloured or become successful and will remain busy to chat with the beloved.

5

وسن ۽ وهسن، ڏيهاري ڏسن لاءِ،
ڏسي ڏسي آئيون، توءِ تلاشون ڪن،
ڏاڍو نه ڏاڍن، پسن منجهان پرينءَ جي.

Eyes for seeing the beloved are daily weeping tears and becoming happy. They saw the beloved again and over again but they are curious to find them. They are not saturated from seeing the beloved.

6

اَکَڙِيُون اَکَڙِيُون تي، دَمَرُ دُوسَ کَڙِينِ،
جِيلَانَن سِڪَنُ سِڪِيُون، تِيلَانَن دَعُوِي مَنجِهَ دَڙِينِ،
کِلَن ۽ کَڙِين، رُسنَ پَرچَن پاڻ ۾.

Eyes show anger and reproach eyes themselves. In the condition they learnt to love, in that manner, they show their anger with each others. They laugh and oppose themselves, separate and compromise themselves. (Lover's eyes talk with each others. Whatever is in their mind, that appears from their eyes. Lovers quarrel with their eyes and love each others with their eyes).

7

اَکِيَن کي ائون، جان کي جُهَلُون پائيَان،
لوکُ لَتَاڙِي نِنڊَ ۾، ساڄَن سُونائُون،
مُون کي ماريائُون، پاڻ پَرچي آئيُون.

How many hindrances I create for eyes. In sleep to crossing the whole world, they found the beloved. I was killed in separation and they made contacts with each others. (They saw the beloved in sleep. But my heart remained busy to find and meet them).

8

اَکِيَن پَنهنجي مَتِ، پاڻ سينَ پاڻهين کَئي،
اُتي وڃي لڳيُون، جتي جانِ گِيتِ،
نہ کاڳاله نہ گيتِ، جي ڏني رءُ نہ جُڙي.

Eyes themselves adopted compromise for them. They loved there where there is danger or fear of loss of life. (Where one has to lose breath). There is not another information or knowledge,

without sacrificing head, no other bargaining takes place.

9

اَکَڙِيُن آرو، مُونھان پُڇي نہ کَيو،
اُتي وِڃي اُڙيون، جِتي چَوُ نہ چارو،
هينئڙو ويچارو، واتون جَھليو جُھلي.

Eyes did not ask to make love. They were caught there where there is neither way nor any trick for salvation or protection. The helpless heart, catching beloved's paths, is weakening or becoming patient.

10

اَکِ اِلَسي ڌار، وَنءُ اِلَسو عامر سين،
جي لَھوارو لوکُ وِهي، تُون اُوچو وِھ اُوپار،
مَنجھان نَوجَ نِھار، پُر پُنيرو پرينءَ ڏي.

Use eye opposite and go opposite unlike the common people. (As people see the world, you do not look alike and just as they go in the world, you may not go alike). You may swim at upper side or in front of the flow of water. See with a fixed eye and go in back towards the beloved.

11

تان جي ٿين سامھان، پُنيرو سُونھن،
سَنئون وِرائي سَپرين، مُنھن جي مانڏي ڪن،
رَڳون سَڀ رَجن، تَن ڀرتا زائِي ٿئي.

The beloved suit back but if they come in front of and turn their face to me so my all veins turn to be reddish and freshness comes in my body.

12

اَڪيون سيئي ڌار، جِن سان پَسين پرينءَ کي،
ٻئي ڏانھن ڪيمر نِھار، گَھڻو ريسارا سَپرين.

Possess those eyes, with which see only the beloved. Do not look at other, because beloveds are lovers of honour or beloveds love honourable lives.

داستان ٽيون

هنن مجازي اکين سان نه ڏس، چو ته اهي ٺڳيندڙ آهن، پرين اهي ٿا پسڻ، جي ٻئي اڪيون ٻوٽين ٿا، محبوب حقيقي اُتي ٿو وسي، جتي نه ”آه“ آهي، نه ”ناه“، اهو به خاڪي (انسان) جو خيال آهي، پرينءَ جو حُسن، پَسڻ کان ئي پري آهي. اي عاشق! جيسين پاڻ کي ڳاري، سَئي جهڙو سنهو نه ڪيو اٿيئي، تيسين جاني توکي پنهنجين اکڙين ۾ ڪيئن جاءِ ڏيندا؟ محبوب جو جمال، اندو عقل نه ٿو پروڙي سگهي. اهو حيرت ۾ حيران ٿيو وڃي، حق کي جُهاني ماڻهو اهڙو سڃاڻن، جهڙو انڌا مُئي هاڻيءَ کي. روحاني سردار ئي حقيقي حسن کي سڃاڻن ۽ پروڙين.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 3

Do not see with these worldly eyes because they deceive. Those only see the beloveds, who close their both eyes. Real beloved lives there where is neither “Yes” and nor “No”. This is also an idea of made of dust (Humankind). The beauty of the beloved cannot be seen or cannot be away from seeing. Oh lover: till you make yourself thin like a needle, then how your beloveds will allow you to sit in their eyes. The non sense or owner of blind brain cannot see the beloved. He wonders to see this position. The worldly people know the “right”, just as the blind people recognize the dead elephant. The spiritual leader or guide will recognize the real beauty.

1

ديکُ مَر تُون سِين تَن، هِي جِي مَجَازِ يَإِئِيُون مُنَھن ۾،
ڪِينَ نہ سُجَاتو سُرِين، نِھاري نِيڪَن،
پَرِين سِي پَسَن، پَئِي جَنِين پُوئِيُون.

You do not see with these worldly eyes which are in your face. Bodily eyes due to their sight did not recognize the right beloved. Beloveds (Spiritual beloveds) are seen by those, who closed their both eyes.

2

مَجَازِي مَرَمَتِ کَرِ، پَنِیُونِ اِثْنِ نہ پیرِ،
پُچِی تئین تہ پیرِ، هَارِي! حَقِیقَتِيءَ جِي.

Do not make dear to worldly eyes, the black eyes do not change without any reason. Oh foolish! You ask and then walk by feet to the spiritual beloved.

3

سَنِّیْنِ سُونَهَائِي سَيِّکَا، کَامُونِ مُنْجَهَائِي،
طَلَبَ ءِ تَحْصِيلِ، اَوْرِيَانِ ئِي آهِي،
مَانِ تَنْ تَتِ لَائِي، جِتِ آهِ نہ نَاهِ کَا.

On straight path, every body guides but I may be shown or advised the confused one. Efforts and search or achievements, these are initial or first steps. I have loved there where is neither "Yes" nor "No". (Where there are no worldly opposite words).

4

جِتِ آهِ نہ کَاهِ کَا، اِي خَاكِءِ جَوِ خِيَالِ،
جَانِبِ جَوِ جَمَالِ، پَسْتَانِ ئِي پَرِي تِيو.

Where is neither "Yes" nor "No", that is also an idea of a human being (or made of dust or ashes). The beauty of the beloved is away from sight or seeing.

5

جَانِ تَنْ کَيُوءِ نہ تِيئَنْ، سوئِيرِيَانِ ئِي سَنَهَرُو،
پَرِينِ پَائِينْدَا کِيئَنْ، تَوکِي اَکَرِيئِنْ مِر؟

Till you make your body just as thin as a needle, then how beloveds will keep you in their eyes!

6

اَکِينِ مِرْثِي وَيْهُ، تَه آئون واري دِڪِيان،
تو کي دِسي نه دِيْهُ، آئون نه پَسان کي پيو.

Oh beloved! You come and sit or appear in my eyes, so that I may close them in my eyes. The world should not see you and without you, I should also not see the others.

7

گَر کي گُپُرُ کاءِ، نانگُ مَٿيارو نِڪري،
اُچو جوا وناءِ، سُرپُر سَندي سَچَٿين.

May cobra snake or very poisonous snake come out and sting the envious man who secretly stand to hear the slow conversation of the beloveds.

8

سَچَٿُ سَنئيُون کَن، لوکان ليکي ونِگِيُون،
سَندي سُرپُرِن، پَر پَرُوڙَن ڏاکڙو.

Beloveds, utilize straight, but people think they are curved utilities. To understand the riddle of beloved is a difficult matter.

9

حوصلو حَيَرَتَ ۾، کَري کين دَرکُ،
جو حُسنَ سَندو حَقُ، سو کُورُ پَرُوڙي کين کي.

The brain of mankind is in wonder (Where beloved's unlimited beauty) cannot understand it nothing. What is the real value of real beauty, the blind man cannot recognize it (Human being's wisdom).

10

حوصلو حَيَرَتَ ۾، وِجي ٿيو ويچُون،
مُحَبَّتَ جُون ميچُون، کُورُ پَرُوڙي کين کي.

The human body is in wonder confused. The signal of love,

the blind cannot recognize. (Real love's knowledge is not with blind brain).

11

مُئي هاڻيءَ تي مامرو، اچي ڪيو اُنڌن،
مَنارَين هَٿن سين، اڪيئن ڪين پَسَن،
”في الحَقِيقَتَ“ فيل ڪي، سَڄا سَڄائَن،
سَندي سَرڌارَن، بَصيرَتَ بيٺا ڪري.

The blind people disputed on the dead elephant. They touch it with their hands but cannot see it with their eyes. In-fact, elephant can be recognized by those who have eyes. The spiritual guide's sight can only make us sight seeing man. (The common people consider the truth just as the blind people to the elephant. The blind people touch it only with their hands, describe its only one organ and that will also be wrong. (The spiritual guide only give us true sight).

واڻي 1

مُنهن مَنجِهه خَلِيلُ، اُنڌر آڌر آهِيَن.
سَڌ مَر ڪَر صَحَّتَ جِي، اِڃا تُون عَلِيلُ،
نالو ناهِ نِفَاقَ جو جِتي رَبُّ جَلِيلُ،
مُنهن ۾ مُسلمانُ تُون، قَلْبُ تان قَلِيلُ،
والِيءَ جِي وصالَ ۾، دُوئي ناهِ دَلِيلُ،
اَلا! عَبدُ اللَطِيفُ چَئي، سَچو رَڪائِجُ سِيلُ.

VAEE (FLATULENCE)

You resemble in face with the Prophet Ibrahim Khalil (friend of God), but by heart you are Azar (idol worshipper). You do not desire for true health (to know the truth), still you are patient (in character). Where God is glorious, there is no name of conflict or dispute. You are Muslim in face but you are narrow minded (you are miser minded or hard hearted man). In the meeting with God,

no hypocrisy is needed. (If you want to meet with God, you must not take the guide to duplicity or hypocrisy). Shah Latif says, "Oh God! Sustain my good or true character".

واڻي 2

مَوْتُ مُنَدَّ نَه آهي، تَائِبُ ٿِيو تَكْرًا.
 ”عَجَلُو اِبَالَتَوْبَةِ قَبْلَ الْمَوْتِ“ وَيَهْ تُون وَيَرَمَ لَا ٿِي،
 پريان ڪارڻ پاڻ ڪي، سِگهو ويه سَنباهي،
 اَجَلُ اَسَارَن ڪي، ڪام وَڻي ٿو ڪاهي،
 وَدَائِيَن وَدَن لَه، ڳن ڪهاڙِيءَ پاھي،
 عِمَارَتُون اَنَدَن جُون، ڊاهيو ٿو ڊاهي،
 نِبا گھوٽ گھرن ڏي، ڪنهن وَڏِيءَ وَيَر وَناھي،
 اُتي، عَبْدُاللطيفُ چئي، بنا ڪفن پراھي.

VAEE (FLATULENCE)

There is no news or knowledge of death, therefore be quick to repent on your sins with God. Do not make delay in it. Prepare yourself for your beloved. Strike the stick to those who forget the death, for cutting their head, put the handle in the hole of the ax. (Death is prepared to cut the head of the people with the ax). The death breaks the houses of blind (people with blind character). Bridegroom (True human beings) resting them in some safe place, will be taken to houses (on sky). In the sky God dresses them spiritual dress without coffin.

داستان چوٿون

ڪامل به راز پروڙي نه سگهيا ۽ محروم ٿي مري ويا. انهن به هن جهان مان،
 جهرڪيءَ وانگر، وڏي انبار مان مَس ڪو ڪٽو ڪٽي لڏيو. اي طالب! تون نه رڳو ترڪ
 اختيار ڪر پر خود ترڪ ڪي به ترڪ ڪر. جهان کان ته هرڪو لڪي ڄاڻي، پر تون خود
 لڪڻ کان لڪ، توکي نه ترڪ جو احساس هئڻ گهرجي، نه لڪ جو. جن لاءِ اَسين سڪون

ٿا، سي آسین پاڻ ئي آهیون، هر ڪو حق آهي، جي سڄي نظر هجيئي ته هر چيز کي حق سڏين، نه مسلماني ڪلمي چوڻ ۾ آهي، نه هندڪي تلڪ لڳائڻ ۽ جيئي پاڻن ۾، جنهن اندر مان دغا ڪڍي سو پنهنجي مذهب سان سڄو رهيو. تون اکين ۾ ڪارو سرمو نه پاءِ، پر محبوب جي لالائي اٽڪاءِ. شريعت تي پختو رهي، پوءِ ٻيون منزلون ماڻ. جي محبوب سان هڪ آهن، تن جو سُمهڻ به ثواب آهي. انهن جو تن تنبورو آهي، مَن مٿيو ۽ دل دنبورو (تنبورو) انهن جون رڳون وحدت جي راز سان پيئون وڃن. انهن جي ننڊ به بيداري ۽ عبادت آهي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 4

The perfect guides also did not understand the secret and were deprived and died. They also from this world took a single grain or a seed from the heap like a sparrow and flew away. Oh Lover! You do not abandon only but abandon the abandonment. From the world everybody knows to hide but you hide from the hiding also. You may neither realize to abandon and nor to hide. For whom we long for, we are ourselves. Every body is right. If you have right sight, you would consider everything right. To be a Muslim is neither only to say Mohammedan creed and nor to colour mark making by Hindus on their foreheads and to wear silver bangle in right hand. Who abandon hypocrisy from their heart, he will be faithful to his religion. You do not put black antimony in your eyes but attach the reddishness of your beloved. First be perfect in religious rites and then take other steps or move to other destinations. Who are united with their beloved, even their sleeping is blissful. Their body is fiddle, mind is ornament or jewel and heart is harp. Their veins are playing with the secret of owners. Their sleep is awakening and prayer.

1

مَحْرُومَ ئي مَرِي وِيا، مَاهِرَ تِي نِه مُٿا،
چَرِيءَ جِيئَن چُهَنجَ هُئي، لَدِيائُون لُٿا،
حُبَابَ ئِي هُئا، اِنهِيءَ واديءَ وِچ ۾.

They were disappointed and died not being as perfect. (The scholars could not understand perfectly the Right and in this disappointment, they died). Just as sparrow with its beak took a single seed from the bundle of grass. In the middle of that valley (In the world) they proved to be the hoopoe birds (bubbles).

2

اَسِين سِڪُون جن کي، اَسِين پڻ سِيئي،
 ”لَم يَلِدْ وَلَمْ يُولَدْ“ وَنْءِ اَوڏانهين پيهي،
 تِهان مَنجھيئي، پارڪا! پَرڪِجَ حَق کي.

We long for whom, they are we ourselves. (For which God we long for, He is included in us). “(Neither He gives birth nor he has been born”. You go that way of wisdom. (Drown in this secret). Oh Examiner! From there know real God.

3

ڏَسڻ ڏَسِين جي، تہ هَمَ کي حَقُ چِئِين؛
 شَارڪا! شَڪُ مَر ني، اَنڌا! اِنهيءَ ڳالھہ ۾.

If you want to see true or to see with True sight, you would say to all Right (God). Oh partner maker! Oh blind! You do not doubt in that matter. (The internal eye of human being should be awakening so that he may see every where and in everything Guide (Sain) but say everything Right (Haq).

4

آڏو جَوِاِثباتِ کي، سو شَرڪُ لاهي شَڪُ؛
 هُئي جنهن ۾ حَقُ، تنهن نَفِيءَ جِهُو ناهِ ڪو.

That partner for proving God's entity, comes in front of, he should be removed or that doubt which comes in the way of belief in God, get rid of it. There is nothing like the refusal in which God's existence is affirmed.

5

اِنَ پَرِ نہ اِيْمَانُ، جِئَنَ کَلِمِي گُو کُونائِيينَ،
 دَغَا تُنھنجي دِلَ ۾، شِرڪَ ۽ شَیْطَانُ،
 مُنھن ۾ مُسْلِمَانُ، اُنْدَرِ آڌَرِ آھِيئنَ.

In this manner, it is not to be called Muslim because of your reciting the Mohammedan phrase as in your heart there is dodging, partnership and devils are living. In the face or openly you seem to be a Muslim but internally you are Azer (Idol worshipper or sensual desire keeper).

6

کُوڙو تُون کُفَرِ سِيَن، کَافِرُ مَ کُوناءِ،
 ھِنْدُو ھِڏَ نہ آھِيئنَ، جِڻِيو تونہ جُڳاءِ،
 تِلڪُ تَنِينَ کي لاءِ، سَچا جِي شِرڪَ سِيَن.

You are also not faithful with non-Muslim. You do not call yourself non-Muslim (Un- faithful to the entity of the Creator or God). You are not a Hindu (in real sense). It does not suit you to wear silver bangle and mark colour on forehead and true to make another partner with the entity of God.

7

مُنھن تہ آھِيَرِيانِ ئِي اُجرو، قَلَبَ ۾ کارو،
 ٻَھرانَ زِيْبُ زِيانَ سِيَن، دِلَ ۾ ھِڃارو،
 اِنَ پَرِ ويڇارو، ويڃھو ناھِ وصالَ سِيَن.

Your face is more clear than the mirror but you are black in heart. Externally you are talking swiftly with your tongue but in heart you are not clean hearted and senseless. In this way, the helpless human being is not near the gathering to God.

8

تُون کا کَاني پاءِ، وَنِنَ ۾ وصالَ جِي،
 دُوڀِينائِي دُورَ کَري، مَعْرِفَتَ مَلْھاءِ،

سُپِيرِيَان جِي سُونَهَن ۾، رُخَنو ڪُون رِهَاءَ،
اَڪِ اَشَهْد ڇَاءَ، تہ مُسْلِمَانِي مَائِيئن.

You should rub a rod of antimony in your eyes for meeting (with true God). Abandon duplicity, be successful in getting God's kindness or mercy. In the beauty of the beloved, there should not be any obstacle, take eye to witness to see God's luster or splendor.

9

سُرْمُون سِيَاهِيءَ جو، رَنِن ڪِي رِهَاءَ،
ڪَانِي ڪَارَائِيءَ جِي، مُرْسُ ٿِي مَر پَاءَ،
اَڪِيئن ۾ اَٽڪاءَ، لالَئي لالَن جِي.

To rub black antimony in eyes is suiting to the bad or characterless women. You be a brave and honourable, do not rub in your eyes the rod of black antimony. You may put the reddishness of the beloved in your eyes. (You may be reddish in the true love. Only the women suit to rub the black antimony in their eyes).

10

سُرْمُون سُرخِيءَ جو، جَڏهن پاتو جن،
تَڏهن ڏٺِي تن، رُونقَ رِيئي جِهڙِي.

When who rubbed the reddishness (True Love) of antimony in their eyes, they saw the scene of the mushroom (Bright red). (Sufi sees the shining of the Right (God) all around.

11

سُرْمُون سُفِيديءَ جو، جَڏهن وڌو جن،
تَڏهن ڏٺِي تن، اُڇائي عالمَ ۾.

When who rubbed in their eyes the antimony of whitishness, then they saw the whitishness in the universe or the world. (In Vedas, they call it "Whiteness". All lovers see only the whitishness). For them other colours are washed out or wiped out.

12

مُون تان لڪائي گهڻو، روئڻ ڪي روشن،
رسيو ريزالن ڪي، منجهان زردِيءَ ڏن،
ويري مون ورن، ڳاله ڪيائين ڳجهه جي.

I hid my love, but weeping disclosed it. From the yellowness of my face, the culprits doubted. My yellow colour became my enemy because, it disclosed or opened my secret of love.

13

اڪين سئين مهران، آتي سڀ اڏميا،
سزان منجهين مان، ٻهر پاڻ نه نڪري.

In my chest, many lacs of oceans rose and added to my emotions. May I burn internally and do not disclose anything or no steam should come out (or any secret should be disclosed).

14

”پاڻ“ ڀردو پاڻ ڪي، سڻي ڪر سنڀال،
وچان جو وصال، سوتان هڻڻ هن جو

Egoism is familiar in-front of you, so hearing or learning this matter, be careful. What hitch is in the gathering with God, that is the result of (egoism).

15

”پاڻ“ ڀردو پاڻ ڪي، طالب! سڻج ٿون،
نڪا هان نه هون، ڀردا سڀ پاسي ٿيا.

Egoism is the modesty or bashfulness in front of you or ahead. Oh lover! Hear this point! No other talk or noise, all modesties are wiped out. (Egoism went away, so curtains became off).

16

”مون“ مونهن ۾ سڄي، مون ڪي ”مون“ جڳاءِ،
مونهن جي ساڃاءِ، مونهن منجهان ”مون“ ٿئي،
انهين ائين جڳاءِ، ان ڪي ائين نه چوڻو.

“Me”, (real “I” or egoism) grows in “me”. “I” should say, “I”. (God Who is in our heart, He may say “I”. Who has reached to self recognition, he should say “I”). That (God) may say like this, no to you (a common human being).

17

گنديءِ نينهن نہ سڄي، تہ نہ پڄي ماھ،
کڇيءَ پَر ڪٽاءُ، ٿئي سماجوڳ سڄئين؟

Earthen corn store vessel cannot be used as store of love. Skin is not roasted or baked in layers or folds or surfaces (In its skins). In raw love or the experience or rootless attachment, how it is possible to meet with beloveds.

18

نَظَرُ نَزْدِيڪُون، سَهِي نہ سَگهانَ سَاعَتَ سِيئن،
پَسَنُ پَرِي سَنَدُون، آئون نالي ڳيڙي نَجْهَران.

From their (beloveds') close sight, I cannot bear for a moment or a while. Their seeing is out of reach, even taking their name, I get weakened or feeble or hurt blow, broken, fell.

19

مُون ڪي مُون پَرِيَن، ٻڌي وڌو ٻارِ ۾،
اُڀا اِيئن چَوَن، مَڇَن پاندُ پُڙايين.

My beloveds have fastened me and thrown in the deep water. They stand up and say that “Lest you should wet your hem or border of your clothes”. (God has thrown the human being into ocean of greed and desires and then advises him not to wet the border of your clothes or dresses).

20

پيو جو پاتارِ، سو ڪئن پُسنَ کان پالِهو رهي؟
سَالِڪَ! مُون سيڪارِ، ڪو ٻُھُ اُنھين پاندَ جو.

Who is sending in the deep water, how will he be free from wet? Oh God fearing! Teach me the way or secret to save from wetting the border of dress.

21

ڪر طريقت تڪيو، شريعت سڃاڻ،
هنئون حقيقت هير تون، ماڳ معرفت ڄاڻ،
هوءَ ثابوتيءَ سان، ته پستان پالهور هيڻ.

(The guide answers the lover) You should adopt the religious way and know the religious traditions (Religious duty). Adjust your heart with righteous ways (know about these ways) and also seek knowledge of acquaintance. Be firm in straight steps so that you can save yourself from getting wet.

22

ڪوڙي ڪڇ م ڪڏهين، ڦڪي پائج ڦانگ،
ساري سناسين ڄڻ، لائق! رکڇ لانگ،
ته چارڙي چنيءَ پاند، اوسا ڳنهي اڪرين.

Do not say lie (do not rely on lie) and consider baseless thing as a dried branch of tree. Oh deserving lover! Be careful like snake charmer and keep safe the cloth between your legs (control on sensual desires). So that all four sides of your cloth for wrapping over the head and shoulders or screen cross with dried clothes or without getting wet your clothes.

23

ستوئي سڃ ڳهرين، جفا ڏئين نه ڄاڻ،
صلح ريءَ سيٿان، مٿان نوندين نه چڙهين.

Sleeping, you need a soft bed and do not put yourself in any trouble. Without the agreement of beloveds (guide) you will not be counted or (you cannot be a spiritual bridegroom).

24

صُلِحَ جِن سَجَن سِين، سِيحَ مَائِيندا سي،
 ”الَّذِينَ آمَنُوا وَكَانُوا يَتَّقُونَ“، اِن پَر اُپا جي،
 نيئي نوندين تي، ڏکي چٽي چاڙهيا.

Whose association is with the beloved, they will enjoy soft bed. (Spiritual comfort or happiness). “Who believed and are pious”: who stood firm as such, they were decorated and became bride grooms (They became spiritual lords or leaders).

25

جي ٿيا حلُ حَبِيبَ سِين، سُمهنُ تن ثوابُ،
 نيئ هيرائي نندَ سِين، خوش ڪيائون خوابُ،
 اوسيو عذابُ، دليان تَنين دور ٿيو.

Who mixed themselves with the beloved, for them sleep is profitable and allowable. They accustomed their eyes on sleep, did sweet sleep. From their heart, anxiety and curiosity wiped out. (From their heart, sorrows and sadness washed out).

26

تَن تَسْبِيحَ، مَن مٿيو، دل دَنبورو جَن،
 تَندون جي ڳَلَبَ جُون، وَحَدَتَ سِرَ وَجَن،
 ”وَحْدَهُ لَا شَرِيكَ لَهُ“، اهو راڳ رَگَن،
 سي سَتائي جاڳَن، نندَ عِبَادَتَ اِن جي.

Whose body is garland of beads and mind a single bead and the heart guitar whose wires are playing with the secret of oneness of God. “He (God) is one and no one is His match or partner”. This song is being sung by His veins. Although they are sleeping which is even considered as prayers meaning there by that they are praying even in sleep.

وائي 3

ڪي اُنهيَن مَنجھ آهي، هُوَ جي جُهونا پَسَجنَ جھوپڙا،
 اِنَ دَرِ سيئي اگهيَا، جن ڪي ڪوَن ڇتائي،
 ڌاريا پاڻيَن ڌاريو، پاڻ پريان سين ڪائي،
 ”اِنَ اوليائي تحت قَبائي“، پنهنجا پاڻ پهرائي،
 ”لا يَعرِفُهُم غيري“ پر ڪي ڪين پُساڻي،
 پنهنجي ڇڏي پَتَ ۾، رڙهَ اَنِين جي راڻي،
 خَدَمَتَ ڪَر خُلُقَ سين، پاندُ گُجيءَ ۾ پائي،
 اَدِيون! عَبدُ لَاطِيفُ ڄئي، اِتا هين ڪي آهي.

VAEE (FLATULENCE)

Those old huts are seen (In which saints reside). They have something (some spiritual wisdom). On this door (God's door) they were accepted whom no body watches. Such God fearing is considered as stranger by strangers or foreigners, He himself is nourishing with the beloved. "My friends of God are under my overcoat" (Saying of Prophet). God wears this shirt (Jamo) to His dears Himself". I (except God), no body knows to God's friends". Strangers are not shown these (God's friends). Throw out your personal view or idea in the dust, adopt the view of His (God's friends)! Put a cloth in your neck, serve them sincerely. Oh female friends! Says Shah Abdul Latif (A.R) every thing can be achieved from this noble idea.



سُرِپ

”رپ“ لفظ جي معنيٰ آهي ڳري آفت، هن سُر ۾ فراق يا ڦوڙائي جو ذڪر آيل آهي. عاشق لاءِ هڪ ساعت جي جدائي به ڪاريهر جي ڏنگ مثل آهي. مطلب ته وڇوڙو عاشق لاءِ وڏي ماموري آهي. انهيءَ لحاظ کان ئي هن سُر تي اهو نالو رکيو ويو آهي. گوندر ۾ ورتل عاشق جي صحت نابود ٿي پيئي آهي. سندس هٿن ۾ وقت جهوريءَ ۾ پيو جهڙي ۽ سندس جسم جهيٽي تپ ۾ ورتل آهي. سندس لُٺ لُٺ ۾ ڀٽ رڳون رباب جيان پٺيون وڃن، جيئن ڀڳل هڏي جي ايڏا ڪان، سارو بت بيزار هوندو آهي ۽ هر وقت درد پيو ستائيندو آهي، تيئن فراق جو عذاب، عاشق کي هر وقت پيو آڙاري ۽ پرينءَ جي ياد، سندس رڳ رڳ کي بيتاب بنائي، رقص ٿي ڪرائي، حقيقي عاشقن کي به هر وقت هڪ صاحب ٿي ياد آهي ۽ سندن روح ساعت ساعت پرينءَ لاءِ حيران، درماندو ۽ پريشان آهي. هن سُر ۾ شاھ صاحب نينهن کي اندر ۾ سانڍڻ جي هدايت ڪئي آهي، جيئن نهائين، سارو ڏينهن پيئي سڙي، پر ٻاهر ٻاڦ نه ٿي ڪڍي، تنهن سچن عاشقن کي به پنهنجي محبت پنهنان (الڪل) رکڻ کپي. جي نهائين ٿورو ئي وقت کليل رهي ته تڏو جهيٽو ٿي ويندو ۽ ٿانو ڀڄڻ کان رهجي ويندا. سڄا سالڪ سک کي اندر ۾ سوگهو رکندا ٿا اچن ۽ ڪنهن کي ڪين چون ته ”اسين آديسي آهيون.“ جي هڪواريءَ محبت جي پڌر ٿي ته انجو سمورو ساءُ هليو ويندو ۽ پوءِ عشق ڀڄندو ئي ڪين ۽ عاشق خامر رهجي ويندو. سچن عاشقن جو قلب پنهنجي رب سان ائين رليو پيو آهي، جيئن نار مان وهندڙ پاڻي، مٽيءَ ۽ واريءَ سان.

”هنئڙو پريان ڌار، نبيريانس نه نبري“

هن سُر ۾ شاھ صاحب انهن غريب عاجزائن جو ذڪر ٿو ڪري، جنجا نجھرا ڀڳل آهن ۽ جي وڙريءَ ڏکيا ڏينهن پيون گهارين، انهن کي نه آهي سوڙ، نه گبرو، ڪانڌ ۽ ڪپھ بنا کين سيءُ پيو ستائي، ڌڻيءَ جي عاشقن جو به اهوئي حال آهي، سندن پونگن ۾ پرينگ آهي ۽ بت تي ليڙون، عاشق هميشه اتر سامهان آهن، سندن ڪپار ۾ هميشه سک جو سرلو (جهڙ) ۽ سندس نيٽن ۾ دائر محبت جو ملار بيٺو آهي.

”مون منجهيئي مينهن، ڪوه ڪرينديس ڪڪرين؟“

سرلو سارو ڏينهن، مون پريان جو نه لهي.“

TUNE (SUR) RIP

Rip means heavy calamity, adversity or misfortune or mishap. In this Tune (Sur) separation or alienation, love-sickness or distress has been described. for a lover, separation from the beloved for a moment is equivalent to the sting of Cobra snake which means separation for lover is tantamount to a great mishap. It is why this Tune (Sur) has been named. In anxiety, the health of the lover is downed and ruined. His heart is sunk in distress every time and his body is attacked by very severe fever. His veins are sounded like a violin in longing or eagerness. Just as due to breaking of bone, the pain is felt in the whole body every time, so the pain of separation from the beloved is troubling the lover in his remembrance and his every vein is making him restless, uneasy and impatient and compel him to dance in his love. The real lovers remember only their beloveds and their souls are restless every movement and remains uneasy and perplexed. In this Sur, Shah Latif has advised to preserve the love in heart. Just as the potter's kiln is burning the whole day but never draws out any steam, in the same way, the true lovers should keep secret or hidden their love. If the potter's kiln is open for a little time, the heat will reduce and as a result, all the vessels cannot fully bake. The true lovers are keeping their eagerness and longing secret in their heart or chest and do not express anybody that "We are outsiders" because if love is at once disclosed, the whole affection is washed off and the love will not remain burning and hot and the lover will be empty of any lust and spirit of real love. The heart of true lovers is attached with their God in such a manner as the running water of a Persian wheel is mixed with the dust and sand. "Without beloved the heart does not beat even though it is taking breath."

In this Sur, Shah Latif is describing about those humble women whose huts or Cottages are broken and without their husbands they are passing very difficult days. They have neither quilts nor blanket or bed sheet. Without husband and cotton cloth,

they are troubled by cold. The same plight is of lovers of God. In their huts, there is nothing material and wear torn out clothes. Lovers are always facing northern cold winds. In their head, there is longing for beloved or cloud of eagerness and anxiety of love in their eyes. "The rain has attached me with it, then what I should do with clouds? Or why I should care for clouds? The longing of my beloveds, does not leave me or go away from me".

داستان پهريون

عاشق جو چنڊڙو، گوندر ۾ غرق آهي ۽ کيس پرينءَ جي ڦوڙائي نهوڙي ڇڏيو آهي. سندس صحت سالم ناهي، ڇو ته سندس ڪڙھ ۾ سُر قطارون لايو بيٺا آهن، سندس هٿون، اُن جي وڳ جيان سارو ڏينهن پيو پٽڪي ۽ پلڻ سان به نه ٿو پلجي. سندس ڪپار ۾ ڪڪر آهن ۽ نيٺن ۾ مينهن، سندس رڳون رباب جيان پيئون وڃن ۽ سندس قلب، وات تي بيٺل وڻ وانگر، غم جي غبار سان لپٽيو پيو آهي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 1

The mind of lover is drowned in pain of separation and he is ruined by the separation of his beloved. His health is not safe because the pains are surrounded in rows all around. His heart is wandering like the flock of camels and cannot satisfy with offering even many solaces or easiness. In his forehead are clouds and the rain in his eyes, his veins are sounded like violin and his heart is covered in pains and perplexities like a standing tree on the way.

1

گُوندَرُ ڪَیو غَرَقُ، ماءُ! مُنهنجو چنڊڙو،
ڏُکُوڻ مَرُڪُ، مٿي سَگَرُ پَنڊڙو.

My mother! My heart has been drowned by sorrows and grief. On the way walk by feet suits grief stricken people.

2

گُوندَرُ گَڏِياسَ، صَحَتَ نِيَرِيَمَ سَڄُٿين،
مادَرُ! مارِياسَ، ڦوڙائي پرينءَ جي.

I am mixed with grief or sorrow and beloveds took away or weakened my health. Oh mother! The separation of my beloved has killed me or ruined me.

3

گوندَر هَت نہ پیر، وِرہ منجہین وھٹو،
کُڑہ ۾ قطارون کَری، سُوَرَن لایا سیر،
مُون جئن گھاری کیر، هیکلے رء سَجٹین؟

Grief has neither hands nor feet, grief is internal or moving inside the body. Grieves making rows in my heart have made their ways and paths. Just like me, without beloveds who will pass the life alone?

4

اُنی جئن مورَن، اوپَر وَلہَارَن ۾،
سا پَر گوندَر کَن، جُ قوڑائو سَجٹین.

Just as after raining, the dried deserts or plains become full of greenery scenes, the similar position, appears in pains and sorrows in the event of the separation of the beloveds. (In separation, anxiety and grief increase).

5

گَرَن ۾ گَہرہیج، روئی کَج مَر پَتِرا،
تَن سُوَرائی سَہیج، جان لا ہیندڑ کولہین.

Exchange secrets with secrets (tolerate or express secrets), do not disclose them with weeping, tolerate grieves till you achieve or find out their reliever or saver.

6

گُر ۾، گُجھو روء، پَتَر وَجھ مَر پَرینء ری،
سُوَرَن سَیَرُ ہوء، ہِنئرا! کَم کَنن جئن.

Secretly weep in secret, do not disclose the matter or story of

the separation of the beloved. Oh heart! In grieves or sorrows be strong like lotus plants at the shore sides of the oceans or seas.

7

جاء نہ سَجو ڏينهن، هِنئَرو اوني وِڳ جئن،
مُون پريان سين نينهن، چئن ڪارڻ نہ ڪيو.

My heart is not at one place (in comfort) like the herd of camels (wandered or misled like the herd of camels). I have never destroyed or broken love with my beloved.

8

پَل پَل ۾ر پَلِيانس، پَل نہ رهي پرينءَ ري،
جئن جهوريءَ کان جھليانس، جھجھو تئن جهوريءَ پوي.

In every moment, I prevent (to heart), but without beloved, it is not ready to live for a while. I stop it from the weakening or reducing but it becomes more weak in separation of love.

9

ڪَڪَر مَنجھ ڪَپار، جُھڙ نيئَنئون نہ لَهي،
اُڄ مَنهنجي چَٽ ۾ر، اُنا پرين اُپار،
آءُ سَجن! لُھ سار، وِڙھ وِڙهي آهيان.

There are clouds in my head and also from my eyes clouds never disappear. Today, in my heart, beloveds are being remembered with eagerness. Oh dear beloved! Come and take my care, I am caught in love or complicated by separation of love.

10

مون منجهيئي مينهن، ڪوہ ڪرينديس ڪرين؟
سرلو سارو ڏينهن، مون پريان جو نہ لهي.

The rain is falling in me, what should I do to clouds? (From my eyes water is coming out always continually). The cloud of dear beloved (to weep in his separation) is not wiped out the whole day from my heart.

11

جُھ سِي سَنِيَرِ جَن، سَه تَنينِ سِين اوريان،
لَنؤ لَنؤ هِيَتِ وَجَن، رُگُونِ رِبَابِنِ جُئِن.

When beloveds are remembered, then I exchange love of heart.
Under every hair of my body, my veins are sounding like a violin.

12

چَتُرُ رَهي نِه چَتُ، ويِثِينِ واڳِيو نِه رَهي،
رَئيءُ لَتِجِي نِتُ، هِنَئَرُو واٽَ وِرَڪَ جُئِن.

My heart does not live happy, and is not ready to be fastened
with reproaches. My heart is getting dust (fog of grief) always like
a tree grown on the way.

13

چوري چوري چَتُ، جانِ نئينِءَ وِهاڻِيءَ نِڪِران،
نِينُهَن گَهرائي نِتُ، پريانِ سَندي پيرَ ۾.

Attracting my heart, as I come out next morning, then the
love daily calls and takes me to the way of beloved. (I so much
advise my heart about the repercussions or effects of love but does
not agree with my advice).

14

چيتاريان چُڻِڪَن، وساريان نِه وسِري،
ويرو تارَ ڏُڪَن، سَڄَن پَڳِي هَڏَ جُئِن.

If I remember the beloveds, they come to live in my heart. If I
try to forget them, I cannot do so. The remembrance of the
beloved is painning me like a broken bone.

15

چيتاري چَوَندياس، ڳالهيون سَپوئي سَڄَئين،
جُه مُقابِلِ ٿياس، تِه سَپَ وَجَنِ وسِري.

All matters or stories carefully will be expressed with my

beloved. Just as, I presented before my beloved (Where I met him), I forgot all the stories to be told. (Lover dare not speak/express before the beloved).

داستان ٻيو

عاشق جي پرينءَ سان گڏجاڻي ٿئي ئي نه ٿي. هاڻي گُجه ڪنهن سان ڳڙهي! سندس اندر ۾ ڳالهين وڌي وڻ ٿيون آهن. پرين اهڙو سهڻو آهي جهڙي ريشم جي رنگين چولي، عاشق جي اندر ۾ هر وقت اهائي تات آهي ته پرينءَ سان نيٺ ملبو ڪئن. عاشق کي جڳائي ته نيٺن کي نهائينءَ وانگر سانڍي. حال هيڻو اُنهن جو آهي، جن جي گهر ۾ نه ڪانڌ آهي، نه ڪپهه.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 2

The meeting of lover with his beloved does not take place. To whom now exchange his secret! In his mind, stories have grown as a tree. The beloved is such a beautiful as silky colourful shirt or a long beggar's garment. In the mind of the lover, every time is an anxiety how to meet the beloved. The beloved must keep secret or hide his love like a potter's kiln. They are weak or less strong in whose house there is neither husband nor cotton quilt.

1

سَڄڻَ سان نه پيٽ، گُجه ڳرهيان ڪن سين،
ڳالهينون انهيءَ ريت، سلا ٻڌي موريون.

The meeting with the beloved did not take place. Now to whom I exchange my secret? In that river sandy bed (In the mind of lover) the stories or matters have grown like bushes or plants.

2

ڳالهينون پيٽ ورن ۾، وڌي وڻ ٿيون،
پر سين مون نه ڪيون، گوشي پرين نه گڏيا.

In the curves or bends of abdomen, the stories or secrets have grown from plots to trees (The quantity of secrets have risen) I have never exchanged or told them with the stranger or unacquainted and also my beloveds did not meet me in loneliness at some sides or corners.

3

گوني ۽ گوني، پرين پٽائين گج جئن،
جي مَن مجوني، سي کئن وِجَن وسِري؟

The beloveds, like silky shirt or garment are (multi coloured, attractive, prides, blandishment and affectation), which alluring or attracting the heart, how they can be forgotten.

4

اَندرِ اَندرِيُون، جئن سي وانجهيءَ لڻ ۾
مُون تَن تيتريُون، تہ ”ڪئن ملبو سڄڻين؟“

Just as Oar make turns or curves in the water in the same manner, in my heart or internal body, there are so many anxieties or distresses or turns that how we shall meet the beloved?

5

جئن سي کوهيءَ نار، وهن واريءَ گاڏڻان،
هنئڙو پريان ڌار، نبيريانن نہ نبري.

As the currents of water mixed with sand are flowing from the water wheel, similarity I try to isolate my heart from the beloved but it does not separate (as water from the sand).

6

سَهڙ سي پيو، نہ مون سوڙ، نہ گَبَرو،
نہ مون کاند، نہ قوتُ کي، جوينُ وهي ويو،
تئين حالُ ڪهو، نڌَر جنين نَجھرا؟

There is heavy cold, I have neither quilt nor coverlet. I have

neither husband nor food, I have lost my youth. How they are whose huts are sourceless or very weak?

7

اُتُرُ اوتُون ڏي، نه مُون سَوَرُ نه گَبَرُو،
سِي سارينديُون سي، جنين نَدَرُ نَجُهَرَا؟

The northern cold air has blown severely, I have neither quilt, nor coverlet. The cold they will feel whose huts are very weak and sourceless.

8

اُتُرُ ڏني اوتُ، نه مُون سَوَرُ، نه گَبَرُو،
چارئي چُني پوتُ، مون ريڙهيَندي رات گئي.

The northern cold has reduced but I have neither quilt nor coverlet. The four corners of my cloth sheet were moved the whole night.

9

نِينُهَن نِهائينءَ جان، يَڪِيو ڪوهُ نه يَڪِئين؟
جَرَ چيري چڏي، تہ ڪئن پَچندا تانءَ؟
سَندي ڪُنپاران، ڪَن ڪَريجا ڳالھڙي.

Why don't you keep the love secret like potter's kiln? (Just as the potter fully covers the kiln full of raw vessels for baking them, similarly why don't you keep love in the heart secret?). If the fire reduced its warmth or heat, then how the vessels will be baked?) If you opened or disclosed the heat of love, then how you will be fully baked? Hear carefully the advice or experience of potters.

10

نِينُهَن نِهائينءَ جئن، يَڪِيو ڪوهُ نه يَڪِئين؟
جَرَ چيري چڏي، تہ رَچَ پَچندا ڪئن؟
تُون پڻ ڪَريج تئن، جئن ڪُنپار ڪَرَن ڪَم سين.

Why don't you keep love secret like potter's kiln? If the fire reduces the heat or warmth, the raw vessels will not be fully baked? You also (oh lover) do like the potters do in their profession.

11

نہائينءَ کان نينهن، سِڪُ مُنهنجا سُپرين!
سَڙي سارو ڏينهن، ٻُهرِ پاڻ نہ نڪري.

Oh my sweet beloved! Learn love from the potter's kiln. It burns the whole day, but no steam comes out from it.

12

نيٺَ نہائين جان، سَڙي لوڪَ ڏکيان،
اُجهاميو ٻَرن، توکي ساريو سُپرين!

At the time of people's sleeping, I close my eyes like potter's kiln. Oh dear! Remembering you, I am also burning inside my body like the potter's kiln.

13

ڪي جو ڪُنڀارن، مٽيءَ پائي مَنيو،
تَنهن مان تَرَ جيتري، جي پئي خَبرَ ڪَرن،
هي تان هوندَ مَرن، هن اڳڻ اوراتو ٿئي.

Potters collected the dust and kneaded it in the manner that if a small or little or the sesame like news had been known by the culprits, they (Potters) would die and in their homes there will happen a great mourning or they will cry for the dead loudly. (The potters, God knows, whose dust they are Kneading).



سُر ڪاهوڙي

”سُر ڪاهوڙي“ لفظ جي معنيٰ آهي ”جبلن ۾ ڌٽ ڏوريندڙ“، هن سُر ۾ انهن سنڀاسين جو ذڪر آهي، جي ڏيهه کان ڏور ڏونگرن ۾ الڪ پيا ڏورين ۽ تن کي تيسا ڏيندا وٽن. هن سُر تي اهو نالو، اُنجي مضمون مطابق پيو آهي. هن سُر ۾، شاهه گنجي ٽڪر رستي ئي هو ڪن جو ڳين جي سنگ ۾، هنگلاج جي تيرت تي ويو هو. گنجي ٽڪر تي روحاني اسرار به ڏنائين ۽ ڪاڀرين جي پَر به ڇاڇيائين. هتي ”گنجي“ جي معنيٰ روحاني ديس يا راهه” وٺڻ گهرجي. هي سر ”سُر رامڪلي“ سان گڏي پڙهڻ گهرجي، چو ته ٻنهي ۾ آديسين جو ورنن ۽ شاهه جي روحاني سفر جو وستار آهي. گنجو ٽڪر حيدرآباد سنڌ جي ڏکڻ طرف آهي ۽ ان جي دامن ۾ ڪاليءَ جو مندر آهي. ڪاهوڙين خفي ذڪر سان وڃي سبحان لڌو آهي. هو ان جي برڪت سان لامڪان به لنگهي ويا آهن ۽ کين سواءِ سبحان جي ٻيو ڪي ڪين نظر اچي. ڪاهوڙين جون ڪيرون، ٻي جبل ۾ قطارون ڪري ويئون آهن. اهي رُجن ۾ رات رهي، ڏونگر ٿا ڏورين، هو سوير ئي سُنڊ ڪڍي روانا ٿا ٿين ۽ ڏورائي ڏيهه جو ڌٽ ٿا اٿين. اهو ڏيهه، جُهاني ڏيهن جهڙو ناهي. اتي پڪي جو به پير ناهي، هُو وڄا (ڳيان) اتي ٿا ووڙين، جتي ڪا حد يا نهايت ناهي. اُنهن وٽ پرينءَ جي ڪا اُمُلهه ڳالهه آهي. اُهي آڏوتي، پاڻڪي لوڪان لڪائي، جيءَ کي جوش ٿا ڏين. هو ڪنهن اونهي درد کان، سک ٿي نه ٿا سمهن. هو روحاني ولايت جون اهڃاڻيون اچيو هٽ ڏين. چَهرِ سَتَلن کي سوکڙيون نه ٿو ڏئي. ويسرن کي پسي، ڪاهوڙي ڪجن ٿا. هُو گهر ۾ نه ٿا گهارين، پر واحد لڳ ولهن ۾ اڪين مان جَل پيا هارين. پيرن ۾ گرڪڻا (يعني پراڻا ڪيٽر) اٿن ۽ منهن سڪل، پر جوءِ اُها جهاڳي آيا آهن، جت سونهان به مُنجهي پُون، جن کي گنجي ڏونگر جي سَمڪ پيئي آهي. سي سڀ ورق واري ۽ ڪنڌا ڪاري، لاهوتي ٿيا آهن. جت پڪيءَ جو به پيرُ نه آهي، تَت ڪاهوڙين جي باهڙي پيئي ٽمڪي. هو بَرَن ۾ بيران ٿي، گونگا ۽ ٻوڙا ٿيو پيا گهمن. هُو ڪُرند الٽي وات، ٿا وٺن، جتي ماڻهو جيڪر مُنجهن، تتي هنن لاءِ ”سجڻ جو سير“ آهي. جهنگل جليو ته نه رهيا ڪتا، نه ڪوڙڪا (نفس جلي خاڪ ٿيو ته وحشاني خواهشون به نابود ٿيون). حقيقت جي هڪل ٻوڙو ٿي ٻڌ ۽ اندو ٿي، محبوب جو مشاهدو پَسُ.

هڪل حقيقت جي، ٻوڙو ٿي ٻڌيڃ،
اندو ٿي پسيڃ، مشاهدو محبوب جو.

TUNE (SUR) KHAHORI

The word Khahori means "to earn livelihood in mountains". In this Tune (Sur), those travelers or snake charmers have been described who outside the country pass the days in pains and sorrows and suffer from being thirsty without water. On this Tune (Sur), this name was proposed in accordance with the events and matters of the story. In this Sur, Shah Latif has described and admired the importance of the Ganjo hill or Ganjo mountain because he had gone to travel in the company of snake charmers the Holy place of Hinglaj. He saw in the Ganjo mountain some natural mysteries and searched about the travelers of the holy places. Here Ganjo means "Spiritual country or way or road or path".

This Sur may be studied in association with the Sur of Ramkali because of the fact that in both Surs, the description is about the foreign or outsider husbands and the spiritual travels of Shah Latif. Ganjo mountain is at the southern side of Hyderabad Sindh and in its foot or root is situated a temple of Kali. (Nangar Parkar is the bigger city in Thar at the border of India. Thar is a desert place). The mountain dwellers (Khahoris) have acted upon a secret remembrance of God (or reputation or mention the name of God). With this blessing, they have crossed the destination of being La Makan (or homelessness). The huts of mountain dwellers have spread in rows in the mountain of Pab. They stay nights in barren places, bear pains and hardships. They early in morning taking sterile (having no productive quality) travel and bring wild grains from the far away places. That country is not like the common country or place. There is even no bird. They pray to God where is an unlimited world or there is no end of anything. They have beloved's invaluable thing with them. They outsiders hide themselves from the people, excite themselves or keep themselves active. They due to great or deep grief, do not sleep comfortably. They give their spiritual recognition here. The trellis or lattice work do not award gifts to sleeping people. To see the sleepy or lazy people, the mountain dwellers are irritating or

teasing. They do not reside in homes but in the remembrance of God, living in the open sky, they are weeping tears from the eyes. In their feet, they have very old broken *chapals* or shoes, having very thin faces but have crossed that place where the known or already acquainted people are confused or misled. Who have information of the Ganjo mountain, they have erased all pages or papers and closed their accounts and termed or converted as Lahooti (Hermit). Where no foot of a bird, there are fire glimmers gleams of mountain dwellers. They walk in the barren places as dumb and mute, speechless or voiceless. They take Kurand (opposite way where people are confused, there they find or enjoy their beloved's travel. If the forest got fire, neither remain dogs nor sensual desires (if the desires vanished and became ashes, then the sexual desires also went off or washed out). The call of the right may be heard being like the dumb and see the beloved being like a blind. "Hear the call of righteousness being like a dumb, see the beloved being like a blind".

داستان پھريون

ڪاهوڙي ڳجهو ئي ڳجهو اسم اُچاري، ويڃو لامڪان لهن ۽ حق سان هڪ ٿين. هنن جي نظر ۾ هر جا سبحان آهي. هورائيون رڻ ۾ ٿا رهن ۽ سارو ڏينهن ولهن ۾ جانب لاءِ جَر ٿا هارين. ڏوٿين کي ڪنهن اهڙي ڳجهو ڳجهو آهي، جو ڪڏهن به سُڪ ٿي نه ٿا سمهن. هنن جا ڌڙ ڌوڙ پڪيا آهن، مهاندا سڪل اٿن ۽ پيرن ۾ نوڙين مان وتيل پراڻا ڪلٽر پيا اٿن. ڪڇ ۾ ساندارا ۽ بت تي ٽڳڙيون پهريل اٿن. سندن پنڌ پڻ جبل تي آهي. هو ڪشالا ڪڍيو پاڻ خاڪ ڪيو ڇڏين. سندن اندر ۾ پرينءَ جون ڳجهيون ڳاليهن سانڍيل آهن. جن جي هو ڪڏهن به پڌر نه ٿا وجهن. هو ڍيا اُتي ٿا ووڙين، "جت نهايت ناه ڪا". نيٺ منزل اُها ٿا لهن، جتي راه ڄاڻو به منجهيو پُون.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 1

The mountain dwellers (Khahori) taking the name secretly, find the La-Makan (homeless) place and meet there with God or

become one with God. In their view, God is at every place. They stay nights in the barren deserts and the whole day in the open sky weeping tears for their beloved.

The mountain dwellers have been attacked by such grief that they never sleep comfortably. Their bodies are covered with the dust, faces are thin and weak and in their feet are old and torn out ropes made shoes. They have leather water bags carried over their shoulders and on the body they wear torn out clothes. They walk by feet in the Pab mountain. They make struggles and become like ashes. In their inside or in their heart, they have secret matters which they do never disclose.

They pray where there is 'no end'. At last they reach the destination where the known or acquainted people are confused and misled.

1

ڪاهوڙين خفيءَ سين، سوجهي لڌو سُبْحانُ،
عاشقُ اَهڙي اُگرين، لنگهيا لا مَڪانُ،
هُوءَ ۾ گڏجي هُوءَ ٿيا، بابو جي پريانُ،
سڀوئي سُبْحانُ، آيو نَظَرُ اُن جي.

Khahoris (Friends of God) or wild fruit searchers or mountain dwellers, mentioning secret name, found God. Lovers with such name crossed the destination of La-Makan (Homeless). The travelers or charmers of snake, who are fully baked and mixed with God. They saw the sustainer (God).

2

مُون سي ڏٺا، ماءُ! جنين ڏٺو پرينءَ کي،
رهي اُچجي راتڙي، تن جُنگن سنڌيءَ جاءِ،
تئين جي ساڃاءِ، تَرهو ٿئي تارِ ۾.

Oh mother! I saw those God's friends, who saw their beloved. We should pass one night with them. Their recognition in this deep ocean can be used for swimming purposes.

3

ويئون پڻ پئي، ڪيرون ڪاهوڙين جون،
 آئون تن ڏوڙين جو، پڇان پير پهي،
 رڃن رات رهي، ڏونگر جنين ڏوريا.

The group of Khahoris passed in the Pab mountains. Oh walker! I want to receive the address and way who passed the night in the mountain and searched in the mountain.

4

تون هڏ ڪهاڙيا، سنجهي سعيو نه ڪرين؟
 سوارا سنب ڪڍي، ڪاهوڙي ويا،
 آئيندين ڪيا، ڏٺ ڏورائي ڏيه جو؟

Why not you try early in the morning? Mountain dwellers (Khahoris) early in the morning taking leather water bags with them, went away. Now you from there get wild grains of foreign country?

5

ڏوڙي سا ڏورين، جا جوءُ سئي، نه ٻڌي،
 پاسا مٽي پاھڻين، ڪاهوڙي ڪوڙين،
 وڃا اُت ووڙين، جت نهايت ناه ڪا

The wild grain searchers search to find that destination, which neither heard nor told by anybody. Mountain dwellers lay on the stones. They pray truly (God), where no limit or end lies.

6

پڪليا پوئڻ، ڌڙ ڪي گڏيو ڏوڙ ۾،
 ڳالهون، ڳهلي لوڪ سين، پٿر پئي نه ڪن،
 ڪا مل آهي تن، مون پريان جي ڳالهڙي.

The mountain dwellers fill their body with the dust, becoming dirty in the walk. They do not disclose anything with the outspoken people. They have my beloved's invaluable quality or gift or advice.

7

تان وٺڻ ويهي آءُ، اڱڻ ڪاهوڙين جي،
جوش ڏنائون جيءُ ڪي، لڪائي لوڪاءِ
ڏوٿين ڪنهن ڏڪاءُ، سمجهي سڪ نه مائيو.

You may throng to the courtyard or house of the mountain dwellers. They hiding from the common public or people, have put on the fire of the grief of love. The wild-grain searchers because of their grief of love never slept comfortably.

8

ڏٺُ نه ڪُٽو ڏوٿين، جيڪي ڏٺُ ڪرين،
اهڃاڻيون عالم جون، اورياڻين آڻين،
تهان پوءِ ڏسين، پريان سنڌي ڳالهڙي.

The wild-grain searchers who collect the wild grains, which cannot be ended. They carry to exchange the information and knowledge about the spiritual country or place. After that they tell about their beloved.

9

جي ڪو ڏٺُ ڪري، ته ڏونگر ڏورن ڏاڪڙو،
چپر ڪين ڏئي، سوکڙيون ستن ڪي!

Who collects wild grains, he knows the difficulties he suffers to walk in the mountains. The mountains do not award the gifts to the sleeping people

10

مون ڪاهوڙي لکيا، گهرين نه گهارين،
واحد لڳ ولهن ۾، رويو جر هارين،
گوندر گذارين، جو ڏوٿي ڏٺُ گد ٿيا.

I saw such mountain dwellers who never stayed in their houses. For God in the cold open sky fields or plains, they weep tears. Since the wild grain searchers remained busy in collecting

the wild grains, they pass the days in grieves.

11

ڪاهوڙين ڪٽي، ساجهرُ ٻڌا سَندِرا،
 ڏوريندي ۾ ڏونگرين، ڪيائون پاڻ پٽي،
 ڏکڻ ڏيل هٽي، چيه لڏائون چَهرين.

The mountain dwellers prepared themselves to leave for collecting the wild grains in the mountains early in the morning collecting grains they made themselves ashes. They put themselves in difficulties, they found the last end of the mountain (last destination).

12

گڏن نه ڪيڪان، پندَ پَراهين هليا،
 ڏوٿيرا ڪنهن ڏٺ ڪي، جُنڀيا ڏنهن جابان،
 ڪاهوڙين اُهيان، انگ نه سڄي اڳڙي.

The mountain dwellers do not take camels and horses with them, but they walk and walk on feet. The wild grain searchers moved along in search of a special kind of grains. The sign or mark of mountain dwellers is that they have no fresh or new cloth on their body or they wear the torn out clothes remaining busy in walks in the mountains.

13

سُڪا مُنهن سندن، پيرين پُراڻا ڪيڙا،
 سا جوڙ ڏوري آڻيا، سُونهان جِت مُنجهن،
 گجها گجهيون ڪن، تِهان پَراهين پندَ جون.

The faces/features of mountain dwellers are very thin and weak and in their feet are very old torn out shoes. They found that destination where the known people are confused and misled. These secret friends of God are exchanging the whole secret account of their foreign destination they covered or crossed.

سُڪا سَنَدَ ڪَڇُن ۾، گرڪڻا پيرين،
 ٽَمَندي نيڻين، اُن کي ڪاهوڙي گڏيا؟

Their faces or features are very weak and thin and in their feet are very old torn out sandals or *chapals*. Have you met such mountain dwellers who are weeping tears from their eyes.

داستان ٻيو

شاھ صاحب، گنجي ٽڪر جي رستي، سامين جي سنگ ۾ ھنگلاج جي تيرت تي ويو هو. گنجي ٽڪر جي روحاني رونق جي جن کي ڄاڻ آهي، سي پنهنجو سمورو مال اسباب ترڪ ڪيو ڇڏين ۽ سڀيئي ورق واري، لاهوتي ٿيو پيا گهمڻ. ڪاهوڙين يعني جوڳين جي ڏونهيءَ جي لاٽ اتي ٿي ڏسجي، جتي ڪنهن پکيءَ جي پير جو به نشان ڪونهي. اهڙي اوجھر ۾ به هو وڃيو وٽن مان ڏٺ چوندين. سنڀاسين جو سير نسوري سچ ۾ آهي ۽ سندن آھار (کاڌو) آراڙ کان سواءِ ٻيو ڪي ڪينهي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 2

Shah Latif (A.R) through Ganjo mountain, in the company of charmers of snakes went to Hinglaj. Who know the spiritual importance or attraction, they abandon their all wealth and material with them in their possession and forget all other things or pages or papers become *Lahooti* (Hermit).

The shining or rays of light of the smoking fire of the sitting place of charmers of snake is seen where even no bird goes or there is no sign of the foot of the bird. In such barrenness, they dare go and get wild grains. The travel of these charmers of snake is totally in barren place and their food is nothing except Arar (an out of season millet crop cultivated for fodder only) a mid crop, a stew of wild vegetables).

1

پيوجن ڀرو، گنجي ڏونگر گام جو،
چڏي ڪيٽ ڪرو، لوچي لاهوتي ٿيا.

Who have knowledge of the place of Ganjo (Bald) mountain, they abandoned all their wealth and material or source and praying to God, they became hermits.

2

پيئي جن پرڪ، گنجي ڏونگر گام جي،
واري سڀ ورق، لوچي لاهوتي ٿيا.

Who possessed information or knowledge of the sitting of Ganjo (Bald) mountain, they closing their all worldly works, praying to God, became as hermits (God fearing people).

3

پيئي جنين باس، گنجي ڏونگر گام جي،
چڏي سڀ لباس، لوچي لاهوتي ٿيا.

Who felt the fragrance of the sitting or residential place of Ganjo (Bald) mountain, they all abandoning or converting their worldly dress and their plights and praying to God, became hermits (God's friends).

4

ڪهڙو اٿيئي ڪام، گنجي ڏونگر گام ۾؟
پسي تنهن پاهڻ ڪي، اچي نه آرام،
متان ڏونگر ڏورئين، اجهين ڪه عوام؟
هرا ڪري حرام، ڪام ته ڪاهوڙي ٿئين.

What is your interest in the sitting place of Ganjo Bald mountain? Seeing this mountain, no comfort is felt. Do not find in the mountain, why are you depressing in the world. Abandon everything, burn in the grief or difficulty so that you should be mountain dweller or hermit.

5

ڏيھُ ڏيھائي ناه، جتي پيرُ نہ پڪيان،
تتي ڪاهوڙيان، وَرَ ڏيئي وَرَ چُونڊيا.

This country is not the worldly country where there is no foot step of any bird. There mountain dwellers with great efforts picked up the wild grains from trees.

6

جِت نہ پڪيءَ پيرُ، تَتِ تَمڪي باهڙي،
پيو ٻاريندو ڪيرُ، ڪاهوڙڪيءَ ڪيرَ ري؟

Where there is no foot step of any bird, there only the fire of foreigners is glittering. Without the association of mountain dwellers, who another man will put on the fire?

داستان ٽيون

سڄا فقير سجين ۾ اڪيون، ڪن ۽ چپ ٻوٽي پيا گهمن، انهن کي رڳو وچوڙي جوئي ارمان آهي. جن دنيا جي وات ڇڏي، آٿانگي روحاني راه ورتي، سي ئي ڳجهه پروڙين ٿا. اها وات ڪو ورلي طالب ٿو وٺي. لاهوتي فقير عجيب شڪاري آهن، جي نفس جي جهنگ کي جلايو پٽ ڪيو ڇڏين. پوءِ نفس وٽي هميشه پارڪيندو ۽ روئندو. هن جڳهان ۾ ئي اوندھ ۽ روشنيءَ جو وجود آهي. جتي رب جليل آهي، تتي رنگ نہ روپ آهي. افسوس جو اڳين درويشن جا البت نشان ڏسجن ٿا، پر نون جو نالو بہ ڪونهي، جي آهن تہ لڪل آهن، جن جي سَمڪ بہ ڪن ڪن ڳولائڻ کي آهي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 3

True God's friends walk blindly or closing their eyes, ears and lips in grief of only separation. Who leaving the worldly way, took difficult or hard spiritual way, they only understand the secret. That way is taken hardly by a lover. The hermits (God's

friends) are wonderful hunters or prey makers who fire the forest of sensual desires and make it barren plain or place. Then the sensual desires cry and weep. In this world, there is a world of light and darkness. Where God is powerful, there is neither colour nor only shape or figure. Alas! Today we find only signs of the past God fearing people but no name of new God's friends. If they are, they are hidden and unknown whose knowledge is only to some search makers.

1

اُچي پيا آت ۾، واٽ وِجائي جَن،
 اوڙ بصيرَ بَرَن ۾، اَنڌا ٿيو اُپَن،
 ڪَنن آڏيون تاڙيون، ڪَنگَن جُڻن گُهَمَن،
 فِراقِيءَ فرمان جو، آهي بَرُ ٻوڙَن،
 لَنگها ٿيا لاهوتَ ڪي، سَتا پيا سِڪَن،
 ڪَپَت ڪاهوڙين، آه اِٿئي پئي نه لَهي.

Who left out the worldly way or manner, they felt sorrow and grief. The true sighted people are stood blindly in the barren places. They walk in parasitically like dumb and closing their mouth and keeping fingers in their ears. Those deaf people have grief of the order of or matter of separation. They have become country less for Lahoot (hermit) and sleeping they remember it. Mountain dwellers cannot feel comfortable or easy even if they are awakening. (The snake charmers or travelers have closed their eyes, tongue and ears).

2

ڏسي ڏوري ڏونگَرين، واٽ وِجائي جَن،
 ڪَرَنڊان ڪي پَرُوڙيو، رَنڊُ سي نه رِڙهَن،
 ٻيئي ڌارَ ڏيون ڪيو، پيرَت تان نه پُڇَن،
 ڏوڙ پريان لاءِ ڌارَ ڪيو، ويچارا وَجَهَن،
 خَبَر ڪاهوڙين، آهي لَڪَ لاهوتَ جي.

Who finding in the mountains, lost their way, they did not

understand from the wrong or lost way and did not take or walk on the right way. They abandon the both worlds and do not ask for the right way. They for their beloved, throw or shower the dust on themselves. Mountain dwellers have little knowledge of Lahoot (mountain sitting place of God's friends).

3

کُپیرِیءِ ۾ پیرُ، کُنھین پاتو پیرین،
جیان مُنجهڻ ماڙھڻین، سَجَن تیان ئي سیرُ،
اُن پُون سَندو پیرُ، کورڙن منجهان کولهي.

In this misguided way, occasionally some one walks. Where the people confuse, there is way to dear beloved. The knowledge or address of that foreign country, only some one gets out of crores. (that spiritual way is very difficult and hard (some one hardly is a true seeker).

4

سُونهڻ ۾ سڀ گهڻا، مُنجهڻ ماڪي هوءَ،
پرو تنهين پوءِ، جو اُجهي پوءِ اُن تان.

To follow guidance is to suffer from many snakes and sad days. The confusion has taste like honey. He knows the destination who crosses both ways.

5

ڏوري ڏوري ڏيهه، ماءُ! ڪاهوڙي آڻيا،
مَين پيرين ڪيهه، ڪه جاتان ڪنهن پار جي.

Oh mother! The mountain dwellers visiting many foreign countries, have returned home. We do not know as to which side of the feet of the brave people, is filled with dust.

6

جهنگل هليا، سي نه ٻليا، راه هليا ڦرجن،
اوجھڙ سي نه پون، ٻيئي جنين ڇڏيون.

Who walked facing towards forests, they did not mislead or misguide. Those walking on way are robbed. Who abandoned the both worlds, they are not misguided or misled.

7

جَهَنگُلُ آهِيڙِيُنَ کي، پَنَنُ کِيوَرُونَدو،
نہ کُتا، نہ کوڙ کُون، چَرهِيو اُپو چُونَدو،
هَڏهِيَن نہ هُونَدو، اِنهَان پوءِ عَالَمَ ۾.

The forest will cry for hunters and standing, it will say "Neither here dogs nor snare for birds are seen. After this, the forest will not be in this world." (See the Sur Introduction)

8

وَر سا سُچي ويڙه، جنهن ۾ سَچَنُ هيڪڙو،
سو ماڳ ئي ٿيڻ، جتي کوڙ کُماڙهين.

The barren place is better where only one beloved is living. Change that place, where crores of bad people are residing or making their abode.

9

ڪاري رات، اُچو ڏينهن، اِي صِفَتان نُو،
جتي پرينءَ حُضُورُ، تتي رنگُ نہ رُوپُ کو.

Black night, and day white: It is the quality of the light (worldly). Where the beloved is, there is neither colour nor figure, shape or face.

10

ڏُونگرن ڏسجَن، اُچ پَن رُون اُن جُون،
ڏوڻِيڙا ڏک ڪي، آراڙان اُچَن،
خيما ڪاهوڙِيَن، اُچ نہ انهيَن پيڻِيَن.

In the mountains, today also their flying dust is seen. Wild grain collectors for these grains, are being attracted for these

grains by the season-less corns. Today at these places the tents of mountain dwellers are not seen. (Neither the residents of God fearing people nor they themselves are available there).

11

کاهوڑی گرا، سُودِی خَبَر پَکیا،
سوجھی جن کیا مٹی اگنِ آہرا.

Sacred friends of God are still there whose information or knowledge is with the spiritual flying makers who finding them built or made their nestles or nests in their courtyards.

*

سُر بروو سنڌي

هندستان جي گائڻ وديا موجب، ”بروو“ هڪ راڳڻيءَ جو نالو آهي، جنهن کي شاھ نج سنڌي رنگ ڏنو آهي. هن سُر ۾ مجازي عشق جو گهڻو وستار آهي. البت، ان ۾ حقيقي محبوب جو به ذڪر آيل آهي. عاشق جي نياز ۽ بيقارائيءَ ۽ معشوق جي ناز ۽ حسن کي نهايت سهڻي ۽ دلڪش نوع ۾ پيش ڪيو ويو آهي. ان جو مضمون هي آهي: تون چو ٻين جو ٻيلي ٿيو آهين؟ ڪريم جي ڪنجڪ وٺ، جو جڳ جو والي آهي. سڻو ڪو اهو هوندو، جنهن جو عشق ڌڻيءَ سان آهي. دلبر، نسوري ڦرمار ڪري، عاشق جي دل کي لٽي ويو آهي. ساھ پاڻ سان وٺي ويو آهي، باقي بت هتي ڇڏيو اٿس. جي هڪواريءَ پرين ٻيھي اچي ته عاشق جيڪر پيرن هيٺان پنٺيون وڃائيس ۽ هنڌ تي وار، ڪي ڏور به اوڏا آهن، ڪي اوڏا به ڏور آهن، ڪي ڪڏهن ياد نه پون، ڪي مور نه وسرن، عاشق جي دل ۾ دوست جو وراڪو ائين آهي، جيئن ڪنڍي مينهن جي سڱ جو وراڪو. ماڻهو مال گهرن ۽ عاشق سڀ ڏينهن سپرين گهري. هنجو نالو ئي نهال ڪيو ڇڏي، پسن ته پري رهيو! جڏهن کان سڄڻ، سفر سڌاريو آهي، تڏهن کان عاشق کي رات جو راحت ناهي ۽ ڏينهن جو حيراني اٿس. دوست ڪڏهن در کولين ٿا، ڪڏهن بند ٿا ڪن، ڪڏهن اچن نه ڏين، ڪڏهن کونائين نه، ڪڏهن سڏ، کان سڪائين، ڪڏهن گُجهاندر گرهين. اي جانب تون جيڏو شان شعور سان آهين، تيڏو ئي تسي توه ڪج. نظر سان نوازڻ، تولا ڪهڙي ڳالهه آهي! عاشق جي روح ۾ سڄڻ اوطاقون ڪري رهيو پيو آهي. جڏهن سندس صحبت ياد ٿي پويس، تڏهن سندس قلب مان ناگه فريادون فرياد نڪريو وڃن. محبوب سندس جيءَ ائين سوگهو ڪيو آهي، جئن لهار، زنجير ۾ ڪڙي منجه ڪڙو لپيٽيندو آهي. پرين جڏهن ناز منجهان نڪري پنڌ ٿو ڪري، تڏهن زمين ”بسر الله“ ٿي چوي ۽ رند ٿي چمي ۽ حورون حيرت ۾ هٿ ادب جا ٻڌيو ٿيون بيهن، عشق اهڙي ذات آهي، جو متارن کي منجهايو ڇڏي دل جو دلبر هڪ هٿ گهرجي، دل به هڪ کي ڏجي، توڻي سو سڪن، دوستن جو دستور اهو آهي، جو ڪڏهن ناتو نه ٿا چنن. سپرين خبر ناهي ڪٿان ڪا سائڪي ڪار سڪيو آهي، جو تڪي کاتي هٿ ڪري، مڏيءَ سان ٿو ماري. اي پرين! جي اڪيون ڪوڙيون اٿيئي ته وري ڪٿڻج نه، جي ڪنيون اٿيئي ته وري ڪوڙج.

ڪوڙي، ڪڻ م سپرين! ڪنيئي تان ڪوڙ،

عادت جا اڪيُن جي، سانئيئي نباھج توڙ،

مون ۾ عيبن ڪوڙ، تون پاڻ سڃاڻج سپرين.

TUNE (SUR) BARWO SINDHI

According to Indian "Gyan Vidya" song history "Barwo" is a name of singing which has been assigned purely Sindhi colour by Shah Abdul Latif Bhitai. In this Sur the worldly love has been effectively described and disclosed but in it spiritual beloved has also been narrated. The restlessness and longing of the lover for his beloved and also beloved's blandishment and beauty has also been beautifully described. The topic is as follows: Why you have been servant of others? Take the key of God the Kind and Merciful Who is the Owner or Creator of the World or Universe. He will be in comfort, who loves God. The beloved robs the heart of the lover and breath has been taken with him. Only his (lover's) body is here. If at once the beloved comes, the lover will spread his eyelids under his feet and on the bed hair. Some away are near and some near, they are away, some are not remembered and some cannot be forgotten. In the heart of lover, there is a turn like buffalo's horns. People demand wealth or material, the lover needs all days the beloved. His name only makes the lover fortunate enough, though his seeing or his sight is far away! Since, the beloved has travelled, the lover has been restless or is not at ease in the night and in the day remains perplexed or worried. Friends open the door sometimes and close at other time, sometimes do not allow to come and at other time, they call themselves. Sometimes they do not reply to the call and other time they exchange the secrets. Oh beloved! You are so much graceful and great, you may help me. To grace with your sigh is nothing for you. In the soul of lover, the beloved is stayed as a guest. When he remembers his company, from his heart many complaints are coming out as a cry. The beloved has caught his heart just as the ironsmith welds one chain with the other. When the beloved with pride is walking out, the earth welcomes him saying "Bismillah" (start with the name of God), kisses him, and the fairies of heaven wonder and humbly show him both hands, love is such a caste or creed that the strongest people are confused

and depressed. The beloved of the heart should be one, heart should also be given to one only although hundreds long for. The tradition of friends is that they do not break their relationship or leave or forget and separate themselves. The beloved has learnt from any place the job of cutter, who takes the sharp big knife cutter and kill with the blunt knife.

Oh dear! If you have closed your eyes, open them again, if opened then close them again. "Oh dear! After closing, do not open your eyes after opening, close them, the habits on which you have accustomed your eyes, continue it forever, I have crores of defects or sins, You may recognize Yourself".

داستان پهريون

انسان کي گهرجي ته ڌڻيءَ جي چاڪري ڪري ۽ نه ڪنهن ڏنيوي امير جي. جنهن جو عشق الله سان آهي، سوئي سڪي ٿو گذاري محبوب جو قرب، نياز منديءَ سان حاصل ٿو ٿئي. سندس طرف سرجهڪائي ائين ويجهي، جيئن هاڻيءَ جي سونڊ، ڌرتيءَ سان لڳندي ويندي آهي. ڪي ويجهو به ڏور آهن، ڪي ڏورانهان به ويجهو آهن. محبت ۾ پنڌ جو حساب ئي ڪونهي. ڪي ماڻهو منهن جا موچارا آهن پر اندر جا هچارا. انهن جي صحبت ائين آهي، جيئن ٽوڙ جو ڌاڙو. طالب جا پردا ڪڏهن ڪلن ٿا، ڪڏهن بند ٿا ٿين، ڪڏهن کيس مشاهدو حاصل آهي، ڪڏهن اُٺارو.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 1

The human being must serve and pray to God and not to the worldly rich lord. Who has love for God, he lives a prosperous life. Love of the beloved is received with humbleness. To Him bow down your head in the same manner as the trunk of the elephant remains touched with the earth. Some near ones are away, some away are near ones. In love there is no account of walk or travel, some people have fair faces but in heart, they are full of grudges and conflicts. Their love is like the taste of bitter apple or colocynth. Lovers' curtains are sometimes open and other time closed. Sometimes he sees the sight of the beloved and other time, there is darkness and black atmosphere.

1

ڇا ڪي وڃيو ڇو، ٻيلي ٿئين ٻين جو؟
وٺ ڪنجڪ ڪريم جي، جڳ جو والي جو،
سؤ ڪو هوندو سو، جنهن جو عشق الله سين.

Why you go to serve others? Serve or pray to God the Merciful, Who is the Owner of the world. He will be prosperous or at ease, who has love and respect of God.

2

جئن ڪا ڪاڻي ڪانهن، لُسندي لاتيون ڪري،
اچي پئي اوچتي، درد پريان جي ڏانهن،
ويج! ڏنيئن ڪهه ٻانهن؟ سورهنئين ڪي سامهون.

Just as the reed of the grass makes the cries of grief and pain, while its cutting or harvesting, I also suddenly cry at the time of separation from my beloved. Oh physician, why do you burn or make cantery mark on my arm? (In the past, the physician used to burn of any part of the body of the patient as a kind of treatment of his disease. *

3

ڌرتي ڏونهه جئن، سر پر سپيرين ڏي،
لڳو آه، لطيف چئي، تن پريان ڏي تن،
حاصل ٿئي هئن، ڦرينو ڦريب جو.

Note*: "I author of this book of the translation in English of Shah jo Risalo (Dr. Ali Akbar Dhakan at the age of 2-3 years during the year 1942-3 when I usually remained sick in the lap of my respected mother in village Saeed Khan Panhwar near Nasirabad then Dist. Larkana. My father took me to the so called un-registered physician namely Popat Shaikh in the Shahi Bazar of Nasirabad. He burnt a rod of iron and when it became red in the fire, he put that red hot rod of iron on my back side of the neck and I became unconscious for sometime and my mother and father looked after me at home. I do not know the time it took to heal up the injury made in the burning of my back part/side of the neck/head. The mark is still apparent on my back part of my head like a sign of cutting". In-front of my heart, grieves and pains (for the separation from the beloved) are standing -apparently or visibly.

Just as the trunk of the elephant remains bowed down or attached with the earth, in the same manner, we are also moving towards the beloved. Thus our existence is linked with the beloved. In this manner or way, the love of the beloved can be achieved.

4

لڳيءَ جو، لَطِيفُ چَئي، نڪو ڦال نہ ڦيل،
لِڪَئي لَامُون ڪوڙيون، نيڻين وَهي نير،
هِنَئَڙا! تِي سُدِيرُ، ڪالھ ڦَرِيبن لَڏيو.

The matter of the Heart attachment can not be described. Nature has planted its branches (showed its effect). From eyes, the water is flowing. Oh heart! Have patience, yesterday beloveds died or migrated.

5

ڪي اوڏائي ڏور، ڪي ڏور بہ اوڏا سُپرين،
ڪي سَنپِرَجَن نہ ڪڏهين، ڪي نہ وَسِرَن مُور،
جَن مِينَن ڪُنڊِيءَ پُور، تَن دُوسَ وِراڪو دل سين.

Some ones are away, others dear (ones) are away but are near. Some ones are remembered and others can not be forgotten. Just as the buffaloes horns are twisted or turned, the screw of the love of the beloved is also knotty with the heart.

6

ڪوئي ڪُنائُون، اُچ پڻ اَڪَرُون سين،
ماس وِراهي هَلِيا، ڪِرَنگَلُ چَڏيائُون،
وَتَوَا صُوبَ بِالْحَقِّ وَتَوَا صُوبَ بِالصَّبْرِ "ائين اُتائُون،
مُئي ماريائُون، ڪِلي گهائيو سَچَئين.

Today also beloveds called me and cut me with their eyes. My flesh was cut, distributed and went away, leaving back only the empty cage (of bones). Between God and themselves continue consultation with patience". They said: "This already dead was killed and finished. Beloved smiled and attracted me.

7

ماڙهو گهرن مال، آئون سڀ ڏينهن گهران سڀرين،
 دنيا تنهن دوست تان، فدا ڪريان في الحال،
 ڪيس نامر نهال، پسڻ تان پري ٿيو.

People demand worldly treasure, where as I demand beloved all days every time. I may sacrifice the whole world on that beloved. Only his name has favoured me the happiness. (Taking his name I have been fully enjoyed and happy), to see him is still far away matter or out of reach.

8

ڪڏهن طاقيون ڏين، ڪڏهن ڪلن در دوستن جا،
 ڪڏهن اڃان، اچڻ نه لھان، ڪڏهن ڪوٺيو نين،
 ڪڏهن سڪان سڌ ڪي، ڪڏهن ڳجهاندر ڳرهين،
 اهڙائي آهين، صاحب منهنجا سڀرين.

Sometimes, beloved closes doors (put plates) other times they keep their doors open. Sometimes (at their doors) I come, they do not allow, other times, they call me at and take along with them. Sometimes, I long for their call, other times, they visit and exchange or tell me their deep secrets. My beloveds are of such multi coloured nature.

9

صورت گهڻو سهڻا، ٿاڻا سندن ٿوه،
 ريلو ڏئي روح، جو ڪائي، سو ڪامي مري.

They are beautiful by face but their characters or actions are like bitter apples. (Some people are beautiful in face and figures but their actions are bitter in taste like bitter apples). Who is attracted to soul and enjoyed their contact, he is burnt out.

داستان ٻيو

جيڏو ئي ڌڻيءَ جو شان آهي، تيڏو ئي هُو شل اسان تي پنهنجو توه ڪري. ڪامل لاءِ نگاه سان نوازڻ هڪ آسان ڪم آهي. عاشق جي اندر ڀرپرينءَ جي ئي طمع آهي. هو ته محبوب جي هٿان ڪسجڻ کي وڏو پالڻو سمجهي. پرينءَ جي حسن ۽ ناز تي حورون به حيران آهن. جڏهن هو پنڌ ٿو ڪري، تڏهن زمين به سندس راه ٿي چُمي ۽ حورون ادب وچان صفون ٻڌي ٿيون بيهن. محبوب، عاشق سان اها ڪار ٿو ڪري جا ڪڙميءَ جي سونتي، سنگن سان ڪندي آهي. پرينءَ جي اچڻ سان وري سورن جي صفائي ائين ٿيو وڃي، جئن ڪپڙن جي صفائي ڏوبي ڪندو آهي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 2

As much as big status is of God, He may also favour us with the same quantity of kindness and mercy. For the perfect and sacred, the favour with the sight or glance of an eye is an easy job. Love has the desire of the beloved only in his heart. He is ready to get cut his head. On the beauty and pride of the beloved, fairies feel wonder. When he is walking, the land kisses his way and the fairies humbly make rows to pay him regards. The beloved plays with the lover the same trick as the farmer or cultivator does with the spike of corn with his sickle or cudgel. With the return or re-visit of the beloved, all the grieves and pains are similarity cleaned and cleared as the washer man cleans the dirty clothes.

1

جانب! تون جيڏو، آهين شان شعور سين،
مُون تي ڪر، منهنجا پرين! توه تُسي تيڏو،
اي ڪامل! ڪم ڪيڏو؟ جئن نوازينم نگاه سين.

Oh my Dear! As much as you are dignified and grandeur, similarly, I may also be favored after being satisfied with me. Oh Perfect! For you this is not a big task or difficult job, so that I may be favoured with your kindness and mercy.

2

جَانِبَ مُنَهْنَجِي جِيءَ مِر، تَنَهْنَجِي طَمَعِ پوءِ،
وَتُ کَاتِي، وَدِ اَنگَرَا، اَدَبُ کَرِ مَرِ کوءِ،
پَانِيانِ پَالِ سَنَدُو، جِي ساجَن! سَنئونِ نِهَارِئينِ.

Oh beloved! I have in my heart only your demand. You may take cutter (knife) to cut my limbs and do not care or have sympathy with me. Oh Dear! I shall be your grateful if You see me with your straight face towards me.

3

جَانِبَ! اِيئنَ نہ جُڳاءِ، جِيئنَ ماريو، موٽيو نہ پُچين،
رَتِيءَ رَتِ نہ سَنجُري، سِڪُ تَنَهْنَجِي ساءِ،
اَسانِ توڙي لاءِ، پَرِ مِرِ پُوڄائون کيون.

Oh Dear! It does not suit You that I may be killed and does not care to ask about me. In the grief of your love, even a small portion of blood is not available (not running in my veins of body). We therefore prayed You in secrets.

4

جَڏهن پوي يادِ، صُحبتَ سَپيرِئينَ جِي،
فَرِيادُونِ فَرِيادِ، ناگهَ وَجَنِ نِگيو.

When my dear beloved's meeting or change of talk is remembered, then at once, cry comes out from the internal side of body or heart.

5

کَڙو مَنجھِ کَڙي، جِيئنَ لُهارَ لَپيٽيو،
مُنَهنجو جِي جَڙي، سَپيريانِ سوگهو کيو.

Just as iron smith, connects one chain with another, similarly, my heart or mind has been chained with himself by my beloved.

6

نازَ مَنْجھارانِ نِڪري، جڏهن پرين ڪري ٿو پندُ،
پُون پڻ ”بِسْمِ اللَّهِ“ چئي، راهِ چُمي ٿي رندُ،
اُپيون گهڻي آڏب سين، حورون حيرتَ هَندُ،
سائينءَ جو سَوَ گندُ، ساڄن سِينَئان سُهڻو.

When my beloved, walks out in blandishment, then the earth says, “Bismillah”, kisses the ways or paths, the fairies wonder and stand in rows with great respect in his honour. By God! My beloved is most beautiful of all in the whole universe.

7

فاني ني فاني، دُنيا دَمَ نہ هيڪڙو
لَتي لوڙهَ لَتنِ سين، جوڙيندءَ، جاني!
کوڏر ۽ ڪاني، آهي سِر سَپ ڪنهن.

The world is temporary, mortal, perishable! Mortal! To live there is just like for one moment. Oh Dear! People will with their legs and feet, press the dust on your grave. On the death, every one needs, spade and reed or stalk of maze or millet. (Spade for digging of the grave and the reed for the measurement of the dead body: These two goods are in the fate of everyone after death.

8

اُڄ پڻ اَنگيمَ اَنگَ، هٿان حَبِيبَن جي،
جا پَر سُونِتيءَ سَنگَ، سا پَر سُورَن سان ٿئي.

My beloveds pierce my limbs of body today also. The treatment or the way the cudgel is doing with spike, the same way the pains and grieves have touched with me. (Grieves have made me pieces or beads, berry).

9

اُڄ پڻ جُڙيمَ جوڙَ، دوستُ پيهي دَر آئيو،
سُڪن اچي ڏکين ڪي، مُحڪَمَ ڏني موڙَ،
جا پَر ڪَتيءَ ڪوڙَ، سا پَر سُورَن سان ٿئي.

Today also, I was fortunate that my beloved came himself at my house. The reliefs crushed grieves (grieves changed into reliefs). What the treatment the washer man does to the clothes, the same happened with grieves. (Grieves were cleared and cleaned).

داستان ٽيون

عشق اهڙو آزار آهي، جو مانجهي مُٽسن کي به مُنجهايو ڇڏي. پوءِ ڏينهن جو ڏونگر ڏورن ۽ رات جو روئڻ. ظاهري طرح هرڪو پاڻ کي دوست پيو سڏائي، پر دوستيءَ جي ڪل، ڪم پئي ٿي پوي. آدمين اڄ پنهنجو اخلاص وڃائي ڇڏيو آهي ۽ هرڪو پئي جو ماس پيو کائي. دنيا ۾ رڳي نيڪي وڃي رهندي. دنيا جا مڙئي ماڻهو دولابي آهن، دل جو سچو ڪو ورتلو آهي. محبوب، هڪواريءَ اکيون ڪوڙي، شل وري نه کڻي. خبر ناهي هو ڪاسائڪي ڪارڪٽان سڳيو آهي. هو عاشق کي مُڏي کاتيءَ سان ٽو وڌي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 3

Love is such an in-comfort or sickness that even the strong and brave people are confused and perplexed. Then in the day time, to cross the mountains and in the night to weep and cry remains their routine work. Openly, every one calls himself as a friend but the friendship is tested when his help is needed. (A friend in need is a friend indeed!). People have lost their character today and everyone eats flesh of the other. In this world, only goodness or virtue will exist and remain. All worldly people are hypocrite and duplicity loving otherwise some one only is true of heart. The beloved should once open or see with his eyes and may not take back. God knows from where he has learnt the exercise of cutters or butchers. He kills the lover with he blunt large knife.

1

عشقُ اهڙي ذات، جو مانجهي مُنجهائي مَينَ کي؛
ڏينهان ڏورن ڏونگرين، روئڻ سڄيائي رات؛
اٿي ويئي تات، ميان! مَحَبُورن جي.

Love is such a kind of state or condition which confuses even the brave and strong warriors. For lovers to walk in mountains (in the day time (to exert or make efforts) and in the night to weep tears. They have standing and sitting longing of the beloved.

2

يارُ سَڌائي سَڀڪو، جاني زباني،
آهي آساني، ڪم پئي ٿي ڪل پوي.

Openly everybody indicates himself as a bosom friend. That is very easy matter. (To call oneself as a friend) but when there is need of help, then it appears otherwise, (one becomes aware of friendship or otherwise).

3

آدمين اخلاص، مٽائي مائو ڪيو،
هاڻ ڪائي سڀڪو، سندو ماڙهوءَ ماس،
دلبر! هن دنيا ۾، وڃي رهندو واس،
ڀئي سڀ لوڪ لباس، ڪو هڪڊل هوندو هيڪڙو.

People have weakened and lost their faithfulness and truthfulness. Now a days, every man is eating another's flesh (every man sucks another's blood). Oh Dear! In this world, only fragrance of one's goodness and virtue will remain. All others have only open dignity or show making (others all are greedy and hypocrites). The true by heart will be some one (out of crores or many).

4

شڪرُ گڏياسون، سپرين! جئري، جاني يار!
ويئي جن جي وٽ ۾، ڪوڙين ٿيا قرار،
ڏٿيم! ڪر مڙار، پاڙو تن پرين کان.

Oh sweet Dear! Thanks God, we met with each others while we are alive. Sitting near those, we receive comforts (take rest), from those neighbourhood, Oh my God! Never keep me away!

5

ڪوڙي، ڪُنُ مَر سُپَرِين! ڪَنِيئي تان ڪوڙ،
 عادتَ جا اَڪِيُن جِي، سا نيئي نِباھِج توڙ،
 مُون ۾ عِيَبَن ڪوڙ، تون پاڻ سُجائج، سُپَرِين!

Oh Beloved! Once you glance and attach your sight, do not take it away again, if you have taken away the sight, you may again see and attach your sight in me (do not take away your gracious sight from me). Whatever is the habit of eyes, that should be continued and linked faithfully. (The habit of eyes is that where they attach, or link or love, they remain attached there and continue their love. Oh Beloved! There are crores of shortcomings in me, you may look at your graciousness and kindness.

6

ڪُٺان سِڪَئين سُپَرِين، ڪاسائِڪي ڪارِ؟
 تِڪي ڪا تي هَت ڪري، مُنيءَ سِين مَر مار،
 چوري چاڪَ نهار، سورَن سانگهي ٿا ڪيا.

Oh Beloved! From where you have learnt the habit or job of butchers? Having got the sharp large knife, you cut me by a blunt knife. Reverse and revise my injuries and see how grieves have made holes or injuries in me.

 *

سُرامڪلي

”رامڪلي“ هندول راڳ جي پنجن استرين مان هڪ آهي. هن سُر ۾ جوڳ ۽ ويراڳ جا خيال سمايل آهن. شاه صاحب، سامين جي سنگ ۾ ٽي سال گذاريا ۽ گنجي ٽڪرارو پنڌ وٺي ساڻن هنگلاج جي ياترا تي به ويو هو. ”سُرامڪلي“ ۾ جوڳين جي وڏائي ڳائي اُس ۽ سندن ڪريائن، گڻن ۽ روحاني سونهن جو وستار ڪيو اٿس. جيڪي به آديسين جي صحبت مان پرايائين، تنهن جو هتي اظهار ڪيو اٿس، کين ڪيترن ئي نالن سان سڏيو اٿس. جوڳي، لاهوتي، ويراڳي، ڪاپڙي، بيراڳي، بابو بيڪاري، نانگا، سامي، آديسي، سنياسي، ڪنڪٽ، ڪنوتيا، ڪن چير عاشق، فقير لانگوٽيا، پوري، گونگا، ٻوڙا، ريگزارا، (پپوتيا)، گودڙيا، قوت ڪڙيا، اوسر آجا، مهيسي، راول، صابري، جبروتي، هرڪيس وغيره شاه صاحب ڪيتري قدر متن فدا هو، سو سندس هيٺئين سُخن مان پڌرو آهي:

”جنهن جهوئي ناه ڪي، سا ڪا سُونَهَن سَنديان“

سامين کان سواءِ سندس جيئڻ ئي محال هو، جڏهن داستان پهرئين ۾ ٿو فرمائي. وٽن عبير، ياقوت ۽ سرڪند لڏائين ۽ سندن قدم لاهوت ۾ ڏنائين. سندن سڳين کي نسورو سون سمجهيائين. شاه، جوڳين جو روپ ۽ گڻن جو هي وستار ڪيو آهي: هولانگوتيا ۽ ڪن چير آهن، سارو سربرپوت سان ڀريل ۽ تپسائن سان تمام ٿيل اٿن، ٻاهريون روپ اهڙو اٿن، جنهن کان لوڪن کي لڄ ٿئي، پر اندر ۾ نج نور آهن. سواءِ گودڙيءَ، لانگوٽيءَ ۽ ڪشتي جي، پاڻ سان ٻيو ڪي به کين اٿن. هو هميشه رام سان پوتل ۽ نظر هر وقت نات تي اٿن. سندن سيني ۾ گججه، گجهاندر آهن. هو هميشه صاحب پَريا ڪنن ۽ اکين مان ارتو آب پيا وهائين. سندن سمر ۽ صهت سوري آهي. هو هميشه گوندر گڏيا ٿا گهارين. سندن اوتارو عدم ۾ آهي ۽ رضا سندن راڄ آهي. بک ۽ اڃ هنن لاءِ جڄ آهي ۽ سندن سڻ، سچ ۾ آهي. هو پنهنجو منهن ڏوڙ ڌاران نه ٿا ڏوڻ. هنن پنهنجا پيت ڪڏهن به چشن تي نه هيريا آهن ۽ رڳي مات جي ڦڪي وٺيو پيا هلن. سَنجها جو سُمهي رهن ۽ آڏيءَ جو آليڙ ڏيو اٿن. جهڙو ڏوه کي ٿا ڏسن، تهڙو ثواب کي، ۽ سواءِ سُبْحان جي ٻيو ڪي ڪين ٿا پسن، هو پنهنجي تن کي ئي طواف (پرڪرما) پيا ڪن ۽ سارو جهان هنن لاءِ جامع (عبادتگاه) آهي. مطلب ته سامين ۽ صوفين جي وچ ۾ ڪو فرق ئي نه ٿو ڏسجي. هو مڙيئي حال جا صاحب آهن ۽ جزو وڃائي، ڪُل ٿيا آهن.

جُزو وڃايو جوڳئين، ڪُل سين آهين ڪَرُ.

TUNE (SUR) RAMKALI

Ramkali is one of the five wives of the Handol Rag (Handol song). In this Tune (Sur), views about snake charming and pains of separation from the beloved are delineated. Shah Latif passed three years in the company of wandering hermits through Ganjo (Bald) mountain walked on feet went to Hinglaj with them on tour or travelogue. In this Sur, the grandeur of snake charmers has been sung and praised, and also their spiritual beauty and high quality or status characters are admired. Whatever he learnt from the company or association of strangers or wandering hermits has been described, he called them with many following names: Jogi snake charmers, Lahooti hermits, (Weeraj) pained in separation, (Kaapri), Beragi, Nanga, Babu, Bekhari, Sami, Adesi, Sanyasi, Kancut, Kanotiya, Faqeer, Ashiq, Langotia, Poorbi, Goonga, Bora, Rengria, Bhabhotiya, Godria, Qoot Karaya, Awasar Aja, Mahesi, Rawal, Sabri, Jabrooti, Herkes etc. Shah Latif how much was attached with them and loved them, that is apparent in his following poem:

"Nobody is like them, there is no such beauty".

Without hermits, he could not live, just as Shah Latif has said in the 1st statement of this Sur. He found saffron, or ambergris, rubies or garnets and sandal-wood or *Chandan* from them and their steps he saw in Lahoot. He thought their small top of horn used for bleeding and blowing as flute as the whole gold. Shah Latif has expressed the shape and figures of snake charmers and also their qualities of character in this way: "They are (Langotia) cloth worn between legs, (Kan-cheer) ear-cut, filled in dust and burnt in the hot weather. The outer shape is as such people feel shy to see them but inside they are full of light or shining. Excepting small cloth bag, cloth of legs and beggar's bowl, nothing they have or they possess. They are always busy linked with God (Ram) and their sight is always in the Master or Lord. They have many secrets in their chest. They always tremble with the Lord and weep tears from their eyes. Their health and

wealth are grieves. They always live in pains and sorrows. Their resting place is nowhere and relationship is with the citizens or people. Hunger and thirst are their enjoyment or entertainment and their cry of begging is in barren place. They do not wash their face due to dust and not accustomed their bellies to eat delicious foods. But only keep silent and remain happy or contented with what they have. Sleep early in the night and rise up at the midnight. The crime and good deed are equivalent for them and except God, they do not see others. They make rounds before themselves and consider the whole world or the Universe as the prayer ground. They do not see the difference between (Saamis) hermits and (Sufis) God fearing people. They are masters of the whole Universe and loosing part or small portion (Juz), they have achieved all or whole (Kul).

The snake charmers (Jogis) lost their part, or (individual) they have now become as a whole or Universe (Kul).

داستان پھريون

جوڳي سراپا نور آهن. هنن مٿان محبت جو مڃ هميشه پيو پري. هو آرام کي ويجهائي ناهن. سندن سڳيون مڙيوئي سون آهن ۽ وٽن حقيقي نينهن جو خزانو آهي. هو اوديا جو پردو هٽائيندڙ آهن ۽ سموري خوديءَ کي جلايورڪ ڪيو ڇڏين. سونهن ۾ سندن ڪوٺائي ناهي. هو مهيشور جا پوجاري آهن. هو هنگلاج کان هلي، دوارڪا جو درشن ٿا ڪن. هو ”جزو“ وڃائي، ”ڪل“ ٿيو وڃن. سندن مڙلين ۾ جو سوز ۽ ميناج آهي، سو دنيا جي ٻئي ڪنهن ساز ۾ ناهي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 1

The snake charmers, devotees, wanderers or hermits are fully or entirely light or shining (Noor). Over them the flames of love fire every time. They do not need sleep or rest. Their horn flutes are gold. They have treasure of real faithfulness. They are the remover of the curtain of veiling or concealment and destroy or ruin the whole egoism. There is no match of their beauty. They

are believers in great God. They walking from Hinglaj, visit and see the sight of the site of Dawarka. They have lost individualism or one part of the body and became the whole as Universe. The sound of their flutes is as much sweet and painful that is in no other instrument throughout the world.

1

نُورِي ۽ ناري، جو گيتا جھان ۾،
پري جن ٻاري، آءُ نه چئندي ان ري.

In the world, the hermits or snake-charmers are beautiful and forceful (heated or hot) whose gathering and company is shining with the light of love without whom I cannot live or remain alive.

2

جو گيتا جھان ۾، هئا منجه حمام،
آرامان ارڳ ٿيا، اوڏا نه آرام،
ڪيائون قيام، آءُ نه چئندي ان ري.

In the world, the snake charmers are living in the heat of love. They do not take rest or they remain sleepless and also away from easiness. They went away oppressing me. I shall not live without them.

3

وارو! ويراگين ڪي، ويل مَ وساريڃ،
قدم ڪا پڙين جا، ليلائي لهيڃ،
پيرت پسيو پت جي، وڃن ڪي وڃيڃ،
راتو ڏينهن رڙهيڃ، آءُ نه چئندي ان ري.

Oh! Do not forget the separated devotees. With true spirit or humbleness, the footsteps of wanderers may be found out. Taking the path or road or way of that group of devotees, walk behind them always and walk day and night in their way, I shall not live without them.

4

وَاجَتْ وِيراڳِيُن جا، مُون وَتِ وَڌِي وَتِ،
 سونُ سِيُوڻِي سِڱِيُون، پَسِي كِيُن مَرُ ڪُتِ،
 ويساهي ويل ڪَنهين، پُورِب ويندو پَتِ،
 هَلُ! ڪَنياڻُون هَتِ، آءُ نہ جِئَندي اُن ري.

The sounds of the horn flutes of snake-charmers are invaluable treasure for me. Their horn flutes are totally gold, do not count their value to see them unavailable. The group or company of devotees taking you in confidence will take you towards the destination. Go or walk! They have signaled to raise their hand. Without them, I shall not live.

5

وَاجَتْ وِيراڳِيُن جا، مُون وَتِ وَڌو مالُ،
 مَقالان مَهَندي ٿيا، ڪونهي وَتِن قالُ،
 حاصِلُ جنين حالُ، آءُ نہ جِئَندي اُن ري.

Sounds of flutes of devotees are treasure for me. They are away from conversation, they do not speak. Who have spiritual excitement, without whom I cannot live.

6

جان ڪي مُون ڪي ني، پڳهه پائي پاڻ ڏي،
 پَه پَرُوڙِيم پَتِ جا، مَنجهان ڪيَنر ڪي،
 هاڻي جي هِنئي، آءُ نہ جِئَندي اُن ري.

So I may be fastened with ropes and take me with you. Many secrets of the group of snake charmers, I have derived from the sounds of their musical instruments. Who are now in my heart, without them I shall not exist or live.

7

سَتُرُ سِڱَرِيُن سين، لَحظي لاتاڻُون،
 ڪيَنر ڪُني آهيان، اُنهن جي آڻُون،
 مُون ڪي مارِياڻُون، آءُ نہ جِئَندي اُن ري.

They have removed my cover or veil with the sounds of horn flutes with in a very short moment. I am injured by their musical instruments. They have cut and killed me. I shall not live without them.

8

ميڙيو پاڻ پريون ڪيو، جوڳي جلائين،
سامي سڱڙين سين، خوديءَ کي ڪائين،
هو جي تار تڳائين، آءُ نه ڄڻدي ان ري.

The snake charmers add or collect all their self energy or egoism and destroy or ruin it. The hermits reduce their entities with their horn flutes. Who cross from the mid stream, without them I shall not live.

9

پسيو آسن ان جا، اڏوها اڇن،
ڪينر ڪاپڙين جا، صبح تان نه سڄن،
جي رائي منجهه رهن، آءُ نه ڄڻدي ان ري.

Seeing their courtyards, the convulsion, sorrows or pangs or of burning love are emerging. The guitar *Tamboor* fiddles of wanderers or devotees are not heard in the morning. Who are contented on will, I shall not live without them.

10

آسن وٽ آهون ڪريان، وس نه منهنجي واٽ،
لڳم لاهوٽين جو، ڪينر منجهان ڪاٽ،
هلڻ کي هيهاٽ! آءُ نه ڄڻدي ان ري.

At standing at their courtyard, I am crying groaning and wailing because my mouth or tongue is not in my control or possession. From the violin or fiddle of hermits, I have been stricken by the large knife. (His violin has cut or injured me). Alas! I am unable to walk and without them I shall not live or exist.

11

وَتَن وَيَنِي آهِيَان، دَسِيو ڪِيَن دَسَان،
جَنهن جهُوئي ناهِ ڪِي، سا ڪا سُونهن سَنديَان،
پَسِيو ڪِيَن پَسَان، آءُ نه جُئندي اُن ري.

In their longing or company or group, I am sitting or waiting and despite seeing them, without them I cannot see other thing. Their beauty is such that, there is no match with them. Seeing them, I do not see others. Without them I cannot live.

12

بابُو بيڪاري ٿيا، اُچُ نه آسَن وَتِ،
خودي ڪانئي هليا، پيرُ نه لائي پَتِ،
هيءُ! هيءُ! جنين هَتِ، آءُ نه جُئندي اُن ري.

Babu (White collared Beggars) or the hermits or snake charmers, are not seen at their residences or courtyards. They burning their egoism or selfishness, not putting their feet on the ground or land (quickly or suddenly) went away. On their residence or house, I am crying or groaning (making Hi! Hi!), without whom I shall not live.

13

بابُو بيڪاري ٿيا، پَجي پَڌيائون پاڻُ،
نسورويي نينهن جو، نانگن وَتِ نِڌاڻُ،
سرڪندُ جنين ساڻُ، آءُ نه جُئندي اُن ري.

Charmers when became resourceless or having no livelihood, they broke their egoism into pieces. Snakes (*Jogis* or devotees) have the treasure of entire pure gold who have also sandal-wood (purely fragrant) without whom I cannot live.

14

نانگا نانِيءَ هليا، هنگِلا جان هلي،
ديڪي تن دُوارڪا، مهيسِين مَلهي،
اَگھُ جن عَلِي، آءُ نه جُئندي اُن ري.

Wanderers (Jogi) walking to Hinglaj, to see Devi (Muslims call her Nani or mother's mother). They are believers of Shiv Maharaj Swami Chooj Pae, Dawarka whose Lord is Ali (R.A) without whom I shall not live. (Devotees believe Ali (R.A) the Lord or fountain of true sacredness or God fearing groups and bow down their heads before him).

15

پاڻهين وينا پاڻ سين، پر پر پريائين،
سامي سفر هليا، آسن اجهائين،
رخصت رنارين، آئون نه جيئندي ان ري

They exchange of welfare accounts or views with one another. Hermits prepared and collected their luggage and other material are prepared for tour or travelogue. They bring tears from the eyes at the time of their leaving or saying good bye without whom I cannot exist or live.

16

جزو وچايو جوگئين، ڪل سين آهين ڪم،
آسن جن عدم، آئون نه جيئندي ان ري.

Devotees (Jogis) destroyed their separate existence or living or entity. Their objective is to be one with God. (Human is a 'part' and God is (whole or one). The function of one is to mix with whole or (Universe). Whose place of living is destruction or to end individualism without whom I cannot live or exist.

وائي 1

سندريان سگري، ڳالهه ڳجهڙي،
مون ماريندين ڪڏهين.
جا وڃائين جتڙا، نه تنهن نڙجهڙي،
مُريءَ کي جنهن مات ڪيو، نه تنهن تل تنبڙي،
تاريو جنهن توڙيءَ کي، نه سو گهنڊ نه گهنڊڙي،

ڏاريو جنهن ڏياچ کي، تَنڊُٺان تنهن تڪڙي،
 نه سري نه سِنڌ ڪا، نڪا هِنڊُ ههڙي.
 مِٺائيان مِٺي گهڻو، چوند ا جن چڪڙي،
 ونئن اونائي اُن کي، ويلي مَر، ڪڻ وڪڙي
 بي خود بابو سي ٿيا، پُرندي، جن پُڌڙي،
 جا ساراهيل سُبْحان جي، تنهن واکاڻ ڪهڙي ؟
 سَهسين سُرودن کي، پاڻان پوءِ وجهندڙي،
 گهاندار مِرون موھيا، هيءُ ماڙهو مَهَنڊڙي،
 اديون عبدالطيف چئي، هيءُ مٿا جياريندڙي.

VAEE (FLATULENCE)

The secret in horn flute of hermits is that it will kill me someday. The pipe like musical instrument which is played by the camel drivers is more attractive than the horn flute. That (horn flute of hermits) is excellent than the flute of the charmers, even the fiddle is not match to it. That sound of the bell or small bell (The bell fastened with the buffaloes of Mehar) which helped Suhni to cross the River that is also not match to it. That fiddle wire (Beejal's fiddle) got cut the head of Diyach, it is more sharper than it. Such musical instrument is not in northern Sindh but neither in whole Sindh nor in India. Who have heard and enjoyed it, they consider it more sweeter than the sweet. You may hear its call and follow it, do not sit, but go ahead. Who have heard it playing, they lost their wisdom and converted as hermits or wanderers. That has also been liked and praised by God. How much it may be praised? That horn flute is more attractive than the other music instruments or it makes the other instruments more inferior to it. The big bells have even amused the pigs (wild animals) and it also amuses human beings or people. Oh sisters! (Says Shah Latif), it gives lives to the dead people or (gives new lives to the dead). (Here Shah has pointed to "Anahad Shabad", whose sound is sweeter and attractive than the sound of other musical instruments).



داستان ٻيو

جوڳي چارئي پهر درد ۾ ٿا گهارين ۽ هرگز سگها ناهن. سندن رسيون ميريون آهن ۽ جٽائون ڪنهن ڍنگ سان وٽيل ۽ ويڙهيل اٿن. هو دونهيون دکايو، ڌيان ۾ ٿا وهن ۽ سارو سرير پيوت سان ڀريل اٿن. سندن روح، رام سان پوتو پيو آهي. هو جڳ ۾ لڪا وٽن. سندن نيڙ هميشه اوجاڳي ۾ ٿا رهن. هو گروءَ جي گس تان ٿا هلن ۽ نيٺ وڃيو آتمڪ منزل تي رسن. اهي آديسي ماناڻا ٿيا، جي گرو ڏيکاريل مارگ تان هلي، نيٺ وڃي سندس سَنَمُڪُ ٿيا.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 2

Devotees (Jogis) remain in pains or grieves for the four phases of the day and never they become very bulky or strong. Their ropes are dirty and knots are tricky fastened. They have made a slight smoking fire and lived there carefully. Their whole body is filled with the dust. Their soul is attached with God. They remain hidden or unidentified from the people. Their eyes are drowsy and do not sleep but remain awakened. They are walking on the way of God and at last they reach the targeted destination. Those strangers are honored and following God's guidance, met with their God.

1

ڪَيمَ ڪاپڙين جي، پهرئين ڏينهن پُروڙ،
سگها ساعت نه هيڪڙي، چارئي پهر چور،
سدائين سيد چئي، هون سناسي ۾ سور،
جوڳي سان ضرور، لڪا پڻ لوڪ ۾.

Frist day, I got knowledge of the snake charmers. They were not healthy even for one moment. They were tired and broken in to grieves for the whole day. Shah Latif says, "hermits are always living in grief". They for some purpose or reason remain hidden in public.

2

ويهي وير اڳين جو، ٻئي ڏينهن ٻڌم حال،
 اُن جا ڏاڳا ڌوڙ پڪليا، جاڳوتا زوال،
 تن ڄاڻي ڄڻائون ڇڏيون، چوٽا چڱيءَ چال
 ويچارا وجود جي، ڪنهن سان ڪن نه ڳالهه،
 نانگا ٿيا نهال، لڪا پُٺن لوڪ ۾.

Second day, the welfare account of wanderers heard sitting with them. Their unstitched clothes on body were very dirty in dust and ropes to fasten their hair were torn. They deliberately grew their hair with knots and their hair was looking in order. They helpless did not exchange their views with anybody. The bare body (Wearers of clothes between legs) saw their sight and became happy and remain hidden in public.

3

ٽئين ڏينهن ٽمڪائين، دونهيون دائرن ۾،
 ميڙيو ڪڙڇ ڪانيون، جوڳي جلائين،
 سَنديون ڪامڻ خبرون، آڏيسين آهين،
 ڳجهه نه ڳالهائين، لڪا پُٺن لوڪ ۾.

Third day, they are firing and smoking in their houses or sittings. They collected straws, wood and reeds and put on fire. Charmers know about the burning (in the heat of true love). They do not exchange the secret and hide themselves in public.

4

چوٿين ڏينهن چوگان ۾ ڪنهن جنهن پهر پيا،
 وهڻ پريان جي وڊيا، تن ۾ ڪوڙ ڪها؟
 اندر آڏيسين ڪي، اچن جوش جها،
 سامي سون ٿيا، لڪا پُٺن لوڪ ۾.

Fourth day, they bowed down their necks on sticks and started thinking. They are cut in the thinking of the beloved, what tricks they have? In the minds of charmers or strangers, they have

emotions. Hermits becoming perfect have been gold (abandoning false thinking became true lovers) and in the public, they hide themselves.

5

ڪُنهن ڪُنهن پُورَ پڄاڻيا، پنجن ڏينهن پئي،
اندر آديسين ڪي، سورن شاخ ڪئي،
مُحبت جي ميدان ۾، لاشڪُ پيا لهي،
تن کي ساري رات، سَيدُ چئي، گوندر ساڻ گئي،
ڪريو سين سَهي، لڪا پُئڻ لوڪَ ۾.

Fifth day, hermits were roasted in such a thinking that grieves were felt by them in their minds. They have entered in the ground of love. Shah Latif says, their whole night passed in grief. They saw their beloveds, hid in the public.

6

پيا ڪُنهن پَرياڻ ۾، ڇهين ڏينهن چئي،
اندر آديسين ڪي، دُريان ئي ڏئي،
پَري پاڇهارا ڪيا، ڪانئي خاڪ ڪئي،
پنيو پَنجَ ڪئي، لڪا پُئڻ لوڪَ ۾.

Sixth day, wanderers put them in the deep thinking. In their minds, since beginning, God is present. They became ashes (dirty, dust) and after burning became soft and tender. They beg very small charity or beg little corn and hide in the world or from the public.

7

ستين ڏينهن، سَيدُ چئي، ڌاڄا ڌوتائون،
اُپي، اَلڪَ سائِهون، ٻانهون ٻڌائون،
وڏيءَ ڪُنهن ولاتِ جا، اُهڃَ آندائون.

Seventh day, Shah Latif says, "They washed their loose clothes, standing, closed their arms/hands." They brought signs of big foreign county. They brought signs of big country. They

secretly stitched their soul, spirit with their God. They taking their small bags, hide themselves from the public.

8

انين ڏينهن اُپي ويا، جوڳي جاءِ بجاءِ،
سا پَر سامي سَڪيا، جا پَر جوڳ جڳاءِ،
ويرو وتارَ، وجود ۾، اُن کي رام رهيو ئي آه،
ڪنهن جنهن ڪمائيءَ لاءِ، لڪا پُٺن لوڪ ۾.

Eighth day, hermits rose up and walked at every place. The hermits learnt that manner which suits devotees (in consonance with their status). They have always God in their hearts. They for some big earning (status) hide in the world or from the people.

9

نائين ڏينهن نيٺان، اوجاڳي اُجاريا،
سَبا جهي ٻاجه ڪئي، سُڃاڻي سيٺان،
جتي نَظَرُ ناٿ جو، اُتي اوتاران،
اِهي اهڃاڻان، لڪا پُٺن لوڪ ۾.

Ninth day, their eyes were drowsy or tired in awakening. The merciful God recognized and graced them. Where God's mercy or grace is, there is their homes or residences. These are their signs. They hide from public.

10

ڏهين ڏينهن ڏک ٿيا، پرينءَ پاڻو هيا، پَسُ،
وَرَق جي وصال جا، سي واري ڪيائون وُسُ،
لڏائون، لطيف چئي، سَندو گُروءَ گَسُ،
جوڳين ڪنيو جَسُ، لڪا پُٺن لوڪ ۾.

Tenth day, see they have decorated because the beloved made them happy or satisfied. The papers of meeting they got in their possession. They found the path of God, says Latif. The hermits became happy. They hide from the people.

11

وَرِيو ويراڳين جو، ڪارھين ڏينھن ڪَرمُ،
جوڳين جاتائون پُنيون، ھلي ويا حَرمُ،
دائر جھليو ڏم، لڪا پُٺن ڪوڪ ڀر.

Eleventh day, hermits were lucky enough, their visits, pilgrimages became successful and they reached at the place of God. They always remained silent; they remain hidden in the world or in the public

12

مَن مُرادون پُنيون، ٻارھين ڏينھن ٻئي،
جوڳي اِن جاتا ڪي، ٿي سڪيا سيئي،
سَمانا سيئي، جي گُرجڙجي آيا.

Twelfth day, their hearts' both hopes were fulfilled. All hermits longed for these visits and meetings or glances. They became honorable who met with their God. (Hermits reached at the sacred place and saw their God).

داستان نيون

سامي سدائين سفر ۾ ٿا رهن ۽ پنهنجي مارڳ تان هلندا ٿا وٽن. آديسي "ناه" ڪلهي تي ڪيو پيا ڦرن ۽ هوند ڪي ويجهو به نه ٿا وڃن. هو ڪن چيريل، پنهنجي سرير کي تسيا ڏيئي سُڪايو ڇڏين، ۽ ولھون، ويلا ۽ واوُ جان تي ٿا جھلين. سندن نيشن مان رت گاڏئون آب پيو وهي. نه وٽن ذات پات جو حساب آهي، نه ڏوه ثواب جو ڪتاب. هنن کي ڪا صحبت ناهي، هواڪيلائي ڪابل ڏي ڪاهيندا وڃن ۽ ڇت ۾ هميشه مهيسر جي مڙهيءَ جو ڌيان اٿن.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 3

The hermits always remain in travel and from their residential places, they walk. Outsiders or strangers put "Nah" (No) on their

shoulders and do not be near to yes or any wealth or property. They are "ear cutters" and empty belies so remain thin and slim always and tolerate on their body "Walahoo." "Wela" (diets) and "Wau". From their eyes, the water mixed with blood is flowing. Neither they have consideration of caste nor of creed, they have also no book of crime and blessing. They do not want any association or group. They singly dash to Kabul and in mind they have always the living place of brave (God).

1

سدائين سَفَر ۾ رَمَن مَٿي راه،
پُرَن پورَب پَنڌَ ڏي، مَنجَه مَوالِي ماه،
جَن اَلڪ سِين آگاه، هَلو! تَڪيا پَسو تَن جا.

The hermits remain always in travelogue and walk from their living places. They do selfless walk from county to county, towards (a spiritual or sacred country). They know their God, let us go to see their houses or living places.

2

نَڪرُ ناهِ ڪُلهي ڪري، هومَ هونَدن جيئَن،
لاهُوتي، لطيف چئي، هُون نه آديسي ايئَن،
سي ڪاپَڙي ڪيئَن، جي ڌارين تَعلُقَ تَر جيترو؟

You go out with "Nah" (destruction or nothing) on your shoulders and do not be like those who possess luggage and other household material. Hermits and strangers God fearing People are not like this (do not have selfishness and any status of entity). How they can be called sacred or God fearing (Kaapari) who have a bit relationship with the worldly material or affairs.

3

ڪَن ڪَٽ، ڪاپَڙي، ڪَنوٽيا، ڪن چير،
سَدا وهَن ساهُمان، عاشِق اُتَر هير،
تَسا ڏيئي تَن ڪي، ساڙيائون سرير،
جي فَنائِيا فقير، هَلو! تَڪيا پَسون تَن جا.

Hermits (Kaapari) who get ear cut and wear ring in ear. They are always lovers of God sit in the open sky when northern cold air is blown. They have taken hungers, have made their body very thin and slim. The sacred hermits who are attached with their God (who are reached at the destruction of their existence) let us go to see their living places.

4

سامي ڪامي پرينءَ لاءِ، ڪُسي ٿيا ڪباب،
جَهڙو ڏسن ڏوهَ ڪي، تهڙو تنِ ثواب،
اوتين اُرتي گاڏئون، منجهان اکين آءُ،
سندو ذاتِ جواب، تون ڪئن پُجين تن ڪي؟

Hermits for their beloved have been roasted. They as such see the crime as the blessing (In their view the crime and blessing is the same thing or matter). They from their eyes weep tears mixed with blood. How you take the account of caste and creed from them?

5

سامين سڱ ڪلھن تي، سَنگُ مِڙوئي سُوَر،
ڪَھندا ويا ڪاٻل ڏي، ڪو جو پيڙن پور،
مڙهيءَ جو مذڪور، ڪالھ ڪندا ويا ڪاٻڙي.

The Hermits have horn flute (for playing) and association is mishap for them. They got such inspiration because they dashed to Kabul (spiritual destination) Kaapari described yesterday the living place of the hermits or devotees.

6

سامي! مڙهي سنڊيءَ، سامهين مون سيلھ ٿي،
سا تان ڪُھ اڏيءَ، جان نانگا وِجين نڪري؟

Oh hermit! Your living place or hut constructed in front of, looks me like thorns. (because the hermit left it empty.) Oh naked! Why did you construct that hut, from which you went away?

(Perhaps, Shah Latif suffered from the separation of the hermits or his point is towards Shah Inayat Shah.)

داستان چوٽون

جي چاهين ته جوڳي ٿيان ته جُهان سان مڙئي نانا توڙ انهن آديسين سان نينهن اڙاءِ، جن پاڻ ويڃايو آهي ۽ جن بُجهي نه ٻجهيو آهي ۽ جي نه ڄاوا آهن نه ڄاڻندا. تون پنهنجي من ۾ مالها وار ۽ صاحب جي هر ڪا آڳيا اکين تي رک. تون نيسيءَ جو پيالو پيءُ ۽ دل ۾ نينهن جو دونهون ڏڪاءُ ۽ جيئري پاڻ جلاءِ. جوڳين کي جوڳ سونهي ۽ جوڳين جي ئي جان ۾ ڳجهه ڳجهاندر آهي. جي جوڳ جون سڪڻيون پڇارون ٿو ڪرين ۽ جيءَ کي جفائن کان ٿو رکين ته جهت جوڳ جو ميدان ڇڏي وڃ، نه ته ٻين کي به لڄائيندين. تون پاڻ کي اهڙو پڇاءِ جونيٽ آتش ڦري، آب ٿي پوي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 4

If you want to be hermit or snake charmer or wanderer, abandon all relations with the world and attach with those strangers or outsiders who have lost their existence or ruined their lives and who have heard but not understood and they have neither born nor will be born. You may keep in your mind the attachment and put on your eyes the advice or instruction of your beloved. You may drink the bowl of ruination and fire in your heart the smoke of love or faithfulness and die when you are alive or take your breath.

Hermits or snake charmers deserve or need to wander or to be devotee because devotees possess secrets in their hearts. If you boast only of being devotee and avoid bearing hardship or difficulties and try to save from them, then immediately leave the ground of devotees otherwise you will also get others ashamed. You may be so much firm to be devotee that the heat or fire of love converts itself into water or tears.

1

جي پانئين جوڳي ٿيان، ته سڱ سڀيئي ڇڻ،
 وڃي در دوستن جي نانگا! ڪيم نڻ،
 پٽ تنين جي پڻ، جن ٻجهي نه ٻجهيو.

If you want to be devotee, abandon all relations. Oh naked!
 At the doors of friends, do not cry or weep. You may beg the
 charity of respect or kindness or graciousness from that group of
 hermits who understood the secret but did not indicate so or
 indicated as not understood. (Who understood the spiritual secret
 but indicated as not understood or did not become aware of the
 secret).

2

جي پانئين جوڳي ٿيان، ته سڱ سڀيئي ٽوڙ،
 جي ڄاوا نه ڄايندا، جي تنين سي جوڙ،
 ته تون پُهڄين ٽوڙ، مُحَبَّتَ جي ميدان ۾.

If you want to be snake charmer, you should abandon your
 all relations. Who were not born and will not be born (those snake
 charmers who are free from birth and death) attach yourself with
 them or make love with them so that you achieve the last
 destination of love.

3

جي پانئين جوڳي ٿيان، ته مڻ پوري، منجهه مار،
 دائم دونهين دل ۾، مڻ سين مالها وار،
 سَه سِيڪا آر، اڳي جي ادب سين.

If you want to be a devotee, controlling your mind or heart,
 kill it in the heart secretly. Begin your work or start taking action,
 change or check in the heart, obey each instruction of God and
 respect or honour His every order or instruction.

4

جي پانئين جو ڳي ٿيان، ته کين پيالو پي،
 ناهِ نهار هٿ ڪري، ”آئون“ سي اُت پي،
 ته سَندو وحدت وي، طالب! توڙان ماڻئين.

If you want to be a snake charmer, you should drink a bowl of destruction. Getting ruination, do not stand there with egoism so that oh lover! You may achieve business or garden of oneness.

5

جي پانئين جو ڳي ٿيان، ته مُنهن ۾ منڊا پاءِ،
 ڪينن کين وڃائيو، جن ۾ ڪوڙين ڪڪر وڌاءِ،
 ڇڏ ڇادر، ٻڌ ڇمڙا، جُتي ٿو نه جڳاءِ،
 ته ساميرا! سنڊياءِ، گر وٽ ڳلا نه ٿئي.

If you want to be devotee so in place of ears, wear finger rings in face (keep silence.) Ears have not lost your anything so you have injured or cut them. Leave the sheet cover wear pieces of leather on the body. Do not wear shoes also. Oh hermit! Do this so that God may not disfavour you.

6

جو ڳين جو ڳ جڳاءِ، جو ڳ پڻ سونهي جو ڳين،
 جو ڳين سنڊي جان ۾، ڳجھ ڳجهاندر آه،
 هاءِ! مونهن کي واءِ، جا آئون جو ڳ نه سڪي.

Devotees deserve to earn or achieve devotion and devotees suit devotion. In the heart of devotees, there is attached a deep secret. Hi! Alas! on my position that I did not earn or receive the devotion. (Here Shah Latif shows that to earn devotion is very hard job which can be done by devotees but not by others.)

7

جو ڳ نه جو ڳو تون، ڪرين پچارون جو ڳ جون،
 هڪڙو پنڌ پرين جو، هي تنهنجي پون،
 سامي سيڻن ڏون رُندا ئي رت ويا.

You do not deserve to earn devotion and you are speaking of devotion! To beloved, way is the one but you walk to another. (You do not go from the perfect spiritual way but you are confused to take another. Hermits went weeping the deep and countless tears of blood.)

8

جوڳي هُون نہ جئرا، پاڻي جوڳ مَر جي،
 هارِيا! هِنَ کَنَن سِين، سُنَن سَنِهَوِ اِي،
 وِجائي وُجودَ کي، پاڻ پاسي ٿي،
 هَڏَ هِين کونهي هِي، اَسارا! آئون چَوِين!

Devotees are not alive (Before death, they are dead). You after earning devotion, do not remain alive. (do not desire of being alive). Oh nonsense! You may hear with these ears: You should lose your entity or egoism "self or egoism be avoided". To this existence or life has no entity (No one except God has entity). Oh lazy! You are saying, "I"! (you show egoism).

9

جان کي جوڳي ٿي، نا تہ نَرِ جا! وَنَن نِڪِري،
 کوهُ تَوَ کَنَ ڪِپائِين، جان نہ سَهِين سِي،
 پِئج! پَراهُون ٿي، مَتان پِيا لَڄائِين.

Either you should be devotee in proper way otherwise oh shameful !or leave the group of devotees from here. Why do you get cut your ears?, till you cannot tolerate the cold of (difficulty of being devotee). You should go away lest you get ashamed other devotees (lest you should drown or defame the names of other hermits).

10

جوڳي ٿِيَن نہ يار، کَنهين سِين قَرِيبُ ٿي،
 مان مُلاقي اُن سِين، جِن پُورَبَ جي پَچار،
 اُنڙي پَهَرُ اُن جي، آه نانيءَ ڏانھن نِهار،

لائي ويا لطيف چئي، اندر منجهه اپار،
سامين سان، ستار لاهوتي لال ٿيان.

The devotee linking or keeping relationship with any one, cannot be his friends. I am aware of them or I know them who have attachment or longing for spiritual walk. For eight part of a day and night their sight or eyes are to the fairy (goddess) of Hinglaj (Nani or mother's mother). They arose much longing in my heart. Oh protector or covering entity or God! May I be firm or perfect in the company of hermits and reach or enjoy the destination of Lahoot.

11

گولا جي گراه جا، جونا سي جوگي،
قتل سي ٿوگي، جن شڪم سانديا.

Those devotees, who love lavish or delicious dishes of food, they are liars. Who served or filled up their bellies, they are spoilt or strayed and become like refuse.

12

ڪن ڪورائي، ڪاڙي، چندا! ٿي جوءُ،
سر سپاهين وڪيا، سوڪ نه، سامي! سوء،
جيڪي پجين، پڇ سو، گنگا نين نه گوءُ،
وڃ، لاهوتي! لوءِ، عجز ڪي آڏو ڪري.

Oh devotee! Cutting your ears, do not be an alive wife. The soldiers or spies sold their heads (cut out). Oh devotee! Have you not heard that what you want it should be asked because who does not ask, he cannot go ahead to reach the spiritual destination. Oh hermit! be humble, go to the spiritual country (The splendid country).

13

نسورو ٿي نينهن جو، دل ۾ دود دکاءِ،
اٿي آڳ عشق جي، هاري جان جلاءِ،
چندا! ايئن جڳاءِ، جئن آتشان آب ٿئي.

Fire the smoke of love in the heart. Putting on the love fire, burn your body in it. Oh alive animal or germ! You should do like that the fire should change into water or tear.

14

هُوَ جِي ڪَن ڪَپار جا، سُوڌو سي نه سٿين،
اندر جِي آهين، سُنُ سَنِيهو اُن سين.

Those who have upper ears or ears at the head, they do not hear properly. Those ears which are at inner side or in the heart, you may hear the message with them. (with the spiritual or internal ears, hear the spiritual message.)

داستان پنجون

سنياسين جا مُونا (گودا) هميشه طور سينا جبل تي آهن ۽ کين راز جون ردائون (چادرون) ويڙهيل آهن. سندن مونا محراب آهن، هنن پنهنجي قلب ۾ قبلو ڏنو آهي ۽ هو پنهنجي تن کي ئي طواف (پرڪرما) پيا ڪن. جيڏانهن نظر ڪن، تيڏانهن هنن لاءِ نات آهي. سندن سيني ۾ پاڪ ڪتاب لکيا پيا آهن. هنن کي نه دوزخ جو خوف آهي، نه بهشت جي تمنا. هو هر وقت، پرينءَ کي پنهنجو ڪرڻ لاءِ پاڻ پيا پتوڙين. نه ڪفر سان ڪم اٿن، نه مسلمانيءَ سان واسطو. هنن لاءِ اوج توڙي زوال ٻئي هڪ جهڙا آهن. هو هن سنسار جي ساگر ۾ تنبي جئن پيا ترن ۽ جي واڳهو ۽ جي وات ۾ وڃن ته به کين ڪڇن. نامرادي سندن نهجرو آهي ۽ سندن آستان عدم (نيستيءَ) ۾ اڏيل آهن.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 5

The knees of hermits are always on the Toor Seena mountain and covered with the sheets of secrets. Their knees are arch. They have seen direction of Kaaba in their heart and they are circumambulating or going round of themselves or their bodies or heart. Where ever they see, there is Nath for them. In their chest are written holy books. They have neither the danger of hell nor desire for heaven. They always try to attract their beloved to make

him theirs. They neither belong to *Kufur* (non-Muslim) nor have any concern with being a Muslim. For them zenith or prosperity and decay or fall or decline are the same. They swim in the ocean of this world like a dry pumpkin and even if the crocodile engulfs or digests them, they do not react. Hopelessness is their cottage, cabin, camp, village or habitation and their living place is constructed in destruction or ruination or non-existence or nonentity.

1

مونا طور سينا، سندا سنياسين،
پورب گنيونہ پاڻ سين، بود بير اڳين،
ردا آهي راز جي، اوچن آديسين،
قرب ڪاپڙين، نهڻ چوئيءَ سيئن ڏڪيو،

The knees of hermits are like Toor Seena mountain (where the prophet Moosa (A.S) saw the light of Almighty Allah and talked with Him). They putting their faces in the knees see the grandeur of God). Those hermits going to the East (spiritual destination), did not possess egoism and entity. Strangers were covered with the spiritual secret sheet. The hermits with their true love and longing covered themselves from nail to the head.

2

مونا جن مڃراب، جسو جامع تن جو،
قبلي نما ۽ قلب ڪري، تن کي ڪيائون طواف،
تحقيق جي تڪبير چئي، جسمان ڪيائون جواب،
تن ڪهڙو ڏوه حساب، جن هنڙي هادي حل ٿيو.

Whose knees are direction to Kaaba (Haram at Makah), their body is the great place of prayer or Mosque. They showing their heart as the direction to Kaaba, they made rounds across their body. They raised slogan of the fact, responded to their heart or mind (They following the Right, made their body hungry). What enquiry will be conducted against them in whose heart, God is always present or existing.

3

منهن محرابُ پرينءَ جو، جامعِ سَيِّ جَہان،
 فَرہِيءَ تان فُرکانَ جي، کاتِيائون فُرآن،
 اُدامي اُتَ ويو، عَقْلُ ۽ عَرِفان،
 سيوئي سُبْحانُ، کاڌي وِجي نِيَتِيان.

The face of the beloved is the direction place in the mosque and the whole world is a great mosque (place of bowing down in prayers). (where you bow down, there is presence of God). These perfect people have erased the recitation of the sacred Book from the small board of wood for alphabet of little students indicating difference between truth and lie (Heart or the sacred protected record), (because they raised their status or standard above the stage of religious methodology (*Shariat*). There (at that destination) their wisdom and intelligence or education having feathers flew away. This all is the seeing of God Almighty, where I should bow down my head in prayers.

4

مَنجھ مَحَبَتَ مَچُ، پَہَرِ دَوَدا دَوَرِ سِين،
 چَڏِيائون چُر لَهي، کَوَرُ، کُلڪُنُ، کُجُ،
 اَوَگَن اَوَدا نَ ٿيا، گُنُ کِيائون نَ گُجُ،
 جئن سَرَن، تئن سَچُ، جئن سَرَن، تيئن سَنَرا.

In his inner side or heart, a flame of love is firing and from outside the fire filled with dust, look like bellows. They receiving the place of oneness abandoned lie, ill manner or bad culture and fraud. They did not do any bad character thing and always did good acts. As they get heat or (burn in the heart of love) so they became truth or honourable people, as they take, troubles, or make efforts they become happy and contented.

5

کِيهي کَامَ کاپَڙِي، ٿا اَهڙِي رَوَشَ رَوَن؟
 نَکا دِلِ دَوَرِخَ ڏي، نَکِي بَهِشَتُ گَهرَن،

نَڪو ڪم ڪُفار سين، نڪا مسلمانِي مَن،
اُپا ايئن چُون، تہ پرين ڪجو پانهنجو.

For what utility or purpose or objective, the hermits or wanderers are treating or dealing like this? In their heart, there is neither any worry for hell nor they need heaven. They have neither concern of being unbelievers or non-Muslims, nor they are inclined for being Muslims or believe in Islam. They stand and say "pray and beseech God to make Him own." (Hermits are not of any religion or culture but only followers of God).

6

نا اميدي آجڪو، اوچڻ آديسين،
سدا سُڪِ وَسَن، طالبِ اوءِ تَقْدِير تي.

The covering sheet of hermits is disappointment (Hermits abandon every hope and desire). They are always followers of nature or fortune or fate and remain contented on the wish of God.

7

نااميدي آجڪو، اوچڻ آديسين،
ڪڏهن تازيءَ پُٺ تي، ڪڏهين هيٺ هَلَن،
ساميڙا سمونڊ ۾، تُنبي جُئَن تَرَن،
جي واڳوءَ وات وِجَن، تہ ڪُسن، ڪُچَن ڪين ڪي.

The covering sheet of hermits is hopelessness (abandonment of all desires or wishes). Sometimes, they are riders on fresh horse and (sometimes they walk on the ground. (For them zenith and fall are one). Hermits in the ocean of this world are swimming like a dry pumpkin (they have in the ocean of this world, neither wave nor jump and no danger of drowning).

If they go into the mouth of a crocodile, they do not talk any word (they face any mishap with no cry and voice or if they feel any trouble they neither cry nor groan).

8

لَالُ ڪِي لَالُ ٿِيَا، لَالُ لَنگهيو جن،
عَدَمَ جِي اوڙاه تي، ڪيا آسن آڏوتين،
گردانيو گنگن، گرداب ڪي گيان سين.

Some of those true God fearing people like diamonds, became red after burning in the spiritual colour near them, the invaluable beloved passed or walked (who saw or glanced at God). These hermits in the fire of flame of nonentity built up their houses or huts (drowned and killed egoism). These deaf or dumb (to remain quiet and silent) churned their sensual desires with the help of true knowledge or true acquaintance (they killed their sensual desire with true knowledge (God)).

9

ولهون، ويلا، واو، جوگين جهليا جان ۾،
اُجهو راءِ الله، ڪونهي ڪاپڙين جو.

Hermits suffered from and faced cold winds, difficult times and cold warm weathers. Hermits have no other place, home or living source except God.

10

نا مُراڌي نجهرو، عَدَمَ اوتارون،
رُضا راج سَندون، مُور نه مڱن ڪي پيو.

Their hut is hopelessness or disappointment (abandonment of sensual desires) and residence is nonentity or non-existence (end self) or (self-end). To be contented on the wish and will of God (remain contented), is their rule of the day. They do not demand excepting this, the other thing. (They adopt nonentity and accept natural fortunes.)



داستان چھون

جو گين جي ذات هميشه اگهي آهي. هو اهڙي ڪنهن درد جا ڪنل آهن، جو ڏينهن جهوريءَ ۾ ٿو گذرين ۽ رات گارائي ۾. سندن روح ۾ سدائين رام پيو وسي، هنن پريم جو پيالو پُر پيتو آهي. ساري ڄمار گوند ۾ ٿي گذرين. هنن جا نيٺ الڪ ڏي آهن ۽ پوءِ ڏي نه ٿا ورن. هو نڪي تيرٿ پيئن، نڪي جوڳ کي پنهنجو مقصد سمجهن. سندن نينهن، ناٽ سان آهي. هنن جو نمسڪار، مهيشر کي آهي. ناٽ به کين سندن سڄي نينهن ڪري نٿي ٿو. ٻاهران ڪوجها آهن، پر اندران بي بها خزانن جا خاوند آهن. هو دنيا کان دور رهي الڪ جو ٿي جاپ پيا جاپين ۽ سندس محبت جو ٿي جامر ٿا پين.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 6

The hermits always are weak. They are cut by such pain that they pass the day in worry and at the night they are deeply sad. In their soul, God always live. From outside they are black and ugly but from inner side, they are full of treasures. Living away from the world, they are praying God and drink the bowl of His love and attachment.

1

ڪنهن جنهن ڪٺا ڪات، جئن سامي مور نه سٺرا،
ڏينهان ڏکي ڏيل ۾، سور سڄائي رات،
سندي جو گيان ذات، جيجان! هوءِ جدائڙي.

Hermits are cut by such a large knife that they do not live happy or in comfort always. In the day time, they are in grief and the whole night they feel uneasy. Oh mother! The caste of hermits is very feeble. (Hermits are pained or folded in love)

2

روح ۾ رهين رام، ٻهر ٻولين کي ٻيو،
پيالو پُر ڪري، جوپ پيتائون جام،
تهان پوءِ تمام، تن ٽڪيا تاڪي ڇڏيا.

In their soul, God lives and from outside they talk otherwise. They have full bowl of love and drunk much from it. After that they broke or buried their all consolations and residences. (They abandoned from all their worldly sources).

3

مَٿا مُوءِ ٿيان، سدا سوئيتا ڪاڙِي،
ڪوئي ڪنهن نه پُڇيا، ڪي اندر اندوهيان،
جيڪا ڄماران، سا منجهه گوندڙ گذري.

The heads of devotees are covered with cloth sheets and they always pass lives in grieves. Nobody called them to ask their agonies. Their whole life is passed in grieves.

4

ويني جنهين وَرَ ٿيا، مٿي سين ميري،
اڪيون جنهن جون اَلڪَ ڏي، پون ڏي نه پيري،
ڪاراڻيان ڪڪا ٿيا، ڄراڻيا ڇيري،
لُڙڪَ لال، لَطيف ڇڻي، ڪنبي ۽ ڪيري،
نِينُهَن نه نِبيري، سُوڙ ڇرندي سنرو.

Whom, years passed in the hair full with the dust, whose eyes are moved to God and do not move or change to the earth, his hair has changed from black to dust colour, because they were burnt in the fire, this true lover (red) is fearing from God and weeping tears. He never delinks his connection of love and even passing in grief, he is happy and contented.

5

نانگن ڪين نمايو، ناٿ نمايو نِينهن،
مَرَهِن انا مينهن، جوڳيان سَنديءَ ذات ڪي.

Snakes did not bow down God, but their love bowed down Him. (Their love attracted the Lord)

6

نَڪي نَمَنِ نَاتِ ڪي، نَاتِ نہ نَمائين،
 جاتا ڪَن نہ جوڳ ڪي، جوڳ نہ جُھارين،
 آديسي آئين، اھڃاڻيون الماس جون.

They do neither bow down before God nor they bow down God. They do not make visits for devotees and do not consider devotees as their God or Lord. Devotees bring signs of true diamonds. (They do not consider devotees as the last objective but excite spiritual light or brightness and bow down.

7

هَر هَر ڪَن اُميسَ، ڏُونِ ڏهاڻي ڌوتيا،
 جن نہ ماري ميس، نَاتِ نہ نَمي تن ڪي.

They pay regard to God every time and legs cover is washed by them to keep them pious. Those who did not abandon their desire or greediness, God does not please with them.

8

گُهِنڊن پاسي گُهِنڊ، گڏ گذارين گودڙيا،
 پليتيءَ کان پانهنجا، پاڪ رکيائون پنڊ،
 نانگا ڪن نہ ٻنڊ، وِجَن رُونڊا رامَ ڏي.

They hear bell from the side and the leather bags wearing devotees live together. They kept their bodies free from impurity. The naked do not sleep but go to their gods weeping tears.

9

تَهڙا ڪَڙڇ ڪَڪِرا، جَهڙا جائن ڦُل،
 تِن سامِين جي سَدَ مران، جن جي گودڙين ۾ر ڳُل،
 اندر مُلان مُل، ٻهر ڪوجها ڪاڀڙي.

Devotees burn reed and wood, they all look like the flowers of Jao plants. I die in the longing of devotees in whose leather bags they have carried flowers. Devotees are eternally invaluable

but their outer look is ugly and unpleasant.

10

يادِ گُروِ ڪُنِ گودڙيا، پَرِ بازارِ بيٺا،
پڙهڻ سُورِ سُبْحانَ جي، پين تنهن پيٺا،
جيان مُنهن مينا، تيلان نسا چاڙهيائون نينهن جا.

Who wear the leather bags, standing near the market, remember god (God). They recite the instructions of God and pay fully, drink the bowl of love. In which condition, they are very humble and sweet, in that manner they are drowned in the drowsiness of love.

داستان ستون

جوڳين کي طعام جي تمنا ئي ناهي. هُو اڻ هوند جا آسائو آهن ۽ سندن گذر سُج ۾ آهي. هُو ماڻهن جي درن تان نه ٿا پنن ۽ نڪي ديني يا ڌرمي ٻنڌڻن ۾ ٿا ٻڌجن. جڏهن خلق سجاڳ آهي، تڏهن هُو ستل آهن، ۽ جڏهن خلق ستل آهي تڏهن هُو سجاڳ آهن. هُو ڪيڏانهن پير ڪري سمهن! جيڏانهن نظر ڪن، تيڏانهن سُبْحان آهي. هنن پنهنجا پيٽ، چشڪن تي نه هيرا آهن ۽ ماڻ جي ستي ورتي اٿن، آديسين جي اکين ۾ ادب آهي، نه اصل نسل اٿن، نه اُما نه آب. هُو ”اومر“ جو منتر ٿا پڙهن ۽ نيٺ وڃيو گورڪناٿ سان گڏجن. جو جوڳي پاڻ ٿو پوڄائي ۽ خلق کي خادم ٿو ڪري، سو وڏي روڳ ۾ ورتل آهي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 7

Devotees have no need of dishes of food. They are habitual of non-availability and their living is in barren places. They do not beg from the doors of people and also are not confined in religious and other faiths. When people are awake, they sleep and when the people are sleeping, they remain awake. To which side, they may spread their feet while sleeping! Where ever they see, they see God there. They have not made themselves habitual of delicious

dishes and remain silent. In the eyes of strangers, they have honour and respect. They have neither dynastical origin nor pride of the status of parents i.e. mother and father. They recite sorcery of "Om" and at last reach at the "Gorakhnath" (destination). The devotee who is compelling people to praise him and making people his follower or servant, he is really fraudulent or he's in great loss.

1

قوتَ ڪڙايا ڪاڙِي، طعام نہ طامعو،
سِين هنيائون سُجَ ۾، پهر نہ پينائو،
اوسر آسائو، اُتي گوندَر گُڏيا.

Devotees are not fond of delicious dishes of food and do not show their greed for it or they do not eat much but a little. They begged in the barren place and do not live as beggars. They are hopeful of non-availability and joined with sadness and worry.

2

پَنن ڪين پتَ ڪڙي، گهرن ڪين گهران،
مهيسِي مخلوق جي، اُپين دور دران،
پُچن ڪوہ شرعان، جہ اندر عدالت ان جي؟

They do not beg from houses carrying the begging bowls. They are followers of Maheshwar (God), stand much away from the doors of the houses of people. Why they should ask religious law, when there is a self-court in their heart? (Their conscience is just or full of doing justice)

3

پَنن چو پتَ ڪڙي، سوجي سُڃاڻن،
تہ بر ۾ بيڪ لهن، پهر نہ پَنن ڪاڙِي.

Devotees (false hermits), who taking their begging bowls, beg, (if they know its value) the hungry can get from the desert or barren place. (God may provide them livelihood in the desert if

they consider begging bowl as avariciousness and sign or symbol of God's trust or reliance).

4

اَسْكَ جَن اَوِيَر، سِي سانجھيءَ رَهَن سُمهي،
 لاهوتي، لَطِيفُ چُئي، آڌِيءَ ڏِين اُئير،
 سُوَ لَوڪُ پُسي پيا، سامي مَتي سِير،
 ڪيڏانهن ڪندا پير؟ مَرُوئي مَٿو ٿيو.

Who are not at ease at midnight (they awake), they sleep at early night. At the midnight, they jump to rise up. The hermits seeing others sleeping, they go out on the spiritual travel. (Their prayers or worship is secret from the public). Where do they spread their feet while sleeping because they themselves are at all head. (For them, everywhere is God)

5

وچينءَ وينا رَهَن، سانجھيءَ رَهَن سُمهي،
 بَڪَ مرندي بَڪيا، ڪَنهن کان ڪين گُهرن،
 پيٽ نه هير يائون پانهنجا، چوري سان چَسَن،
 ڦڪي ڦڪيرن، ماڳيان پني ماٺ جي.

At the mid-day (some time before sunset) are awake but at the sunset (start of the night), they sleep. Being hungry they do not demand meals. They do not worship their bellies or abdomen by taking the dishes of food. The hermits at all have taken the recipe of silence or to remain quiet and silent.

6

ڪشي سان ڪَشَن، ڏيل ڪيائون ڏُهر،
 پيٽ نه هير يائون پانهنجا، چوري سان چَسَن،
 اُهرِيءَ راهَ رَسَن، ڪاڙِي ڪابول ڪي.

They fastened their body with the belts of leather and became feeble. They did not fill their belies with dishes of food

because they did not make them habitual of it. In this manner, the devotees, reach at their spiritual destination.

7

آديسي آديسُ، هِتان ڪَري هليا،
ڪاڙين قلب ۾، ڪيو ڏورائو ڏيس،
ويراڳي نئون ويس، راڻل ڍڪي زميا.

Hermits saying salute (good bye) (from this world or from this life) went away. Hermits in their hearts kept in view the foreign country (spiritual country). These spiritual kings wearing new dress (spiritual dress) departed or left away.

8

آديسين اَدَبُ، آهي اڪڙين ۾،
تن جو حَسَبُ نَسَبُ، ناه ڪي، نه اُما نه اَبُ،
سامين ڪي سَپين پَرين، رُوح ۾ رهيو ربُ،
رءُ لانگوئيءَ لَبُ، پاڇي ڪن نه پاڻ سين.

Strangers have humbleness in their eyes. They have no idem, pedigree or parentage or status of mother and father. In the soul of hermits in all situations, God lives. They excepting legs cloth, keep nothing with them.

9

لُنگُ ڪڍيائون لانگُ، موٽي ڪن نه مَسَحو،
جا اسلامان اڳي هُئي، سا سُڻائون ٻانگُ،
سامي ڇڏي سانگُ، گڏيا گورڪنات ڪي.

They wore legs cloth and did not make ablution (because their legs cloth is clean so no need of washing arms and hands.) The call for prayers (before Islam "the recitation of Om") was heard. Hermits abandoning all solaces and hopes, met with their Lord, (God).

10

پوڄا ڪارِ مَ پاڻ ڪي، ڪوٽِ راوُل! ٻَن رُجاتُ
لباسان، لَطيفُ چئي، پَل ويراڳي! واتُ،
من ماري ڪَرِ ماتُ، تَر تيرَتِ پَسِين تَڪيو.

Do not get yourself prayed by others. Oh hermit! abandon dealings with people, Oh hermit! Stop your face from doing fraud and telling lies. Kill your mind so that you may see the living place of your beloved (You can see the light in your heart).

11

پوڄا ڪارِ مَ پاڻ ڪي، جوڳي! رَڪِج جوڳُ،
خَلَقُ خادِمِ جيئن ڪَرين، اي راوُل! وڏو روڳُ،
پُڳن ڪونهي پوڳ، نانگا وَجِن نِگيا.

Oh hermit! do not get yourself prayed by others, you may control the devotion. Oh hermit! You make the people servant, it is great disease. Who abandon the world, there is no luxury or enjoyment for them. Hermits (Nanga-true hermits) get free themselves (They become free from all the paws of the worldly luxuries and enjoyment.)

داستانِ انون

سامين جي صحبت ڪنهن پڇ سان ٿي ملي. جي ڪن جوڳين جو سنگ هٿ لڳي وڃي ته سائن ڏينهن رات روح رڄنديون ڪجن، چو ته هو جي هڪ واري ويا ته موتي مس ملن. افسوس جو اڄ مڙهين ۾ جوڳين جي ذات نه ٿي ڏسجي. نه سندن سڳيون ٿيون وڃن، نه مڙليون ۽ نه وري سندن دونهنءَ جي ڪا لائ ٿي ڏسجي. شاھ کي سندن پوريل مڙهيون مارين ٿيون، شايد عنايت شاھ جي شهادت جي ماتم ۾ هي بيت چيا اٿس. شاھ صاحب کي اهڙي ڪنهن جوڳيءَ يا درويش جي صحبت نصيب ٿي هئي، جنهن سندس قلب کولي ڇڏيو ۽ سندس دل مان جُهان جي سموري پيڙا دور ڪري ڇڏي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 8

The company of hermits meets after bearing or tolerating great odds or difficulties. If the company of some hermits is met, with them all welfare accounts should be exchanged day and night because if they went away, they cannot be met again. Alas! Today in the huts, the persons of hermits are not seen. Neither their horn flutes nor their snake charming flutes are being played and also the smoke or light of their living place is not seen. Shah Latif remembers their buried huts or bodies which make him worried perhaps he has composed these verses in the memory or mourning of the martyrdom of Shah Inayat. Shah Latif might have met with some such a hermit who opened his heart and all his worldly anxiety and worry was buried and ended from his heart.

1

رَهِيا اُتيئي راتِ، صُبُحَ ويندءِ صابري،
لُنءِ لُنءِ مَنجھ، لُطيف چُئي، ڪر تَنين جي تات،
سَندي جو گيان ذات، ٻئي پيري مَس مَڙي.

These people full of patience have stayed with you the night and will go back in the morning from you. You may exchange every account of welfare and life with the heart and head. These hermits will meet you again with difficulty.

2

تان ڪي سائن اور، جان آهين اوطاقن ۾،
ڏه ڏه پيرا ڏينهن ۾، پاڻ مٿانئن گهور،
ويا جي هنگلور، تہ ڪرم ملندءِ ڪاڙي.

Till you exchange with them your views, they are in your guest room. You should ten times daily sacrifice yourself upon them. If devotees went to Hinglaj, then fortunately they will meet you.

3

تان ڪي وٽن ويهه، جان آهين اوطاقن ۾،
سامي سَفَرِ هليا، ڏور ڇتائي ڏيهه،
چڙي سڪ ساڙيهه، مٿي گنگا گجيا.

Till you may sit with them, they are in your guest room.
Hermits have in mind the far away country for which they have
travelled. They forgetting comfort or their own country, thronged
to the Ganga (Ganges).

4

اڄ نه اطاقن ۾ جاڳڙ، جوڳيڙن جو،
ساري سنڀالين ڪي، رُئندين تان رو،
پس! پاريان تو، لاهوتي لڏي ويا.

Today in the guest room, group of devotees is not seen. To
remember the travellers, till you want to weep, continue to weep.
Hermits from your side have gone away.

5

اڄ نه اوطاقن ۾، طالب تنوارين،
آديسي اُٿي ويا، مڙهيون مون مارين،
جي جي ڪي جيارين، سي لاهوتي لڏي ويا.

Today, the real lovers are not talking or expressing their
sweet conversation at their living places. The devotees migrated
and their empty guest rooms (living places) are killing me. Those
devotees who were very pleasant and soul charmers, they died or
expired. (This and the coming next poems or verses are perhaps
said in the sadness of their separation).

6

اڄ نه اوطاقن ۾، سنڌي جوڳين جوڙ،
ساري سنڀالين ڪي، ڪامي ٿيس ڪوڙ،
من جنين سين موڙ، سي لاهوتي لڏي ويا.

Today, in the guest houses, the gathering of devotees, is seen. To remember hermits, I have been like the washer-men's heaps of clothes. (As it happens with clothes while colouring them, the same has happened with me

7

اڃ نه اوطاقن ۾ ڪرڳل ڪين روئن،
 نه اهي آديسي اُسڪا، جن سين مڙهيون سُونهن،
 مڙه پُورِيائون ماڻ تي، واجت ڪين وڃن،
 ويا نانگا سي ٺڪري، پهر نه پُوريين،
 ساريو سَناسِيُن ڪي، اولاڪا اُچن،
 لاجئون لاهوَتين، جوڙي ڏنيون جي ڪي.

Today, in the guest houses, they are not available who may weep with loud cries. They are not strangers who demand for ease and comfort, with whom guest rooms look very beautiful. They making silent the guest rooms, closed them and went away. Now there horn flutes and charm flutes are not playing music. The hermits migrated from here and nothing is seen belonging to strangers. The hermits fastened their heart and body with ropes (controlled their heart).

8

اڃ نه اوطاقن ۾، ڏونهين ڌنڌ، نه لات،
 ويا ويراڳي ٺڪري، چت چڪائي ڇاڻ،
 آئون ماريَس تنهين ماڻ، جيجان! جوڳيڙن جي.

Today, neither light nor its smoke and rays in the houses or guest rooms of devotees are seen. Hermits enjoying the taste of their love or company to my heart, migrated and went away. Oh mother! I have been killed by the gratitude and tears for separation of hermits.

9

جيا سُون جوڙ ٿي، جوڳيءَ لائو جا،
 سَندو پُورب پاڻ، آچيائين اُنڌن ڪي.

New soul and rest received in the gathering of devotees ended the whole scene of sorrow and grief. He advised the blind characterless people, the way of spiritual place or country.

10

هيءَ جي هُئا هِت، تہ مَن هُونَدَ حَقُ ٿيو،
مٿيون، مُورَت، مَت، مانَ وِسرِيُون ڪي لَهان.

Hi! If they had been here, then upon them my right would have emerged. May I obtain or receive the forgotten or lost bead or ornament or Jewel of garland or necklace, picture (figure of the devotee) and the intellect or the religious knowledge.

داستان ناٿون

جوڳين جي گودڙين ۾ سواءِ بک جي ٻيو ڪي ڪينهي، نه هنن کي ڪاڇ جي گهرج آهي، نه پاڻيءَ جي. هُو اُڃ پيئيو پيا پيئن. هو جيڏانهن وڪ کڻن، تيڏانهن سندن سامهون صاحب آهي. هو جهڙا جڳ ۾ آيا، تهڙا ئي موٽي ويا. سندن مهما پورب ۾ پڌري ٿيندي. هي عيدَ جي اوڏو نه ٿا وڃن ۽ هميشه روزي ۾ ٿا رهن. آديسي اهو، جو اڃ ٿي مري، ڇو ته سپان مرنڊو سڳو. سناسين جا نيڻ سدائين آلا آهن ۽ چنڊ جيان پيا چمڪن. اڃ به ڪي آديسي آهن، پر سندن سڳيون ڪو ٻڌڻ وارو هجي. هو هريءَ جي رنگ ۾ رتا پيا آهن. هنن لاءِ نه پوڄا آهي، نه پاڻ، ڌوڙ ٿي سندن واس ڌوپ آهي. هنن لاءِ حضرت عليءَ واري رياضت ۽ مسڪينيءَ جي وات، سکر آهي. گروءَ جي جوت، سج جي سهائيءَ مثل آهي. سواءِ گروءَ جي، اندازو آهي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 9

In the leather bags of devotees, except hunger, there is no other thing, neither they have need of food, nor of the water. They drink nothing but prefer to remain thirsty. They take step anywhere, they see God there in front of them. They just as came

in this world, in the same condition they returned. Their campaign will open in the East (Poorab). They are not worried for celebrating Eid and always remain with fasting. Stranger is that who dies today, because tomorrow everyone will die. The eyes of hermits remain always wet and shine like the moon. Today also there are some strangers but nobody hears their horn flutes. They are coloured in the shape of Hari (God). For them there is no prayer, dust is their living pattern. For them is the guidance of Ali's prayers and the living in poverty. The inspiration of God (guru) is like the sun shine for them, without Guru (God) there is darkness.

1

بُڪَ وڌائون بُگريين، جوڳي ڪندا جُڳ،
 طَلَبَ نه رَڪن طَعام جي، اوتيو پين اُڃ،
 لاهوتين، لطيف چئي، مَن ماري ڪيو مُڃ،
 سامي جهاڳي سَڄ، وَسَنُن ڪي ويجها ٿيا.

Devotees in their bags put hunger. (Their bags are empty of any material and are in fasting always). They celebrate empty of things. They do not eat food and remain thirsty. They have killed their living desires. Hermits, travelling in barren places, reached at fertile land where people inhabit. (They remaining in hunger, reached at beloved's place.)

2

نه ڳندا، نه ڳيري، نه لانگوٽي لڪ،
 جيڏنهن پرين وڪ، تيڏنهن صاحب سامهون.

Neither they have coverlet nor small bag and legs cloth. Where ever, they step, there is God. (Where they go, they see God there).

3

ڪُڇي ڪاچوٽي، نانگن ٻڏي نينهن جي،
 جَهڙا آيا جَڳ ۾، تَهڙا ويا موٽي،
 اُنين جي چوٽي، پورب ٿيندي پڌري.

Devotees (naked) fastened their legs cloth of love. In the world, as simple and pious, they came, in the same condition they returned from the world. Their grandeur will be disclosed or opened in the spiritual country of place.

4

جڏهن تڏا پڇڻ اُن کي، تڏهن جي پڇڻ پندُ،
ترڙهي، لڏائون رندُ، لڏين لڪَ لطيف چئي.

Just as people ask for grain or food, similarly, they ask for the spiritual way, they can find the spiritual way and hence no trouble for them. (Shah Latif advises that for livelihood, demand from God who is provider of all things.

5

جابرادُ بڻن جي، سا اُجُ بڪَ آديسين،
روڙا رندَ رگن، عيدَ نه اوڏا ڪاڙهي.

Which is holy day for common men, that is hunger and thirst for devotees. They are devoted to the love of God, keep fasting and do not celebrate the holy days (Eid day).

6

جنهن سَناسيءَ سانديو، گندي ۽ گِراهُ،
انهيءَ کان الله، اڃا اڳاهون ٿيو.

The devotee who kept coverlet and food (coverlet and its demand), God is away from him.

7

وينو پڇين پُر، ڪر ڪا هنڌارَ هلڻ جي،
اُجُ آديسي! مَرُ، صُباحَ مَرندو سڀڪو.

Forget the next year, now you should prepare for walk. Oh stranger! Die today, tomorrow everyone will die.

8

پَرِينديئي پيرِ تيا، چڏي گنجو گامُ،
 گروه، سندي گس ۾، جن کيا تن تمامُ،
 ويهي ڪيون نه وڃ ۾، تن آديسُين آرامُ،
 رَهَ گڏيُن رامُ، پنڌان چُئا ڪاپڙي.

They left the inhabitation of the Ganjo mountain and left for the journey. They in the way of the guided advice of Guru (God), have made thin and feeble their bodies. They sitting between the strangers never took rest. They met with Ram (God) on the way and they got relief from Walk (from being strayed).

9

اڪيون آلو ماهُ، سدا سنڀاسيُن جون،
 واري نيڻ نندا، جاگي جهليا جوڳئين.

The eyes of hermits are always wet or full of tears looking like the light or shining. Devotees after awakening, they stopped their eyes from the sleep.

10

اڃا سي آهين، جي سزا وار سڱين جا،
 وينا وڄائين، جي سناسي! سٽئين.

Still they are, (such hermits) who are able to play their horn flutes. Oh hermit! They are playing the flute if you want to hear them.

11

مَرڻ مُسَلَم جن، واحد تن نه وسري،
 مٿي سڳر ڪاپڙي، ڪا نانگا ننڊ نه ڪن،
 نيڻ سڌائين تن، اوجاڳن اُجاري.

Who have accepted to die, they do not forget God. Those naked, do not sleep in spiritual journey or way. Their eyes always have been shining due to sleeplessness.

12

ڏورنُ گهڻو ڏاڪڙو، ڏورج مَرِءَ ڏئي،
 تان تان هوئڻج حُجري، جَان سين يارِ جُئي،
 جڏهن پاسي پاڻُ ٿئي، تڏهن چڏج تڪيو.

To find God needs endeavor, without earthen lamp (spiritual strength) do not try to find. You live with him in his room till the beloved guide is alive. When he dies, then leave his place or house.

13

ڏور مَرِ ڏٺان ڌار، ڏورنُ گهڻو ڏاڪڙو،
 ڪوڙين لَڪَ هزار، اِن اونداهيءَ انڌا ڪيا.

Without earthen lamp (without the light of spiritual guide), to find out or search is very difficult job. This darkness (smoke or fog of world) has made blind to lacs and crores of human beings.

14

تو جو ڏيو پائيئو، سا سورج سَهائي،
 اُنڌن اونداهيءَ، جي راتِ وهامي ڏينهن ٿيو.

You thought it an earthen lamp, it is the light of the sun (light of the spiritual guide). For blinds, there is the darkness, although the night passes away and the sun rises or the day appears.

15

ناٿُ جنهين نِنڊ، تَتِ نه نِهاريو جوڳئين،
 ڪي ڪويساهيا ڪاپڙي، پُريا پُراهين پَنڊ،
 هُو هِنهين هِنڊ، ٿي هِنهين ويا هِنگلج ڏي.

In that place where God is available there, devotees did not look at or see. The fake trust worthy travellers went to the far away foreign journey. He (God) was here, they (devotees) without reason went to Hinglaj. (This question was answered by Shah Latif in the following poem or verse).

16

ناٿ جَنهين نِنڌ، تَت پڻ نهارِيو جو ڳئين،
 سي سُويساھيا، ڪاڀڙي، پُريا پراھين پَنڌ،
 هُو هُو هُن هُنڌ، هُن هِن ڳلاجانِ هِت ڪَيو.

In that place where God is available, there the devotees looked and saw. Trustworthy devotees went to the far away journey. He (God) was there, but they (devotees) received Him (God) first in Hinglaj. (Therefore for thanking Him they went to Hinglaj).

17

گُذر گئي گُذران، ڪين قَبولج ڪاڀڙي،
 عليءَ جو ميدان، سَڪر سَناسين ڪي،

Oh devotee! Whatever passed and whatever is to be passed, that should not be accepted. For devotees, Ali's (R.A) guidance or instruction is favourable. Ali (R.A) said, "Poverty and Piety is pride for me." (He was the guide and master of the trust of God).

18

هُو جي ٿيا هَر ڪيس، تن لڳي ڪين لباسِ سين،
 وَتَن وَلهي ويس، لاهوتي لطيف چَئي.

They, who in love of God (Hari) kept cloth sheets, they did not love dresses. (They were not fond of the beautiful dresses). The devotees walk in the dress of poor. (They wear leather bags Godri).

19

بُڪَ اُنين جي بڪيا، ڌوڙ اُنين جو ڌوپ،
 ڪيائون سوئي رُوپ، جِئان لوڪ لَچ ٿئي.

Their food is Moong. Hunger (They remain Hungary but do not demand food) and their taste is dust and earth or dirt. They have adopted this shape from which people feel shy.

20

سڱيون سيليون، گبريون، ٽيئي ٽول ٽڳو،
پٽُ هٽي پٽ سين، پيري ٽن پڳو،
لاهوتُ جن لڳو، سي مڙهيان مور نه نڳيا.

Horn flutes (playing music), Ropes and small leather bags these three things and a bead of necklace or garland, they avoided. They threw on the ground and broken it into pieces. Who were attacked by Lahoot, they did not come out the living places or guest rooms. (they abandoned everything and passed in oneness).

21

ڪوئُ گوڏڙ! ٻن گبريون! ٽيئي ڪڍائون ڪانءِ،
جيڏانهن جوڳ ويو، نيٺ تيڏانهن نانءِ،
پُٽو ايئن پانءِ، نه ته سڱيون شو مت هت جون.

Abandon leather bags, leave coverlets, you take burnt leather bags. At the side or sight of the road, bow down your eyes towards that side. Consider that the horn flutes are ill deeds of your hands. (The horn flutes in the hands or flutes to play them is not the respectable function of the true devotees.)

22

جا گرُ ڏني گوڏڙي، سا مون کي ٿي مَرڪ،
چيلا! ماري چَرخُ، اوڍي ويهه ادب سين.

The lead bag which the guide gave me, that is pride for me. Oh disciple! You in the courtyard of your house sit cross legged, the bag (given to you by the guide) respectably wear it.

23

جا گرُ ڏني گوڏڙي، سا ٿئي لاهيندي لڇ،
سندا تنهن سُهڇ، چيلو چوندو ڪيترا؟

The leather bag, gifted by the Lord or (guide), to lift it from the body is an act of shyness or shame. Its many qualities, virtues

and abilities, how the disciple will praise or sing?

24

جا گَر ڏني گودڙي، سا مون گهڻي سُهاءِ،
نيئي رَسائي ماءِ، اوڏين جي اَدب سين.

The leather bag, given by (the guide) that very much suits me. That should be reached and received to the place or house, which should be worn by them respectfully or respectably.

25

اندرِ رِلا رليون، بهر پتولا،
ان پَر ڪاپڙي، گڏهَ جا گولا.

Inside, the covers of old and torn out clothes and outside silky and rich dresses, (Inside dirty and dusty, externally gentle talks and conversations and show of God fearing), the devotees of such likings or dealings are called servants of donkey.

26

بهر رِلا رليون، اندر پتولا،
ان پَر ڪاپڙي، خدا جا گولا.

Externally coverlets made of old clothes, rags and patches internally silky and rich kinds of clothes, in this way devotees are servants of God Almighty.

27

گُل گُل پسي. گودڙيا! گهڻا مَ پانيئج،
سوئي سڃاڻيڃ، هي هُو آهي هيڪڙو.

To see varieties of flowers (colours and shapes) Oh devotee! They may not be thought as many. The same Lord (God) may be considered this shape or that style are one (the qualities of only one entity).

پَتَ چڙيائون پَتَ ۾، ڏنڊَ چڙيائون ڏسُ!
 آلاشَ سان اڳي ٿيا، موٽي ٿين نہ مِسُ،
 هِي چڙيائون حِسُ، وڃي ڪالھ ڪُل ٿيا.

They threw out their begging bowls on the ground and their horn flutes and wooden sticks see that have been abandoned! They became away or they became free and clean from unsacredness or un-holiness and again did not become timber and glass. (Timber is rusted. Timber means the internal part of the body is not clean or sacred human being). They abandoned the emotions and greediness of this world. (The worldly enjoyment, lusts, luxuries, entertainments all they abandoned) and yesterday they emerged with God Almighty as one. (God is the "Whole" and we "Parts" who recognized themselves they themselves became God).



سُر ڪاپائتي

”ڪاپائتي“ لفظ جي معنيٰ آهي ”ڪٽڻ واري“ يا ”ڪاتار“ هن سر ۾ ائٽ يا چرخي ۽ ڪٽڻ وارين ۽ اٽڻ جو ذڪر ڪيو ويو آهي. انسان جو مَن چرخو آهي، چرخي چورڻ مان مراد آهي ڏٺيءَ جو اسم اُچارڻ ۽ سالڪ آهي ڪاتار. سَت مان مراد آهي ”روحاني ڪمائي“. ڪامل آهن صراف، جي هر هڪ سالڪ جو مُلھ سندس ڪمائيءَ موجب ڪٽيندا. سُر جو نالو، ان جي مضمون مطابق آهي.

تون ڪٿي ڪاتار هجين ته به هيڪلي چرخو نه چورجُ، متان صراف ڪو اُن ۾ عيب ڏسي، جي ڪٽڻ اٿيئي ته هيئنر ٿي ڪٽ، ڇو ته اڄ به ڄاڻ وهاڻي. جن ڪٿي ڄاتو آهي، تن ڪڏهن به هٿان پهي نه ڇڏي آهي. تون سپان جو خيال رک، پنهنجي ڪاڻ ڪجهه ڪت متان صبح جو سرتين وڃ ۾ روئين. تون ڪٽڻ جي نه ٿي ڪرين سپان اوچتو تنهنجي لاءِ ”عِيدُ اگهاڙن گڏ“ ايندي، پوءِ سرتين جي سڏ تي سينگار لاءِ سڪندينءَ. تو ڪالهه به نه ڪٽيو. اڄ به اُجهڻ ڪي ٿي مرين. اي پوري! ڪانڌ توسان ڪيترا پال ڪندو؟ اڄ اُٿي ائٽ سان اور. حيف آهي انهن جي حال تي، جن ”ڪاپي“ مان نه ڪيو. ڪٽڻ سندا ڏينهن ويڃائي تون عجيبن جي اڳڻ ۾ ڪنڌ ڪيئن ڪٽيندين؟ ائٽ جي مالھ ڍرڪي ويئي اٿيئي ۽ ان جا مونا اُگرتي ويا آهن. ”ڀڳي سان ٿي پير، جا نسين رتو راس ٿئي“. ائٽ ڪٽيندين جي هٿ ڪيءَ ته ڪانڌ ڏمرڪندءَ. ڳچيءَ پاند پائي، ائٽ سان اور ته تنهنجو ڪٽو اجايو نه ٿئي. ڪت به ڪنڊ به. ڪٽڻ وارين کي اهو ڪو وه آهي جو سوير اٿي اٽڻ منجهه ٿيون اچن. انهن جي سَت جي سونهن لاءِ صراف به سڪن ٿا. انهن جا سَت تارازيءَ ۾ پوڻ کان سواءِ اگهيو وڃن. جن ڇت ۾ ڇاوت پائي سنهو ڪٽيو تن جو صرافن ڏکو داخل نه ڪيو، جن مَن ۾ محبت پائي رنڊا روڙيا، تن جو سَت صرافن اڻ توريو ٿي اگهايو. سَت انهن جو سڦرو آهي جي ڳجهو ٿيون ڪٽين ۽ ائٽ جو آواز ساه کي به نه ٿيون سٺائين. انهن جو سَت اهڙو بي بها آهي جو ماڻڪ موتائين ته به ٺهي. جن ڪپھ تنبائي (صاف ڪرائي) پڇائي تن جي هٿان لسي تند ٿي نڪري. انهن ململ منجهان سوڻ ٿي ڪيو. افسوس جو اڄ ڪٽڻ واريون، ائٽ کي نجهري ۾ پوري، هليون ويئون آهن. نه وٺن ۾ اُهي وورُ آهن، نه اهي ڪاتاريون آهن. بازاريون پسيو، دل ارمان سان پرڃيو وڃي. سرتيون سڀيئي وڃي ستيون آهن. جا سنهر نه سڪي آهي، سا مر رندائي روڙي. جن پنيءَ جو اُٿي، پنهنجي ڇت سان چرخو چوريو، تن جو ڪانڌ ڪوڏيو آهي. افسوس جو اڄ نه رهيا آهن سالڪ، نه صراف ۽

نہ رھیون آہن روحانی مجلسون۔

”کَتي کَتي کالہ، اج نہ آتَن آئیون،
اَرَت اُکلي مالہ، پُوري وئیون نجرہ۔“

TUNE (SUR) KAPAITI

Kapaiti word means to spin or “Katar” means spinner particularly a woman. In this Sur, spinning wheel and spinner women and spinning place have been described. The mind or heart of the human being is like spinning wheel. To move spinner means to take or recite the name of God and *Salik* (traveller, a saint or a devotee) means Katar or spinner woman. *Sutr* (thread) means “spiritual earning.” Perfect are consumers who fix the value of each traveller or spinner according to their earing capacity. The name of the Tune (Sur) has been written on the topic of the subject matter:

“If you are spinner, you should not move the spinning wheel alone lest the consumer may see any defect in it. If you have to spin, it should be spinned now because even today will pass soon. Who have known to spin, they have not missed even a piece of the raw cotton. You should care for tomorrow. Spin for yourself lest you should not weep amongst your female friends. You are not preparing yourself for spinning suddenly tomorrow, the sacred day “Eid” will appear for you along with the naked. Then you would long for your friends. You did not spin even yesterday, today also you feel lazy. Oh white friend! How many times your husband will favour you? Stand up today, start spinning. Alas! For those who could not do anything. Losing or passing the day of spinning, how you raise your head in the courtyard of your beloveds? The rope encircling the water wheel has loosened and the nails of the spinning wheel have also been out of order. “Broken will not bring any profit for you. If you showed laziness or impotence, the husband will be angry with you. Put your cloth in your neck and start spinning which will not put you in any loss.

Spin and fear (tremble) also. It is the habit of the spinners to rise up early and come into the spinning place. The consumers are also longing for their beautiful threads. Their threads without the measurement in scales are purchased. Who spun very thin in hatred or dishonesty, the consumers did not measure a little or entered or counted even a little piece but who spun with great love and honesty, the consumers purchased their threads unmeasured in the scales. Their threads are profitable, who spin in secret and the sound of the spindle or spinner cannot be heard even by their breath. Their threads are so much invaluable that it is possible to return even pearls. Who got cleaned the cotton and carded it for which a smooth wire is coming out. They got gold from their cloth. Alas! Today, the spinners ladies, buried the spinning wheels in the earth. Neither cotton plants are in the trees, nor the spinning ladies are available. To see the markets empty of those, heart is filled with grief. These ladies are all slept. Who has not learnt to spin thin, she will surely scrape the rough spun yarn or thick yarn. (To cleanse the cotton of refuse, to improve the condition of the rough spun yarn). Who rose up early in the morning, moved the spinning wheel with the open heart, their husband is happy. Alas! Today there are neither travellers, nor consumers and spiritual gatherings and meetings. Again and again spun yesterday but not came today to the spinning place, they opened the spinning wheel, buried it in the earth.

داستان پھريون

جيسين ڪٽي سگهين، تيسين ڪٽيندي اچ. تون ڪٽڻ ۾ ماهر هجين، ته به آڻڻ ۾ اڪيلي سر نه ڪت. وقت وڃي وهندو، تون اٿي هُن جُهان جي عيد لاءِ ڪت، نه ته اتي نهايت شرمسار ۽ پشيمان ٿيندين. تون رڳو آرام لاءِ پيئي آجهرين ۽ اها سمڪ نه ٿي پوي ٿي ته ويل ويئي سا ويئي ۽ وري هٿ نه ايندي. جن ماڻ ڪيو، تن جو سهڻو ۽ نفيس ست به نه اڳهيو. جن محبت سان ڪٽيو، تن جو سادو ۽ اڻ لُسو ست ري توري وڪاڻو. ڪٽڻ سان گڏ ڪنڊ به پيئي، ڇو ته هتي ڏه سو تندي ڪپڙي واريون به ٽڙڪن پيئون. جيسين اٺ نئون اٿيئي، تيسين پهي هٿان نه ڇڏ. جي پراڻو ٿي وڃيئي، ته به پگڙ سان ئي پير. ڇو

تہ بیکاری نہایت بری آھی. افسوس جو آج نہ کاتاریون بازار پر آھن، نہ ووڻ وڻن پر. سندن آڻڻ آج سڃا پیا آھن. ”کاپاڻی“ لفظ جي معنی ئي آھی ”کٽڻ“ واری. هن سر پر کٽڻ وارین جو ذکر آیل آھی. سالک کي کاتار (کٽڻ واری) سڏیو ویو آھی. قلب آھی ”آڻڻ“ ۽ عبادت آھی ”سٿ“.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 1

Till you can spin, you should continue to spin. Although you are expert in spinning, you do not spin individually or alone. Time is going on, you rise up for the next world holy day (Eid) you should spin, otherwise there you will repent and feel ashamed. You are trying for only having rest or sleep, and you do not understand that the time is passing and will not return or cannot be received back. Who measured it or became lazy, their beautiful and soft yarn or thread could not be of value. Who spin it with love and expertise, their simple and soft threads were purchased unmeasured. With doing the work of spinning, you should tremble and fear from God. Because here hundred wires clothes owner ladies are trembling. Till your spinning wheel is new, do not leave a piece of cotton. If it goes old it should be continued to work because sitting idle is very bad thing. Alas! Today in the market are neither spinning women nor cotton in plants. Their spinning places are empty. The meaning of Kapaiti is "spinning woman". In this Sur, spinning woman are described. Traveller (*Salik*) means *Katar* or (Spinner women) and the spinning wheel is the heart and Yarn or thread is prayer.

1

توڻي تون کاتار، جَمَ هيڪلي پيرئين،
ڏني ڪا ڏٺار، صرافِ انهن سٿ پر.

Although you being an expert in spinning, yet you not move the spinning wheel alone, the consumers saw some defect in the yarn or thread. (In the spiritual way, take solace of some spiritual guide, lest in the sight of God, you will remain as Raw.)

2

جان ڪٿين تان ڪٽ، هيءَ هڏ وهائي،
 ڪاپائي سڀڪا، ڪٽي سڀائي،
 ڄاتو جن ڄاڻي، تن هٿان ٻهي نه ڇڏي.

Till you can spin, you should continue to spin, this time has passed away. Every spinner is liked by the yarn spun by her. Who understood well, they never left any piece of cotton un-spun or small piece of cotton cloth.

3

هيءَ هڏ وهائي، جان ڪٿين تان ڪٽ،
 ڪوپانهنجي عيد ڪي، پيري ڪڇ ڀرت،
 مٿان روئين رت، صُباح وچ سرتيڻ.

This moment has gone forever as you can spin, you may do so, for enjoying your holy day (Eid) embroider your clothes, lest tomorrow you should (The day of judgment), weep between your female friends.

4

ڪٽڻ جي ڪا نه ڪرين، ستي ساهين هڏ،
 ڄت سرتيون ڪنڊءِ سڏ، اُت سڪندينءِ سينگار ڪي.

You are not doing for spinning, you are sleeping having rest. Where female friends will call you.

5

اڄ پڻ اُجهڻ ڪي مَرين، نڪي ڪٽءِ ڪال،
 پوري! توسين پال، ڪانڌ ڪريندو ڪيترا؟

Today also feel drowsiness for taking rest and yesterday also you did not spin. Oh senseless! How many favours your husband will do with you?

6

اُڄ پڻ اُجهڻ کي مَرين، نَڪي ڪَٽِءُ ڪال،
مُونا ان جي اڪڙيا، اُرتِ ڏِرڪي مال،
هِيءُ! تنين جي حال، جن ڪاپي مَنجهان ڪين ڪيو.

Today too feeling tired for taking rest and also yesterday you did not spin. The sticks of spinning wheel have been old and left their places and its ropes have also been loose. Alas! On the condition of those who have not learnt from the labour of spinning (indication to irresponsible youth and the helpless of old age).

7

سِي تو ويهي وِجائيا، جي ڪَٽڻ سندا ڏينهن،
اُرتِ اوڏي نه ٿئين، پوري! پوري سيئن،
ڪَٽ ڪَٽندينءَ ڪيئن، اڱڻ عجيبن جي.

The days of spinning, you wasted or lost them sitting idle. You did not go close one moment to the spinning wheel. How will you raise your face in the courtyard of your beloved one?.

8

سوھ ساريڪا هٿڙا، ڪوھ نه ڪَٽين رڌ؟
ويهي ڪُنڊ، ڪاپوڪر، گهٽون گوھيون ڇڏ،
تہ صرافاڻي سڏ، مُرڪيو هوندَ مٽائين.

You have golden hands. Still you are stubborn and showing obstinacy. Why do you not spin? You sit in the corner and spin the yarn. Leave all your tricks of avoiding and evading to spin so that you on the call of consumer smilingly exchange it on money.

9

پڳوئي پير. جانسين رتوراس ٿئي،
بُريءَ بيڪاريءَ سين، هاري! پاڻُ مَ هير،
ڪُٽ ڪَٽينديون ڪير، نئين سين نه ڄاڻجي؟

Spin on the broken spinning wheel, till the fresh or new is prepared and made. Oh senseless! Do not be habitual or accustom yourself on sitting idle. It is unknown who will spin on the new spinning wheel?

10

پيرئين ۽ پانئين، ائين وڏو ڪانڌ،
ويني اور اُرت سين، ڳچيءَ، پاڻو پانڊ،
تہ تنهنجو ئي وٺواند، ڪتو تو نہ ٿئي.

You are misguided and show egoism and selfishness, thus your husband will be angry with you. Put cloth in your neck, sit and entertain yourself with the spinning wheel so that your spun yarn should not go waste or become valueless.

11

چائت پائي چت ۾، سنهو ڪتو جن،
تن جو صرافن، ڏکو داخل نہ ڪيو.

who spun thin (soft and beautiful) in envy or hatred keeping in the heart, the consumers did not purchase their even a *tola* or (12 grams of spun yarn)

12

مُحبت پائي مَن ۾، رنڊا روڙيا جن،
تن جو صرافن، ان توريو ئي اڳهائيو

With love, who spun even simple and coarse yarn, the consumers accepted it without the measurement.

13

ڪو جو وه ڪاپائين، ڪنبن ۽ ڪتن،
ڪارڻ سوڌ سواريون، آتن منجهه اچن،
اُن جيءَ سونهن سيد چئي، صراف ٿي سڪن،
اڳهيا سٺ سندن، پائي ترازِيءَ نہ توريا.

The spinning women have such love and attachment that they spin and tremble at a time. They for their gain or profit or earning, come early in the morning and sit in the spinning place. For their beautiful yarn, the consumers are yearning. Their yarn never measured in the scale but valued and purchased without it.

14

سُتُ اُنِين جو سَٿرو، جي پَر ۾ پڄائين،
آواز اُرت جو، ساھ نہ سَٿائين،
لڪايو، لطيفُ چئي، ڪَنبِيو ڪتائين،
جي ماڻڪَ مَوٽائين، توءُ مُلُھ مَهانگو اُن جو.

Their spun yarn is costly which is spun secretly. They try not to be heard its sound of even spinning wheel to their breath and trembling they spin it secretly. If they do not give in exchange of diamonds or jewels, it is possible or suitable because its value is more higher than them.

15

ڪي اوبينِ عَرَبَ ۾، ڪي ڪابلُ منجھ ڪَتن،
سُتُ اُن جو سَٿرو، مَٿِيو ماڻڪَن،
قادر ڪيم ڪين، ٿيلهي ٿلهي واريون.

Some people spin yarn in Arab, some in Kabul. Their yarn is costly and sold in exchange of pearls and jewels. The rich consumers, throw away or push the coarse yarn spinner women and do not allow them back.

16

پيرئين ۽ پانئيين، پائڻن پڄي چڏ،
ڪتو وٽو پورهيو، هوڏ وجهنديءَ هڏ،
هتي ڏيڍو مِتج ڏڏا، جتي ڏڪن ڏهسئي واريون.

Being misguided and feeling pound, that ego should be shunned out into pieces. Your this proudness, haughtier, vanity

and arrogance will convert your business or labour unprofitable and valueless. Oh idiot! When the ten hundred wires cloth spinners or ten hundred lumps of cotton spinners are trembling, there you should spin distorted or deformed yarn.

17

اولاڻيان آرڻ، ڪيڏانهن ڪٽڻ واريون،
پهليون مٽي پٽ، لڙجن لاکيڙن جون.

Where the spinners disappeared, their spinning wheels are inoperative or not working. The excellent spinners' lumps of cotton are being wasted or ruining

18

ڪٽي ڪٽي ڪالھ، آڄ نه آڻڻ آئيون،
آڙڻ اُڪلي مالھ، پوري ويئيون جُھرا.

They yesterday after spinning went away, today any one of them does not come to the spinning place. The rope of spinning wheel has been loose and they have closed their residence places or huts and are not at their houses.

19

نه سي ووءڻ وڻن ۾، نه سي ڪاتاريون،
پسيو بازاريون، هنئڙو مون لونڻ ٿئي.

There are neither cotton plants nor spinning women. Without them, markets are ruined and empty. For that my heart is melting and feeling feeble.

20

تاجي توربائون، ته عيب نڪتا اڳيان،
ڪوئي ڪاپائين ڪي، پر ۾ پُڄيائون،
اڱلڙي آئون، مون کان پڙا پڳا نه ٿيا.

The warp of a web is checked and found that it has got some

defects in it. Consumers called the spinner and secretly took from them the compensation. I am dirty and ugly, I could not correct the knots of the yarn.

وائی 1

کا ہنئین سین لاء، پوری کا ہنئین سین لاء،
 تُنبائی تاکید سین، جن پچایو پاء،
 پھیون تنہنجون جھوکن جھوریون، بیون اڈایون واء،
 اُرَت پاسی او جھیرین، تو کی سمہٹ آئیو ساء،
 آدیء عبدالطیف چئی، روئی، ريجھائج راء.

VAEE (FLATULENCE)

Oh senseless! think with your heart, think with your heart. Who got cleaned the cotton carefully, even only one quarter kilogram of cotton carded or beaten to make it clean and soft, by their hands one smooth wire or warp spinned. Your some lumps of cotton were spoilt by sparrows and some were flown by wind. Your near wheel spinners are drowsy in sleep and you are enjoying sleep. You should wake up in the mid night, weeping tears earnestly entreat and supplicate God.



سُر پُورب

هندول راڳ جي اٺن پُٽن مان هڪ جو نالو ”پوربي“ آهي. هن سُر ۾ شاه صاحب ”پورب“ پرينءَ جي ديس ۽ آدسين جي آتمڪ منزل (روحاني ولايت) ٿي ٿوسڙي، جوڳين کي ”پوربيا“ سڏيوائس، ڇو جو سندن پنڌ، پورب ڏانهن آهي. انهيءَ لحاظ کان ئي هن سُر تي اهو نالو رکيو ويو آهي. سرجو مضمون هي آهي:

اي ڪانگ! قريبن کي ڪَر نشون ڪري، پيرين پُئج ۽ جي سَنِيها ڏيان، سي ڪين ساري ڏج. الله لڳ سائڻ گجھو ڳالهاج. وچ ۾ ويلون ڪج ۽ ساري گجھي ڳالهه وڃي قريبن کي ڪهڃ. جي پرين ڏيساور پيا ڏسجن، تن کي اڏامي مون وٽ آڻ. اوهان جي ڪُل جي جا فضيلت آهي، سا نه وسارج، جي پرين پرديس ويا آهن، سي اڏامي هِت آڻ. تون پرديس ۾ ويل پرينءَ جي گهر ميان گهمي، پارا نپا ڏج، ته پوءِ اي پڪي! تنهنجا سڀ پر سون سان مڙهايان. اي ڪانگ! توکي پنهنجن هٿن سان پنهنجو هٿون ڪڍي ڏيان. تون ولايت ۾ وڃي، اهو عجيبن اڳيان ڪاءُ ته من پرين پڄن ته ”ڪير هٿن قربان ٿي؟“ ڪانگ اچيو اندر جو اوسيڙو لاهيو ڇڏي. منجهس بهار جي بوءِ ۽ مشڪ جي سرهاڻ آهي. ڪانگ اڃ قريبن جون واڌايون آنديون آهن. منهنجي من جون مرادون پُنيون آهن ۽ منهنجا سڌ ساب پيا آهن. جي سنياسي پُورب ويا آهن، تن جون پڇارون پريات جو نه ٻڌير. جوڳين جي ذات ڪا اهڙي آهي، جو ”مت نه معذورن جا“. هو پنهنجا آسڻ پوري، هي گهر گهوري، اڳيان نڪري ويا. مون پورب ۾ پيهي، انهن لاءِ گهڻوئي نهاريو پر سڄڻن سڌ نه مڪي.

سُر ”پورب“ جي پهرئين داستان ۾ ڪانگل ۽ قريبن جو ذڪر آهي ۽ ٻئي داستان ۾ ڪاپڙين ۽ پورب جو شاه جي جيءَ جو جانب به ڪو جوڳي هو جو پنهنجي مڙهي پوري، پرديس ۾ هليو ويو هو ۽ شاه مومل وانگر راهون پئي تڪيون ۽ سندس طلب ۾ ڪانگ پئي اڏايا. هن سُر ۾ شاه کي پُورب جي ئي پڇار لڳل آهي، ۽ پوربين کي ساري، گج پيو ڳاري. شايد ڪو جوڳي، جنهن سان روح جڪڙيل هوس، سو ڪنهن پرانهين پنڌ هليو ويو هو ۽ کيس ورهه ۾ ماندو ٿي ڇڏي ويو هو.

پورب پورب تب ڪرون، جب هنڌڙي آئون پور،
سڪندي کي سڄڻين، نڪون لائون نور،
ماريس تنهين سور، چئن ساڄن سڄي نه، ملي.

TUNE (SUR) POORAB

Amongst eight sons of Hindol Raga (song), Sur Poorab (East) is one of them so its name has been proposed as "Poorab" (Eastern). Shah Latif has called Poorab as the country of the beloved and strangers' spiritual destination. The snake charmers are called Poorbia because their walk is towards Poorab (East). Due to this reason, this name on this Sur has been selected. The subject matter of this SUR is as follows:

Oh crow! Bow down to feet of the beloved and present him all the messages, I give you. For God's sake, talk with them secretly. Do not delay and tell the whole secret account to the beloved ones. The beloveds who have gone to foreign countries, fly there and take them back to me. Do not forget your all status. You in foreign country, fly over their houses and covey them all messages then Oh bird! Your all feathers will be converted to gold. Oh crow! I may draw my heart with my own hands and eat it before the beloveds in the foreign country so as they see and ask you as to "who made this sacrifice"? The crow comes and washes out all the worry. It has fragrance of the springs and sweet smell of the Musk. The crow has conveyed today the congratulations of the beloveds. The hopes of my heart have fulfilled and all my calls have been heard. The travellers who have gone to Poorab (East), their conversation or voice of speaking in the midnight, I did not hear. The caste of charmers is that "no relatives of helpless or source less or disable persons." They buried their court yards, leaving their houses, went out ahead. Sitting in East, I looked for them a lot but the beloved's information could not be received. In this Sur, the first statement contains the account of the crow and the beloved where as in the second statement there is mention about the strangers (Jogis) and the East. The beloved of Shah Latif was also the devotee (Jogi) who buried his house/hut went to the foreign country. Shah Latif like Moomal looked for all the ways for him and in his search, he flew the crows to him. In this Sur, Shah Latif has only the remembrance of Poorab (East) and

remembering the Poorbians or Easter Jogis or devotees, he weeps tears. Perhaps with some Jogis (snake charmers), Shah Latif had love who had left him for some foreign country and left him in lurch in grief.

"I mention Poorab, when my heart is in anxiety, I am longing for beloveds, no other light comes, I am in great grief for this as the beloved does not meet me very soon."

داستان پهريون

اي کانگل! پرينءَ کي اسان جا سلام ۽ نياز ڏج ۽ کيس جهيٺي آواز ۾ اسان جو سَنِيهو سَٺائج. ساجن کان سواءِ، اسان جي اکين جو آب سڪي ويو آهي. تون اڏامي، کيس پرديس مان واپس آڻ. مان تنهنجا پَر سون سان مڙهائيندس، جي پرينءَ جي پار جي خبر ڪڍي ايندين. مان توکي پنهنجي دل، پنهنجن هٿن سان ڪڍي ڏيان ۽ تون وڃي اُن کي عجيبن جي حضور ۾ ڪاءُ ته من هُو توکان پڇن ته ”هٿن قربان ڪير ٿي؟“ کانگل ۾ بهار ۽ مشڪ جي خوشبوءِ آهي ۽ سندس سنيهو، عاشق جي سرير کي سورن کان صاف ڪيو ڇڏي. هي دوست جو درباري، مر ته عاشق جي اکين تي هلي.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) I

Oh crow! Pay our regards and respects to the beloved and in a humble voice convey our message. Without the beloved, the tears (water) of our eyes have dried. You fly and take him back from foreign country. Then I shall get your feathers knitted with gold. If you bring any news of the welfare account of the beloved, I shall draw my heart with my own hands and eat it in front of dear beloveds so that they should see it and ask you as to "who made this sacrifice?" In the crow, there is sweet smell of the spring season and fragrance of the Musk and its message when conveyed, purifies the body of the lover from the worldly pains and grieves. He is a friend of the heart, please die so that he may walk on the eyes of lover.

1

ڪري، ڪانگ! ڪرَنشُون، پيرين پرين پئيج،
 آئون جو ڏينئي سَنيهو، وچ مَ وساريج،
 الله لڳ، لطيف چئي، گجھو ڳالهائيج،
 چُٿان تئن چئيج، تہ ڪنڀاتا! خوش هُئين.

Oh crow! After paying regards and submissions to the beloved, bow down to his feet. What I give you my message for him, you should not forget it on the way. For God's sake, talk to him in secretly. Oh crow! As I advise, you should convey it and then you will remain happy and contented.

2

آءُ اُڏامي، ڪانگڙا، پارانيا پڇار،
 ويهي هِت وصال جو، تان ڪو تِر تنوار،
 جي ڏسڻ ۾ ڏيسار، سي اڏامي آڻ پرين.

Oh crow! Come flying and tell me about (beloveds) messages. You here (at us) sit, tell a little about the meeting. They are physically or in the eyes away in the foreign country, fly and take them here to us. (with your sweet voice attract them and bring them back to us).

3

پارانيا پڇار، مٿي لامَ لطيف چئي،
 ڦير مَ فُضيلَتون، جا ڪُر اُوان جي ڪار،
 جي ڏني ۾ ڏينار، سي اڏامي آڻ پرين.

Sitting on the branch of the tree, you may repeat their account. What is the tradition of your family background, do not avoid it. Who are in sight shinning like the day time (beloved whom shinning is of the day time) fly and take or bring them to us.

4

وَهلو وُر، وريا پرين، آءُ ڪانگا! لُٿن لات،
 ويا جي ڦلات، سي اڏامي آڻ پرين.

Oh crow (Kanga)! Return soon and come to mention that "Beloved will soon come back." If they have gone to Kalat (foreign country), fly and bring them back

5

ڪانگل! سي ئي ڪوٺ، پرين جي پرڏيهه ويا،
جنين رءُ جهان ۾، اڪڙين اڙوٺ،
الله لڳ لطيف چئي، ڪڇ ڳاراڇو ڳوٺ،
جي دمربا ڪنهن ڏوٺ، سي اڏامي آڻ پرين.

Oh crow! Call and bring those beloveds. Who have gone to foreign country and without them weeping tears the water of the eyes has dried. For God's sake, come to village and celebrate the happy day. (bring good news of return of the beloved and then celebrate this happiness). If the beloved has been angry for some trouble or grief, fly and take them back here.

6

پرين جي پرديس ۾، تن جي ڪانگا! ڪڇ خبر،
ته سڀ مڙهايان سون سين، پکي! تنهنجا پر،
گهمي مٿان گهر، ڏج پارانيا پرينءَ کي.

Oh crow! Beloveds are in the foreign country, tell me their welfare account so that Oh bird! Your all feathers may be knitted with the gold. Fly over the house of the beloveds, convey them messages.

7

ڪڍي، ڪانگا! توڏيان هنئون ساڻ هٿن،
وڃي ڪاءُ ولات ۾، اڳيان عجيبن،
پرين مان چون ته هئن قربان ڪير ٿئي.

Oh crow! I may draw out my heart with my own hands and give to you. You before the beloveds in the foreign country, eat it so that the beloveds may ask, as to who was slaughtered and sacrificed in this manner?

8

ڪانگل ڦريبن جا! اچي وائيءَ وٺ،
 تو ۾ بوءِ بهار جي، مشڪ ڪٿوريءَ مٺ،
 اچي عجيبن جو، اورانگهه اڳڻ،
 توکي پسي تن، سورنٺان صاف ٿئي.

Oh beloved crow (*Kangal*)! You tell me happy news or describe pleasant story. You have sweet smell of the spring season and the Musk perfume of about one maund. You should fly over the courtyards of the beloveds, cross other side of the river. To see you, my body becomes free of pain and sorrowful position or clean from all anxieties.

9

آندڻون ڪانگ قريب جون، اڄ واڌايون واه،
 من مرادون پُنيون، ٿيون سرهائيون ساه،
 آندا پرين الله، سڏ منهنجا ساب پيا.

Today the crow has brought valuable congratulations of the beloved. All the hopes or expectations of my heart are fulfilled and in my heart gladness or happiness have emerged. God brought back or returned beloveds and my cries or calls have been successful.

10

ڪانگل! تنهنجيءَ ڇانگ، جڏو جيءَ جياريو،
 مٿان لامن ڪت ڏيو، ٻولئين سر هيلانگ،
 اڏر مٿان ڦانگ، ته گهر آون سهرين.

Oh crow! Your jump, made my weak body very strong. Your learning other branches, sitting on the dual branch of the tree, are mimicking and singing. Come flying over the branch of the tree so that my beloved may come to my house.

11

کانگل! نیئي کانگ، مُنهنجي ڏي محبوب کي،
 ”لالن! لایئي ڏينھڙا، ڪنھن سٺائي سانگ،
 اوان رءِ اڙانگ، وِڻي ورهَ وسائيان.“

Oh crow! Convey my this message to the beloved. “Oh dear! You with some important reason, so many days passed! Without you, I am sad and worried and pass life in the heat or burning of separation.”

12

رءِ پريان پردیس ۾، ورهَ وڌي کي وس،
 اکيون پار پرين جي، ٿيون گامِ نهارين گس،
 ڏيندا پاندي ڏس، کينءِ جون آئي خبرون.

Without the beloved living in the foreign country, pain or grief has showered their increase on me (worries have tried to increase). My eyes at the beloved (waiting for the meeting of the beloved) see the routes of the village. The messengers at last, will bring the happy news of the coming of the beloved.

13

زاغ! تنهنجيءَ ذات جو، ٿورو مٿي مون،
 اڏامج، عبدالطيف چئي، صبحَ سڻين ڏون،
 ڪڇ وينتيون وٽريون، باجهائج بهون،
 ته لالن! ڪو نه لهون، جهو تو جهان ۾.

Oh crow! Your caste or you being non-human has done great favour, beneficence or obligation on me. Fly to the beloved early in the morning. You may beseech them and submissively request them that “Oh dear! In this world, no one is like you or we do not see like you.

14

قريبن جو ڪانگڙو، مٿي تارِ ٽلي،
 ڪٿيو ڪنيا تو خبرون، ڪيرون ڏيو ڪلي،

لائي جنهن لائن سان، مُنهنجي باتِ بلي،
سو وُڙ چُشمن تي چلي، جو دَرِباري دوس جو.

The crow of the beloveds, is jumping and flying over the branch of the tree. The crow receiving or carrying the happy news of congratulations is laughing, crying and smiling. It, at last, conveyed my account of welfare or love message to my dear beloved. Now, it can happily walk on my eyes which is palatial messenger or helper. (Which has returned from the palace of the dear beloved).

داستان ٻيو

پرين، مرڪي، اڪيون مٽي ٿو ڪٽي ته عاشق جا سڀ درد ميسارجي پيا وڃن. جوڳين کي فراق جي سُوڙ ڳاري ڇڏيو آهي. ماڻهن ليکي ته هو فاقن جي ڪري ڳري ويا آهن. جو پاڻ کي سامي چوائي، ۽ سُڪِ طلبي، سو سامي ناهي. هو گُروءَ وٽ سُرخروئي نه ٿيڻو آهي، پوءِ پل ته ماڻهن اڳيان پاڻ کي ”انعامي“ چوائي. جوڳين جي ذات اهڙي آهي، جو ڪنهن جا به مٽ ٿيڻا ناهن. هو پنهنجا آسڻ پوري، پورب ڏانهن هليا ٿا وڃن ۽ پوءِ سندن طالب وتن ”پورب! پورب!“ ڪندا ۽ نيئن مان نير وهائيندا.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 2

The beloved smiling, keeping his eyes up, all the pains and anxieties of the lover are vanished or washed out. The devotees have weakened or have been feeble in the pain of separation. People think that they have been feeble for the hunger they suffered. Who calls himself as hermit or devotee and needs ease and comforts, he is not real hermit. He has not to be favoured by (God) Guru, then why not he is called before the people as the "prized one". The caste of devotees is as such that they cannot be relatives of any one. They buried their courtyards or houses go to the Poorab (East) and then the lovers repeat 'Poorab' 'Poorab' (East and East) and always are weeping tears.

1

تِن اَکِين اتان سُکُ، کَلَندي کُئِن جِي،
پَرِيُن پاڻوَهَن سان، دُورِ کَيا سَپِ دُکُ،
ماڙُهَن ليکي بَکُ، سامي سَورِ سَنا کَيا.

From those eyes, comfort was felt which were smilingly kept up by the beloved. By smiling and laughing, beloveds removed all the anxieties and pains. People thought that the devotees have been weakened by the hunger but they have been reduced or thinned by pains and grieves.

2

سامي چايئين، سُکُ طَلَبِئين، سِڪئين نہ، سامي!
اَجا اورئين پَنَدَ ۾، وينين وسامي،
گُر کي تون نہ گَدَئين، چايئين انعامي،
دائِمُ مُدامي، پورو رهِج پرينءَ سين.

You call yourself as devotee (Jogi) and need comfort, Oh hermit (Jogi)! You did not learn! (You did not learn from devotion). You are still in the Journey (spiritual way) because you sat idle. You did not meet the (God) Guru. (to follow the instruction of the lord (Guru) could not meet or make connection with him and you call yourself the master or lord of the prize winner or achiever (master of destination). Always you should be truthful and loyal with your beloved.

3

پُورِپيا پُوري وِيا، آسَن آڏِيءَ رات،
سُيَم نہ سَناسِيُن جون، پِچارون پِريات،
ڪا جا جوڳيءَ ذات، مِت نہ معذورَن جا.

The citizens of the East (spiritual place or country), in the mid night, closed their houses and went away or left. In the early morning, the voice of speaking of those strangers did not hear. The caste of Jogis or devotees is such that they cannot be relatives

and friends of the pained or sorrowful (lovers) people and they have no mercy or kindness for them.

4

مَٿِي رَاهَ روان ٿيا، پُورَب پُوريائون،
هي گهر گهريائون، اڳانديائون اڳيان.

Jogis (devotees) started their Journey and went to the Poorab (spiritual place). Abandoned the house here and constructed their houses in far away places.

5

پُورَب پُورَب تَب ڪَرون، جَب هنڌڙي آون پور،
سڪندي ڪي سڄڻين نڪون لايون نور،
ماريس تنهين سور، جئن ساجن سڄي نه ملي.

Poorab! Poorab! (East! East!) I repeat when in the heart many thoughts about Jogis (devotees) are emerging. Longing for the beloved, my eyes have showered the flows or streams of tears. I have been weakened by that pain or grief that it has been heard or understood that the beloved will not meet. (In the Risalo, there are some parts of the poems in which such Hindi language words have been used).

سُرڪارايل

”ڪارايل“ لفظ جي معني آهي مور يا هنج (هنس). هن سر ۾ هنج جي گڻن جي ساراھ آهي، تنهن ڪري ئي ان تي اهو نالو رکيو ويو آهي. حقيقت ۾ سڄن عاشقن کي هنسن سان عام ماڻهن کي ڪنگن ۽ ٻگهن سان ۽ دنيا کي لڙايل پاڻيءَ سان مشابهت ڏني ويئي آهي. هنج ”وحده“ جي وائي چئي، ٻگهن وچان آڪاس اُڏاڻو ۽ انهيءَ سر وڃي ديرو وڪيائين، جتي ”پارڪ پڪيا“. هن جون اکيون اوڙاه ۾ آهن. ماڻڪ جي پاتار ۾ آهن، تن تي هو هريل آهي. ڪنڌيءَ تي هنج جي ڪهڙي حاجت آهي؟ هن کي سر جي سوجهي آهي ۽ هو پاتار ۾ وڃيو ڪاڻ لهي، افسوس جو ڪانگن اچي اچو پاڻي ميرو ڪيو آهي. هنج ويچارا اُتي ايندي، لڄ ٿا مرن. تون جي هڪ واريءَ هنجن سان گڏ گهارين ته وري جيڪر ڪڏهن به ٻگهن سان پيله نه ٻڌين. لڙايل پاڻي ۾ وهڻ، هنجن جو مرڪ ناهي. جن هنجن جو چوڻو ماڻڪ آهي، سي چلر ۾ جهنب هڻي، مڇي نه ٿا کائين. عام ماڻهو انهن (سڄن درويشن) کي انهيءَ ڪري نه ٿا سڃاڻن، جو هو ٻگهن (رواجي انسانن) سان گڏيا پيا گهمن. هنج مڙوئي هنج آهن، منجهن ڪو به مير ناهي. جنهن به سر ۾ رهن، سو سر سرهو ڪن. افسوس جو اڄ مور مري ويا آهن ۽ هنج هڪڙو به نه رهيو آهي. سندن جاءِ تي ڪوڙن ڪانيرن اچي ديرو ڪيو آهي. سوئي پڪي آهي، سوئي پڇرو آهي، سوئي سر آهي، سوئي هنج آهي. ماري به منجهه ئي پيو ڦري. افسوس جو جن هنجڙن سان هنجڻن جي هوڏ (محبت) هئي، سي سڀ هليا ويا آهن. واسينگن جي ٻچن کي ”سنهاسپ“ نه سمجهه انهن جي جهڙپ اهڙي آهي، جو هاڻي به جيڪر هندن نه ڇري. نانگن جي ڪا ڪا ذات اهڙي بري آهي، جو مور به ان کان ڪنارو ٿا ڪن. (مور، نانگ کي وچ مان کڻي، يڪدم فنا ڪري ڇڏيندو آهي). پر نانگ (نفس) جو گاروڙين (نانگ کي منڊيندڙ) جو ٻيڻ يعني جنگ (درويشن) سان پهچڻ ناهي. هي انهن جو ٻيڻ جو ديرو آهي، جن پنهنجي جوڳ ٻل سان جهوناڳڙه جلائي ڇڏيو. هنس آهي روح، پڇرو آهي سرير، سر آهي روحانيت جو چشمو ۽ ماري آهي نفس يا موت. هن سر ۾ هيءَ گجهارت آهي: ڌڻيءَ جا عاشق، جن کي حقيقي رازن جي سُڌ آهي، سي هنج (هنس) آهن، جي حقيقت جا موتي پيا چڻن. عام انسان، جن جو پيشوئي آهي ڪوڙ ڪمائڻ ۽ ڊولاب ڪرڻ، سي ٻگهه يا ڪنگ آهن، جن جي دل، ڪني مڇيءَ ڏانهن مائل آهي. هنس اتي ٿا اڏامن، جتي ڪنگن جو خيال به نه ٿو وڃي. انسان جو روح به هنس آهي، جنهن کي چو طرف شڪاري (حرص ۽ هوس) وڪوڙي ويٺا آهن. هيءَ

دُينارڻ آهي، جنهن ۾ واسينگن جو واسو آهي. ڪي وڏا ڪاريهر، ڪي ننڍا. انهن کان هر وقت خبردار رهڻو آهي. جيئن جو ڳين پنهنجي يوگ ٻل سان جهونا ڳڙه جلايو هو، تنهن سڄا عاشق به سمورين سڌن ۽ نفساني بلائن کي پَسَم ڪيو ويٺا آهن.

TUNE (SUR) KARAYAL

Karayal means peacock or goose. In this Tune (Sur), the qualities of Goose have been praised for this reason it's name has been expressed as Karayal. In fact true lovers with goose, common people with crows and cranes and the world with the muddy or turbid have been compared. The goose to recite the oneness, fly up to the sky between the cranes and reaching there made its abode where the examiner bird's eyes are in whirlpool or abyss. The pearls in the bottom, it is accustomed with them. At the harbour what is the function of the goose? It has to lose its head and it wants to go into the bottom for finding the mine of pearls. Alas! The crows come and made water muddy. The goose are feeling shyness to come over there. If you want to live at once with goose, then again you cannot be mixed with cranes. To live in the muddy water is not suitable for geese. The food of those geese is pearl, they do not put their back in the water to catch the fish and eat it. The common people do not recognize the (sacred people) because they are attached with the cranes, are mixed with them. Geese are at all geese. No one is dirty or muddy amongst them. Where ever they live, they are happy there. Alas! Today the peacocks are dead and no goose in survived. In their place, the liar crows have settled. The same is the bird, the same cage, the same crane and the same is the goose. The killer is wandering in between them. Alas! There was association and gathering with those geese, they all have gone away. Do not consider children of Cobras as "thin snakes". Their attack is such that an elephant cannot move from there. There are some such bad kinds of snakes that even peacocks are going away from them. (The peacock catches the snakes at its middle body and at once kills them). But the snake (sensual desires) which (the snake charmers) Jogis' war is not with sacred people. There is settlement of those Jogis who

with the strength of their devotion had burnt Junagarh. The Goose is soul, the cage is body, head is the fountain of spiritualism and the killer is (sensual desires) or death. In this SUR, the riddle is that." Lovers of God who know the real secrets, they are geese who eat the real pearls. The common man whose business is to tell a lie and make frauds, are cranes or crows, whose heart likes the bad smell fish. The geese are flying at the places where no crow is available. The soul of human being is also a goose whom hunters (Greediness) have sieged, avariced or blockaded. This world is a barren desert where only cobras are living, some big cobras and some small. We must be aware of those always. Just as Jogis (devotees) had burnt with their charming flute, the Jhuna garh as such true lovers have also controlled and washed out all sensual desires and sexual excitements.

داستان پهريون

جئن هنج، ٻڳهن جي صحبت ۾ نه گهاريندو آهي ۽ هميشه عميق جي پاتار ڏانهن موتين لاءِ نهاريندو آهي، تنهن ڪامل انسان به رواجي ماڻهن کان ڪنارو ڪري، عرش ڏانهن ٿو پرواز ڪري ۽ حبيب جي حضوري ٿو ماڻي. افسوس جو هيئنر هنجن (ڪاملن) جو نشان به نه ٿو ڏسجي ۽ ڪانگن (دولابي انسانن) اچي دنيا جي فضا کي خراب ڪيو آهي. هنس هتي ايندي ئي لڄ ٿا مرن. عشق کي آفرين هجي، جو محبتين کي ملائي هڪ ڪيو ڇڏي. ڪنول گل پاتال ۾ ٿو اُڀري ۽ پوءِ نر آڪاس ۾ ٿو اڏامي، پر نينهن ٻنهي کي هڪ ٿو ڪري.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 1

Just as the goose cannot live in the company of cranes and always look for pearls in the bottom of the sea, similarly the perfect or sacred man also goes away from the common man and fly over to the sky and achieves the pure and sacred association of God. Alas! Now there is no sign of geese (perfect people) and the crows (fraudulent people) have appeared and spoilt the whole atmosphere in the world. The geese feel ashamed to come and live here. All credit is to the true love which has become the

source of meeting with the beloveds and lovers. The lotus grows in the bottom and the big black bee or wasp flies in the sky but love mixes both of them.

1

”وَجِدْهُ“ وائي، چَرَهِندي چَيائين،
سو لُڙ لنگهيائين، جتي پارڪ پَڪيان.

Gooses (perfect people) flying say that “He (God) is one God.” He crossed that noise (went successful from this world) where there is test of the birds (human beings).

2

بَگهن سين پاڻ هڻي، اُڏاڻو آڪاس،
جتي پرين سَنداڻس، سو سُر مڻي هنجڙو.

Abandoning the company of cranes, the (Goose) flew up to the sky. In the fountain, where his beloved is, the goose flew there. (Perfect reach and enjoy the gathering of God.)

3

اَگڙيون اوڙاه ۾، اُپو تَڪي تار،
پئون جي پاتار، هَنجُ تنين جو هيرئون.

Eyes of the goose are in the deep sea (spiritual sea) and it stands to watch the full water, the goose is accustomed of those pearls (fond of those pearls) which are lying in the bottom of the sea.

4

وَجين نه پيهي، پڻ لئ پاتار ۾،
ڪنڌي ۾ ڪيهي، هاڃ تنهنجي هنجڙا.

For pearls, do you not dash in the bottom of the sea? Oh goose! What is your concern with the shore or harbour of the ocean.

5

ٿيو حُضوري هاڻ، سو جها پيس سَر جي،
ڪُنڊي لَڌي ڪاڻ، پَڪيڙي پاتار ۾.

The goose now presented himself in the courtyard of or in front of the deep bottom and knew about the ocean. (He understood the spiritual secret) This searching bird (Perfect sacred person) went into the bottom and found the treasure from there.

6

اچو پاڻي لڙ ٿيو، ڪالوريو ڪڏهن،
ايندي لڄ مرن، تنهن سر مٿي هنجڙا!

The clean water became muddy because the crow made it muddy (like the liar people have controlled over spiritual gatherings and meetings). The geese coming to this fountain are dying being ashamed.

7

هنجن سين هيڪار، جي گڻ ڪري نهارين،
بگهن ساڻ پيهار، پيله نه ٻڌين ڪڏهن.

If you (Oh man!) carefully treat geese (true sacred people) (to remain in their association) so you never go in the company or gathering of cranes (fraudulent).

8

آءُ اڏامي هنجڙا! سر ۾ سارينئي،
مٿان مارينئي، پاڙهيري پهُ ڪري.

Oh goose! (true human being) You may fly and come because you are being remembered in (the spiritual country or place) (you are remembered by the Spiritual Lord). Lest the hunters plan or make trick o kill you (hunter means worldly greediness)

9

ڪوئنر پاڙون پاتار ۾، پوئنر پري آڪاس،
ٻنين سندي ڳالهڙي، رازق آندي راس،
تنهن عشق کي شاباس، جنهن محبتي ميڙيا.

The roots of the lotus are in the bottom (earth) and the big black bee (its lover) fly here and there in the sky. The longing for both each-others has been fulfilled by God. Who met these lovers and beloveds, they deserve credit and congratulations. (As the lotus and the bee met and became one).

10

ڪوئنر پاڙون پاتار ۾، پوءِ پري ۾ سڄ،
پنهين سنڊي ڳالهڙي، عشق اِي ۾ آهڄ،
تو ۾ نه لهين آج، جي پيو پسين پاڻ ۾.

The root of lotus is in the bottom (earth) and the black bee or wasp is walking in the sun (In the sky where there is no inhabited place). The similarity in both is sign of love. They drink sips of love to one another. Nevertheless their thirst of love is not quenched.

11

جيهر لوڪ جهپ ڪري، اوهير اڏامن،
پتون جي پاتار جا، چيتاريو چئن،
ڪو ڪندا ڪي تن، پاڙهيڙي پُھ ڪري؟

When people sleep, that time geese (perfect travellers) are flying up. The pearls are in the bottom (In the bottom of ocean) they selecting or watching eat them. The hunters with tricks what will do to them? (The worldly greediness how will affect them?).

12

ويا مور مري، هنج نه رهيو هيڪڙو،
وڻن ٿيو وري، ڪوڙن ڪانيرن جو.

All peacocks (True human beings) died and even one goose (perfect sacred man) now has not survived. This country (world) existed for liar cranes (fraudulent and mean people).



داستان ٻيو

انسان جي اندر ۾ ئي هُنس (پاڪ روح) آهي ۽ سر (روحاني چشمو) آهي. سندس جسم، پيڇرو يا قفس آهي، جنهن ۾ هُنڄ قيد آهي. شڪاري (نفس يا موت) به اندر ۾ ئي پيو ڦري. رڻ ۾ واسو ڪندڙ واسينگن جي ٻچن کان به ڏٺي رکي وئي. انهن جو زهر اهڙو قاتل آهي، جو هاڻيءَ کي به اتي جو اُتي فنا ڪيو ڇڏي. مور، جي ڪاريهرن کي هوند بروقت نهوڙي ڇڏين، سي به ڪنهن ڪنهن ڪاريءَ ذات کان ڪنارو ٿا ڪن. سندن منهن ملائڪن جهڙا آهن، پر سندن ڏنگ اهڙو پڇڙو آهي، جو جنهن کي لڳو، سو مئو. نفس به اهڙو ئي نانگ آهي، جو ڪڏهن سچن انسانن کي به ڏهڪايو ڇڏي. ڪي ٿورا ڪامل آهن، جي نفس کي ايئن جلايو ڇڏين، جئن جو گين، جهونا ڳڙه جو جهنگ جلائي، مڙني ڪپرن کي ناس ڪيو هو.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 2

In the heart of the human being, there is goose (sacred soul) and is the fountain (spiritual fountain). His body, is a cage or jail, where in a goose is caged. The hunters (sensual desires or death) are also moving in the heart. In the deserts, the living children of Cobra snakes, may God protect from them. Then poison is as such a killer that it can kill even an elephant there. The peacock kills the cobra at once but from some black coloured snakes they run away. Their faces are like those of angels, but their sting is much poisonous that to whom they sting, they will die. The sensual desires (Nafis) is also such a snake that sometimes they tremble even the true pious and sacred people. There are some small number of perfect people who burn or abandon the sensual desires in such a way that as Jogis (Devotees had burnt the forest of Jhunagarh and killed all available poisonous little size snakes in the forest).

1

سو پڪي سو پيڇرو، سو سُر سوئي هُنڄُ،
پيهي جان پروڙيو، مون پانهنجو مَنجُه،
ڏيل جنهن جو ڏنجه، سو ماري ٿو مَنجُه ڦري.

The bird, cage, fountain and goose all are one thing. I looked into myself, understood the secret and I learnt that the body which has fear of that hunter or any harm that also moves in side. (Goose=soul, Cage=body, fountain= The Ocean of spiritualism, hunter=sensual desires or Death.

2

سَنَہا ڀانءِ مَر سَڀ، وِڀاءِ واسِينِگَن جِا،
جِنِين جِي جَهڙڀ، هاڻي هِنڌان ٿِي نَه چُري.

Do not think the serpents of Cobra snakes as thin or little snakes, whose stings kill even to an elephant and make it unable to move from its place or spot.

3

آسَنُ جن آريج ۾، اوڙ ڪَچَر وَه ڪري،
تن جا مُنهن مَلڪَن جَهڙا، ٻِڪو نان نہ ٿري،
جي اُنھين سان اُڙي، تہ ڪانهي جاءِ جَريءِ جي.

Those snakes live in deserts or barren grounds, they are very dangerous poisonous or killers. Their shapes or figures are like an angel (in seeing they are beautiful) but their stings kill the stung person immediately. If your link or concern happens with them, then there is not a little chance to save from them.

4

آسَنُ جن آريج ۾، تن جي وَه جو وَرَنُ ڀيو،
تن جو ڪَنڊو ٿِي ڪَمُ ڪري، جي مٿس پيرُ ڀيو،
پُرِينِشَان آهي پَتِرو، تن نانگَن جو نهو،
ڪَلي ويل ڪهو، جو سامُهون ٿِي سَڀن کي؟

The snakes whose living places are in deserts, the color or kind of their poison is different. Their thorn (on it if their poison is mixed or dropped) kills, when any ones foot is laid. The origin of those snakes is famous in all countries. At the time of fighting, who will dare to face or encounter them.

5

ڪُنهن ڪُنهن ڪاريءَ ذات ڪي، مور به مٽائين،
جي چٽرا چڪيا ڪري، ته وڳ ورائي ڏين،
ساڻ سُمورا نين، جي مٺين پانئي موٽيا.

Peacocks avoid or change their sides from such dangerous kinds or origins of snakes. (Usually, the peacocks catch the snakes from their middle body and fly up in higher sky and fall them from such a height and thus kill it). If this dangerous kind of snakes with some tricks sting the peacocks, their all groups return or go to other safe places where such kinds of snakes are not available. If the peacocks returned after thinking such dangerous snakes very unfortunate, then they will take their groups away from such places to other places.

6

پهرين ڪاري نانگ جي، ڪو چرڪيل چيڙ ڪري،
هي هٽي ڏنگ ڏسائيو، ته ويجهو تان نه وري،
جيڪي ٽپ مري، جيڪي سڪي سڪي صحت ڪي.

Firstly any unfortunate, will not aggress with the Cobra snake. If it by some trick sting, the stung one cannot return very soon (to his place) or at that moment, he will die or for the whole life he will remain disable and cannot live well or cannot live in the proper health.

7

ڪُپُر! ڳاروڙين سين، وڏو وڏو وير،
نانگ! نه ويندين نڪري، تو ڏر مٿي پير،
هي تنين جو ڏير، جن جهونا ڳڙه جلايو.

Oh Cobra! You have raised enmity with snake charmers. Oh snake! You can not go out from them safe. This is their sitting or living place. You have put your foot on the big danger. This is their sitting place (Jogis or snake charmers residence places who burnt with their flute the forest of the Jhunagarh) ■

سرپرڻا تي

لس ٻيلي جو حاڪم سپڙ سخي، سخاوت ۾ پنهنجو مٿ پاڻ هو. هن هڪ ڏڏ
مگٽهار کي هڪ سئو تازي گهوڙا انعام ۾ ڏنا. ڏٺي به اهڙو ئي سخي آهي، جو ابوجهن
کي ڏيو ڇڏي. هن سر جو مضمون هي آهي:

اهو ڀانن (مگٽهارن) جو دستور ناهي، جو ڪينر (سرنڊو) ڪليءَ ۾ ٽنگي سمهي
پون، ۽ سونهاري صبح سان وڃي وڃهن. اي مگٽا! توکي ڪيرتن کانسواءِ ڪير ”مگٽو“
چوندو؟ تون سمهين نندون ڪئن ٿو ڪرين! وهائيءَ (پرڻا) جو اُٿي روئ، ڇو ته سپاڻي
تنهنجو ساز پٽ ۾ پيو هوندو. تون سيرانديءَ کان ساز رکي، ساري رات سمهيو ٿو پوين.
جارجاڻي ذات جو اهو وڙ ناهي. چارڻ اُهي چئجن، جن کي ڪو سک ناهي ۽ جي ڪلهن
مٿي ڪينرا ڪٿي رجن جي راه ٿا پجن. اي لنگها! تون سپڙ در وڃي سوال ڪر ته قيمتي
انعام حاصل ڪرين (سپڙ مان مراد ڏٺي آهي مگٽهار انسان آهي). هو جيڪي ڳجهه ۾
ڏڏن کي ٿو ڏئي، سو جي ڪيرتن ڪندڙ سٺن ته هوند پنهنجا ساز پڇي پرزا ڪري ڇڏين.
اُت (محبوب جي حضور ۾) ڪيرتن وارا ڪيترائي آهن. ”جيڪي بندو ڪري، سو
مڙيوئي ڏوه.“ اي صاحب! تون پارس آهين ۽ مان لوه، ”جي سجين ته سون ٿيان.“ اي
ابوجهو! سپڙ جو سڏ ٿيو آهي. هو چوي ٿو ته: ”اوهين مونکان مگڙ، ڇو ته مان اوهان جو
آهيان.“ چارڻ کي ڇوڏل ۾ ڇاڙهي، سخي سردار (سپڙ سخي) کيس سرفراز ڪيو. ٻيلي
ڏٺيءَ (سپڙ سخيءَ) ٻاجه ڪري، اها سٺي آهي. جا چارڻ جي ڇت ۾ هئي. هي در ابوجهن
جو آهي. جي تون ڄاڻين ته به نه ڄاڻ. راجا ابوجهن تي ريجهي ٿو. ڏاتار (سپڙ سخي) پاڻ
مگٽي کي ڏوراپا ڏيئي چيو ته ”منهنجو در ڇڏي ٻين درن تي ڇو ٿو مگين؟ انهيءَ ڪري
ئي توهيترا ڏکيا ڏينهن ڏنا آهن.“ اي مگٽا! تون انهيءَ کان مگ، جو سدائين ٿو ڏئي. اي
جارجا! دنيا جا در ڪوڙا اٿئي، جي ٻيا ڪي ڏيندءَ ته سپان وري مهڻا ڏيندء. تون سپڙ
کي نه وسار ۽ وڃي ان جي اڳيان ليلاءِ: ”تون سپڙ آهين، مان سيڪڙو: تون صاحب آهين،
مان سگ: تون ڏاتار آهين، مان ڏڏ. تنهنجو سڏ سٺي، ڪلهي تي ڪينرو پاتو اٿم.“ سپڙ
ڄام، ميرا مگٽهار پسي، هنن کي سڏ ڪيا. اي مگٽهار! سپڙ (ڏٺي) ريسارو آهي ۽ چارڻن
جا ڇت ٿو پر ڪي. تون پرڻا جو اٿي سندس جس ڳاء. ذات، ذات تي ناهي. جو وهي ٿو،
سو لهي ٿو. ابوجهن جا آرا ۽ انگل، سپر ڄام ئي ٿو سهي. جو راءِ وٽ رات ٿو رهي
(سندس ساڀي هيٺ آهي)، تنهنڪي ڪوبه جو ڪو نه ٿو رسي.

پرياتي هڪ راڳڻيءَ جو نالو آهي، جا پريات يعني اسر جو ڳائبي آهي. هن سر پر شاھ انسان کي بندگيءَ جي تاڪيد ٿو ڪري ۽ ڏٺيءَ جي اُٻار سخاوت کي ٿو ساراهي. هتي سڀڙ سخيءَ مان مراد ڏٺي آهي، جو رب العالمين آهي ۽ سڀ کي روزي ٿو رسائي. سر سخيءَ هڪ جڏي جاجڪ کي تازي گهوڙا انعام طور عطا ڪري ڇڏيا. ساڳيءَ طرح انسان ڪيترن به عيبن سان پريل هجي، پر جي سائينءَ اڳيان پاڏائي، ته هو کيس ملامال ڪري ڇڏي.

SUR (TUNE) PIRBHATI

The Ruler of Lasbelo, Sapar Sakhi (Sapar generous), no one was match to him in charity or generosity. He had given a hundred fresh (*Tazi*) horses in reward to a disable poor Maganhar (who demand money or beggar) for his art of pipe (musical singing instrument and drums). God is also more generous Who fills fully in charity to the poor beggars. The subject matter of this Sur is as under:

This is not the tradition of beggars (Players of Pipe musical singing instrument) to sleep hanging their fiddle in the hangers and play the instrument for begging charity in the early morning. Oh piper singer! Who will call you beggar except some ones? How do you sleep and get rest? In the midnight rise up or wake up and weep because tomorrow your musical instrument will be in the ground. You keep it near your head and sleep the whole night. It is not the tradition of the beggars (Pipe singers). The musical instruments singers are those who are restless and upon their shoulders they carry the fiddles, go to the deserts or barren places. Oh beggar! (Pipe singer!), You should go to the door of Sapar generous so that you get a precious costly reward from him. Sapar means God and the beggar (Pipe singer) is a human being. Which He gives secretly to the poor disables, if it is known by other instrument players, they would break into pieces all their musical instruments. There (in the company of beloveds) there are many such pipe singers. "What ever is done by the man, it is sin". Oh God, "You are diamond and I am iron, "If You favour me, I shall be gold". Oh poor (simple people), Sapar has called on the

palanquin, he says, "We should beg or demand from Him because "I am yours!". The singer heard favourable words which were in his heart. This door was poor's door, If you know or not. The Lord is very kind to poor innocent or stupid people. Sapar generous reproaches himself the beggar, "Leaving my door, why do you beg at other doors?. It is why you have seen many difficult days. "Oh beggar! You should beg from Whom you have always demanded". Oh beggar! The doors of the world are false. If others give you today, tomorrow they will reproach you. You do not forget Sapar and go to repent before him like this, "You are Sapar, I am percent of You, You are master or boss, I am dog, You are sustainer, I am poor innocent, hearing Your call, I put my fiddle on my shoulders, Sapar Jam called beggars to see their dirty clothes. Oh beggar! Sapar (God) is very envious, He examines the hearts of the singers. You are up in the midnight and praise him by playing your fiddle, gift is not up to caste or creed, who makes efforts, he will find. The endearment and coquetting of beggars are tolerated by Sapar. Who stays night with the Lord (lives under care) no loss is with them or they do not suffer from loss.

Pirbhathi is a kind of singing which is sung in the midnight or early in the morning or before the sun-rise. In this SUR, Shah Latif advises for praying to God and praising His generosity. Here, Sapar generous means God, who is owner and master of both worlds and provides provision to everyone or to all. Sapar generous is God Who raises the status of all and is provider of livelihood to all. Sapar generous rewarded in charity one hundred fresh horses to a disable and very weak poor beggar. Similarly, if the man is full of many defects and sins but he prays his Creator, He provides him or favours him with all His bounties and gifts including wealth and property.

داستان پھريون

اھو مڱڻھارن جو مرڪ ناھي، جو پنھنجو ساز ڪليءَ ۾ تنگي، صبح جو سمھيا
رھن ۽ ڪيرتن کان ڪنارو ڪن. مڱڻھارن کان سواءِ ٻيو ڪير ڪيرتن ڪندو؟ انسان به

ڏٺي جي در تي مڱتو آهي. سندس فرض آهي، الله جي در تي ٻاڏائڻ ۽ سندس سخاوت ۽ بخشندگي لاءِ ساراھڻ. جئن سپڙ سخيءَ هڪ ڏڏ مڱتھار کي نوازيو، تئن ڏٺي به ان لائق انسان کي نوازيو ڇڏي. رڳو سندس ستائش ۽ ساراھ سڄيءَ دل سان ڪرڻي آهي. اسان وٽ بي حساب ڏوھ آهن، هن وٽ اپار سخاوت آهي. اسين لوھ آهيون، هو پارس؛ جي سڄي ته سون ٿيون.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 1

It does not suit the beggars that they should hang their musical instrument or fiddle in the hanger and remain slept in the morning, and avoid doing their profession of begging by playing fiddle. Except beggars who will function as player of the musical instrument for begging?. Man is also a beggar on the door of God. His duty is to pray to God and praise Him for His generosity and rewards or favours. As Sagar generous rewarded to a very weak and innocent beggar, so God also rewards the disable and undeserving beggars but His prayer and praise should be with true heart. We have committed many sins but He has full generosity. We are iron and He is diamond if He wants to favour us we will also be gold.

1

اِي نه پانن پير، جئن ڪينر ڪيريءَ ٽنگيو،
سونهاري صُبح سين، وجهي وينين وير،
توڪي چونڊو ڪير، ڪيرت ڌاران مڱتو؟

This is not a tradition of beggar, that they should hang their fiddle in the hanger. You sat idle in the early morning and did not play the musical instrument or fiddle. How you will be called as beggar without singing songs on the fiddle or musical instruments.

2

ستو ڪئن ننڊون ڪرين، رو وهائيءَ روءِ،
سُيان ساڙ سندنوءِ، پيو هوندو پت ڀر.

How are you sleeping and having rest, get up early in the morning and weep. Tomorrow, after your death, this musical instrument will remain idle and waste. (No body will be available to play it). (Here it is a point towards the left wealth or property which will soon ruin or destroy).

3

سیرانديءَ ساڙ ڪيو، سُمهين ساري رات،
جاڳڪاڻي ذات، اِي هوءَ اڳهيئن؟

You pass the whole night in sleep, putting your fiddle at the head in the bed. The family or caste of the singers and music players will not be of value or respect in this way. The beggar is the human being. If he remains lazy and impotent, he will not be accepted or favoured by God).

4

جنين سڪ ناه ڪو، چارڻ سي چئجن،
رُجن راه پُجن، مٿي ڪُلهن ڪينرا

Singer or music player is called to those who are not at rest or ease. Singers are those who take stringed music instrument on their shoulders and search the way or path of the desert or barren place.

5

مُوڙهو پُئين مڱڻا! ڪيڏانهن هئين ڪال؟
لنگها! چڏ، لطيف چئي، اُجهن جا افعال،
سڀڙ در سوال، ڪر ته قيمت آئين.

Oh beggar! Why are you confused and perplexed or entangled to walk? Where were you yesterday? Oh music player! You may leave or abandon these tasteless deeds. Go and beg from the door of Sapar generous so that you may get costly or invaluable gifts and rewards.

6

چارڻ لڳو، ٻنڌ گهڻو، ڪي چوڻائيءَ چئڻج،
هٿ ڪي هلائيڇ، اتي آءُ نه اچڻو.

The singer is very weak physically. The distance is long (which he cannot walk). You may request the crown owner or Lord that "I may be given reward in charity or gift here at my residence, I cannot come to his palace (to his mansion palace)".

7

جيڪي ڏڏن ڏي، ڳجهيان ئي ڳجهه ۾،
سي جي سڻن ڪڏهين، ڪرت وارا ڪي،
نه ساز مڙوئي سي، هوند پتون ڪن پلڪ ۾.

What God gives secretly to the unskilled and innocent beggars or singers, if that singers and music players hear, they would break their all music instruments into pieces and throw them out.

8

اُت ڪرت وارا ڪيترا، ڪرت ڪبو ڪو؟
جيڪي ٻنڌو ڪم ڪري، سو مڙوئي ڏو،
تون پارس، آءُ لو، جي سچين ته سون ٿيان.

In the presence of God, there are many singers and music players, what should be done to many? What the man does, it is included in the list of sins. You are diamond (Philosopher's stone) and I am iron. If You bless me or favour me, I will also be gold.

9

اُٿيو اُٿيو جهاءُ، سڀڙ جو سڏ ٿيو،
جڏن ائين ڪيرت ڪت نه سڳيا، تڏن پاڻا ريتو راءِ،
مڱو مون مُلاءُ، آءُ اوهان جو آهيان.

Oh innocent man! You have been called by Sapar generous (reward giver god). As you have not learnt singing and music playing, despite the Lord has been gracious and kind. He says,

“Demand from Me, because I am yours”.

10

ذَاتِ نہ آہی ذاتِ تِی، جو وَہی سولہی،
آریون اہوجہن جون، سَپَرُ چامُ سہی،
جوراءِ وَتِ راتِ رہی، تَنہن جُکی تان نہ ٹہی.

Spiritual graciousness does not depend upon any caste, creed and dynasty. Who devotes, he will receive it. The endearment and requirements of the innocent people, are borne by Sapar Jam or head of the tribe. Who stayed the night with the ruler or Raja, he will not see any difficulty or hardship.

11

دَدُ تِی دَانُ گُہریج تُون، چَدِ وَجا وَجائی،
سَپَرُ راتِ سَنبَہیا، تازی تو لائی،
جو جاتی نہ گائی، تَنہن سین بيلي دُئیءِ ہاجہ کی.

You become unknown and demand or beg charity, forget your knowledge or egoism. Sapar Jam (Lord) yester night prepared fresh horses for you. Who is neither known nor sing or play music, because of this, the ruler Lasbela (Sapar generous) favoured him.

12

پیو لیٹین لُت، سَچِیون راتِیون سُمہین،
اُٹی آدیءِ نہ کَرئین، سَپَرُ سانُ سَہت،
رُونجہی راتِ اُپتیا، پیٹنِیٹون پائیت،
میڑی تَنان مَت، چُونڈی پَریا چارٹین.

You become careless and sleep the whole nights. You must awake or get up in the midnight, you do not make conversation with Sapar Jam or Lord (god). By caste Roonjha ruler, opened pearls from the boxes. Beggars (True or sacred people) collected them and filled up their earthen vessels with them.

13

ڌاتارَ ڏُڪَ ڪَيا، پاڻا مٿي مَڱَئين،
 ”مون ڏرَ ڇڏيو، مَڱَڻا! مَڱَين ڪوهُ پيا؟
 تڏهن تو پيا، وڃان ولها ڏينهنڙا.“

Charitable Patron (Sapar generous means god) reproached the beggars that “Oh beggars (singers or music players)! Leaving my door, why you go to others doors? Because of this you have to see difficult days.”

14

مَڱَ تنهين کان، مَڱَڻا! جو ڏيهاري تو ڏئي،
 ڪوڙا ڏرَ ڏنيا جا، جاجڪ! مَڱَين جي،
 سڀان توهين کي، موٽي ڏيندا منهن ۾.

Oh beggar! You must demand charity from Whom Who gives you daily (from God). Oh singer! You beg from those (worldly people) who are false and fraud. They will reproach you tomorrow.

15

ڪڙھ اڳيان ڪپ، ڏهاڙي ڌاتارَ جي،
 لنگها! لاهَ مَر لڪَ سِيئن، مٿان چانئڻ چپ،
 مَڱَڻهارن مپ، ڪونهي پيو ڪيرت ري.

Oh beggar! You may visit the house of the generous Lord daily and weaken yourself. Oh beggar! You should not remove your lips from the threshold of his door (kiss it again and again). There is no other source of help or charity for fiddle players (Beggars).

16

سَپَرُ ساهُ پَساه، جاجڪ! جَمَ وسارئين،
 ريهي رُپي سَنديُون، تَنڊُون تَنبي کي پاء،
 لنگها! تون ليلاء، اڳيان وڃي اُن جي.

Oh beggar (Pipe Singer)! Lest you should forget Sapar

generous even for a while. You should play your fiddle and fix in it the wires of silver. Oh beggar! You should go to him and entreat or supplicate him.

17

تُون سَپَرُ، آءِ سِيڪَرُو، تُون صاحبُ، آءِ سَڳُ،
پُڇِي تَنهنجو پَڳُ، ڪُلهي پاڻم ڪينرو.

You are Sapar Lord, I am beggar (Pipe singer). You are master (owner), I am your dog. I asked your footstep or address, I have put the fiddle (violin) on my shoulders.

18

تُون سَپَرُ، آءِ سِيڪَرُو، تُون ڏاتارُ، آءِ ڏوهُ،
تُون پارسُ، آءِ لوهُ، جي سَچين تہ سونُ ٿيان.

You are Sapar Lord, I am beggar. You are generous, I am totally sinner. You are diamond, I am iron. If You favour or grace me, I shall also be gold.

19

اُڀريو تارو، اُٿي وَرِ وهاڳُ ڏي،
سَپَرُ ريسارو، ڇَتِ پَرَڪي چارَ ٿين.

Early in the morning, he has appeared, you may rise up supplicating the husband (god) start singing the song (Raga) of early morning. Sapar (god) is an honourable and sensible and is examining the hearts of the pipe or fiddle singers. (God is gracious and envious just as indicated in the SUR of Leela Chanessar. He examines the hearts of human beings and does not see the external behaviour or flattery or praise of the people.



سُر ڏهر

ٿر ۾ ٻن پتن جي وچ ۾ ماٿريا ڏاڍي مٽيءَ واري سڌي ميدان کي ”ڏهر“ چوندا آهن. هن سر تي اهيو نالو انهيءَ ڪري آيل آهي، جو ان ۾ سمايل خيال، شاه صاحب کي هن ڏهر مان لنگهندي آيا آهن. اڳي اتان درياه وهندو هو ۽ شاهوڪاري مال ايندو ويندو هو. جسودا جنگ واپاري هوا. افسوس جو هينئر اُتي سچ لڳي پيئي آهي. نه درياه آهي، نه مڪڙي، نه جسودا، نه سونگي. اُتي هينئر رڳو ڪنڊن جا وڻ ۽ اڪ ڦلاريا پيا ڏسجن. شاه هڪ ڪنڊي کي ڏسندي ئي ساڻس رهاڻ ٿو ڪري. چي:

اي ڪنڊا! ڪي ڍور ڌڻين جون ڳالهيون ڪر ۽ ٻڌاءِ ته راتريون ڪئن پيو گذارين؟ اڄ تنهنجا جهڙا حال اچي ٿيا آهن. ٻڌاءِ ته تون ڪئن پيو ڏينهن گذارين؟ سچ ٻڌاءِ ته تون ان سين لڏي ويا آهن ڇا؟ تنهنجو مڃر هينئر ڇڳا ڪيو پيو چڻي. جي توکي ڍور ڌڻين جي سور جو ويد آهي ته پاڻڪي ڏڍ ڏيئي ڇو نه ٿو مڃر پيدا ڪرين. اي ڪنڊا! جڏهن ڍور (درياه) ڀريو ٿي وهيو، تڏهن تون ڪيڏو هئين؟ جسودن (شاهوڪارن واپارين) جهڙو ڪو پانڌي گڏيو اُتيئي يا نه؟ سچ ته هاڻ ڍورو سڪي ويو آهي ۽ ڪنڌين تي اچي اڪ ڦلاريا آهن. افسوس جو جنگن (شاهوڪار وڻجارن) زور ڇڏيو آهي. سُر سڪي ويو آهي ۽ سونگي (محصول وٺندڙ) به هليا ويا آهن. جڏهن ڍاڳي نهر ۽ ڍورا وهندا هوا، تڏهن جسودن جو وڻج به ڏاڍو زور هو. هاڻ ڍورو اڳين ڍار نه رهيو آهي. ملاحن، پاڻيءَ جا پار ڏسي مڪڙا موڙي ڇڏيا ۽ جسودن جهڙا يار جل جي فڪر ۾ پئجي ويا آهن.

اي مڇ! جڏهن واھڙ ۾ جل جال (جام) هو، تڏهن تون نه موٽئين. هاڻ ”سر مٽي سه، مهميزون ملاحن جون.“ تون مڇي ٿلهو ٿيو آهين ۽ ٿونا ٿو هڻين؛ جنهن پاڻيءَ جي اڄ ڏسي تون پليو هئين، تنهنجا هاڻ ڏينهن پڄي ويا.

اي الله! جيئن تنهنجو نالو وڏو آهي، تئن مونکي تنهنجو آسرو به وڏو آهي. تنهنجي ڪانڌ جو پرو ۽ پاند ئي ڪونهي. اي رب! تنهنجو ئي نالو روح ۾ رهيو اٿم! اي صاحب! تنهنجي صاحبي عجب آهي. پنن کي پاتار ۾ ٻوڙيو ڇڏين ۽ پٿرن کي تاريو ڇڏين. توکي وڏي سگهه آهي ۽ ٻاجه ڀريو آهين. جيڏو تنهنجو نالو آهي، تيڏيائي تنهنجي ٻاجه ٿو مڱان. مون ٻيا در گهڻيئي نهاريان آهن، پر تو جهڙو در ٻيو ناهي. تون ريءَ ٽنڀين ۽ ٿوڻين، چپر ۽ چانو آهين. تو ڌاران ٻيو ڪو بلو ناهي. اي ڍڪڻهار! تون پناه جو پاند ڏيئي مونکي ڍڪ.

اي سُتا! ايڏي نند ڪرڻ مناسب نه آهي. ننڊن سان سلطاني سهاڳ نه ٿو پرڀي. جاڳڻ ۾ جس آهي. جاڳڻ، قلب تان ڪس ٿو لاهي. رات گذري ويئي آهي، پره ڦٽي آهي ۽ نڪت جهيٽا ٿيا آهن. اي هاري! اُت! نه ته گهڻا هٿ هڻڻا پونءِ. تو پانيو ته مونسان هميشه سڄڻ هوندا. تون سڄيون راتيون سمهي پئين؛ انهيءَ ڪري ئي پرين توکي ڇڏي ويو. جهاني ماڻهو ڦيڻ ڏسي پلجيو وڃن. هنن ڪير جو ڏاڻقو نه ورتو آهي، هو دنيا ڪاڻ دين وڃايو ويٺا آهن.

هن سر ۾ جتي ڍوري، ڪنڊي ۽ جسودي جو ذڪر ٿو اچي، تنهن دنيا جي بي بقائيءَ ۽ الله جي مردن جي اثاٽ ڏانهن اشارا آهن. ڏهر هيءَ دنيا آهي، جتي ڪڏهين اوج آهي ته ڪڏهين زوال. جنهن هنڌ اڄ شاهوڪاري آهي، تنهن هنڌ سپان سڄ وسندي. جو اڄ ڳارهو گهٽ آهي، سو سپان مقام ۾ لٽبو. جئن جسودن جو زور هينئر ناهي، تنهن روحاني وڻجارن جو به قحط (ڏڪر) آهي. رڳو صاحب ئي ساراه جي لائق آهي. نالو سندس ئي رهندو، ٻيو سڀ فاني آهي. ڪيڏانهن ويا آهي جُنگ فقير، جي وحدت جي درياه ۾ حقيقي ماڻڪن جو وڻج وهائيندا هئا. افسوس جو انهن جو هاڻ نشان به ڪونهي ۽ سندن جاءِ تي اڪ ڦلاريا بيٺا آهن. هن دنيا ۾ ڌڻيءَ جو ئي نالو رهڻو آهي. هو ئي اسانجو پردو ۽ پناه آهي. جي دنيا تي پلجي، ڪائنس منهن موڙيوسين ته اسانجو حال به انهيءَ مڇ جهڙو ٿيندو، جو پاڻي ڏسي پليو هو ۽ مهراڻ جي سڪي وڃڻ سان موڇڙن جي منهن ۾ پيو هو. هن سر ۾ شاه صاحب ڪونجڙين لاءِ پنهنجي درد جو اظهار ڪيو آهي ۽ سنگهارن کي ساراهيو اٿس، جي سخا ۽ مهمان نوازيءَ جا ڪوڏيا آهن. ڪڇ جي مشهور ڌاڙيل لاکي جي واکاڻ ڪئي اٿس، ڇو ته مسڪين پرور ۽ عاجزان جو پردو رکندڙ هو.

TUNE (SUR) DAHAR

In Thar, between two sand-hills, the valley or straight ground with heaps of dust or mud is called Dahar. The name of this Sur was the cause of the journey of Shah Latif of this valley from where he sought many ideas and thoughts about the conditions and situations of this area. In the past, river was flowing from this valley and through which the material of the rich people was used to be transported here and there. Jasooda Jung were the tradesmen or businessmen. Alas! Now a days there is barren place. There is no river, no boat, no locust, no Jasooda,

no Soongi (small wooden box for snuff). There are grown only thorny trees and the madder bushes or swallow-wort. Shah Latif sees a thorny tree and makes conversation with it as under: oh thorny tree (*Kandi*)! You may tell some memories of cattle owners and how they pass their nights? Today you are facing this plight. Tell me how you are passing the days? Tell me the truth as to whether, your relatives have migrated from here and left you? Your flowers of edible podded prosopis are straining or sifting or dropping from bunches or clusters of the podded prospis. If you have wound of the grief of the cattle owners, take care and be courageous to grow more podded prosopis. Oh thorny tree! When the channel (river) was flowing in full, then how old were you? the rich tradesmen (Jasoodan) like travelers have met you or not? It is a fact that now the channel (river) has dried and on shore or sides of it, only plants of madder bushes or swallow-wort have grown. Alas! The rich tradesmen (Jungan) have lost their force and strength. The plant of a reed, fern or (Sar) has dried and the tax collectors have also gone away. When the Dhaga channel pool (river) and the channel were flowing, the trade and commerce of the rich traders was at full swing. Now, no force in the water of channels is available. Fishermen, seeing the drought position of water, have turned their boats and rich traders like friends are suffering from future anxieties. Oh crocodile! Where there was full water in the lake or pond, you did not come back. Now that suffer "from the attacks of fishermen". You have been bulky and fatty and now you are trying to strike or hit or quarrel and entangle. To see the mirage of water you were mistaken, now your days are finished or counted. Oh God! As your name is big, I have also Your big consolation or solace. There is no limit of your endurance, forbearance, persistence, stamina etc. Oh sustainer! Only your name has remained in my soul. Oh creator! Your creation and universe is wonderful. You drown the leaves (very light or petty) but cause to swim the stones (heavy). You are strong with abundant strength and also merciful. I supplicate you to grant me as big and grand mercy as Your big name. I have tested many other doors but there is no other door like yours. You provide

shadow and ceiling without any pillar or thin post. Without You there is no one to take care. Oh cover provider or Protector! You may cover with your protection. Oh sleepy! It is not in your favour or interest to have rest and remain in sleep. It is impossible to achieve the crown of kingdom to lay in sleep. In awakening, you will get destination and every fortune of the world. To remain awakening and sleepless, all the diseases and dust, rust and darkness go away from your heart and it becomes clean, clear and pious. The night has passed, the morning has to appear and the light of stars has decreased. Oh farmer! Rise up! Otherwise you will repent and massage your hands. You thought the everlasting company and association of your friends or dear ones. You took rest for the whole nights so your beloved left you. The worldly people are misguided with the open or apparent shape and condition of things in this world. They have not enjoyed the taste of the milk. They have ruined their religion for want of money, wealth and financial gains.

In this Sur, where in there is description about water channel (River), thorny tree, and rich tradesmen (Jasoodan) there paucity of God fearing (sacred) and unfaithfulness of the world have been described. Dahar is this world, there is sometimes climax of happy days and other times fall of every rise and success. Today where is the prosperity prevalent, there tomorrow the barrenness will occur. Today is the young and red bridegroom, tomorrow they will be buried in the graveyard. Just as now a days, there is no force or influence of rich tradesmen, so is the feminine of spiritual traders. Only the Creator and Sustainer is worthy of prayers and praise. His name will only remain or exist, others are mortal and temporary. Where did go those rich traders or sacred God fearing people, who used to trade of original and real pearls in the sea of oneness. Alas! There is not a sign or any footstep of them. In their places madder bushes are apparently growing. In this world, only the name of God is immortal and permanent. He is our Cover and Protector. If we are amused by the worldly decoration and attraction and turned our faces, the same plight will be ours which happened with that

crocodile which was misguided by the mirage of water and after the Indus river dried or faced drought position, so the crocodile was beaten by the shoes in its face by people. In this Sur, Shah Latif has shown his sympathetic feelings and described his sad sentiments for cranes and admired the wealthy and affluent herdsmen who were famous of their generosity and hospitality. The famous dacoit in Kachh areas namely Lakho has also been praised for his being kind helper of poor people of the area and about his other qualities of humbleness as a human being.

داستان پهريون

ڏهر هيٺر سڃو آهي. اڳي منجهانئس مهراڻ وهندو هو ۽ جسودن جو اُت ڏاڍو اوج هو. هيٺر اُتي نه رهيا آهن وڻجارا، نه مڪڙا، نه سونگي. رڳو ڪنڊا ۽ اڪ ڦلاريا بيٺا آهن. مهراڻ ته سمورو سڪي ويو، پر ڍاڳي ۽ پٽيهل نهڙن جو به اُت ڪو نشان ڪونهي. هيٺر اُت ڪنهن ڪنهن هنڌ ماڻهن جو ميٽاڻو آهي، نه ته ٻي نسوري سج آهي. ڪنڌيءَ تي قيمتي وکر جي بجاءِ سر ۽ ڪڪ پيا ڏسجن. ڪنڊو وڻ اُت ويڳاڻو ٿيو بيٺو آهي. اڳي اُن جسودن جو جلوو ۽ بندر تي بهيرون ڏسي ڇڏيون هيون. هيٺر رڳو ڇڳا بيٺو ڄاڻي. هڪ مڇ، جنهن درياه جي موج ورتي هئي، سو اهڙو ته سڄي پڌ تي پيو هو، جو پاڻيءَ لٽي به پنهنجي جاءِ تان نه چريو. نيٺ مهاڻن جون مهميزون جهلي مٿو. انسان جو نفس به ائين آهي. دنياوي مزن تي موهجي، ڪميٽو ۽ ڪاهل ٿيو پوي، ۽ پوءِ نيٺ مارون جهليو، ڀڄڻو ٿي ٿو مري.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 1

Now Dahar is a barren place. In the past the Indus was flowing from it and the rich tradesmen were very happy there and very busy place of climax progress. Now there are no wealthy herdsmen and also locust or boats and also wooden boxes for snuff. There are only thorny trees and madder bushes are growing. The Indus has totally dried but also there is no sign of Dhaga and Pateehal rivers. At some places, there is cluster of people or gathering of people otherwise every where there is seen barren places and grounds full of heaps of sand and dust. At the shores or sides of those rivers, instead of costly and precious crops or other plants, there are seen only reeds and other straw plants.

The thorny tree is standing alone there. In the past the rush and prosperity of the rich tradesmen and on the harbor or shore, many attractive and charming things were gathered and did their business there. Now only bunches of flowers were dropping. A crocodile which had enjoyed its living in the water of the river. It was too much bulky and fatty, although, the water drought occurred in the rivers, it could not move from its living place. At last the fishermen had beaten it with weapon and shoes and killed it. The sensual desires (Nafis) of a man is like the crocodile. On the worldly attractions and charming enjoyments, a man becomes very mean and impotent, at last after great hardships and punishments, it ruins his status and dies with bad name.

1

کَرِ کي ڳالھڙيون، ڪُنڊا! ڍور ڏٽين جون،
ڪئن سي راتڙيون، ڪنهن پر ڏينهن گذارين؟

Oh thorny tree! You may tell the stories of owners of the Indus (Rich tradesmen). How did you pass there the nights and days of progress and prosperity.

2

جان تو هئڙو سُور، ڪُنڊا! ڍور ڏٽين جو،
مٽي لامن ٻور، موريءَ مَجر نه ڪرين.

Oh thorny tree! If you have grief of the separation of the owners of Indus, do not at all grow on your branches the seed pod of the thorn tree prosopis or idem, dry pod.

3

ڪُنڊا! تون ڪيڏو، جڏهن پَرير ڍور وهي؟
جسودن جيڏو، تو ڪو گڏيو پهيو؟

Oh thorn tree! How old were you when the Indus was flowing in full swing. Have you now met messenger or stranger walker like Rich tradesmen?.

4

سُچُ ڪِ سڪو ڏورُ، ڪنڌيءَ اڪَ ڦلارِيا،
جُنڱنِ چڏيو زورُ، سُرُ سڪو، سُونڱي گيا.

In fact the Indus has dried, and now on its shore sides, the madder bushes have grown. The force and strength of the rich tradesmen has gone away or decreased. The river dried and the tax collectors have also gone away or left out.

5

سُڪي ڏورُ ڏيون ٿيرُ، ڪنڌيءَ ڏنو ڪاڻو،
سو پاڻي پَتِيهَلُ ۾، اڳيون نه آيو،
ماڙهن ميڙاڻو، ڪنهن ڪنهن پيڻئين.

Now a days, Indus has dried so much that water is available in the bottom of the river and on its shore sides, only muder bushes have grown. In the pateehal river, the same level of water has not reached. Now at some areas or places, the gathering of people is seen or observed.

6

ڏورُ نه اڳينءَ ڍارُ، مَهَنڊِ مَلاخَنِ لَڪيو،
موڙي چوڙيا مَڪُڙا، پَسِي پاڻيءَ پارُ،
جَسوڏنَ جيها يارُ، پيڙا وِڙ وِڙ ماسَ ۾.

The lakes or ponds (River Indus) is not flowing in the past level or with the last speed. The fishermen have already understood this position. To see the declining level of the water, they have changed the direction of their boats. Rich tradesmen like dear ones and herdsmen are deeply grieved to see the plight of the paucity of water or drought position of the river.

7

جان واهڙ ۾ وَهَ، تان تون، مَڇا نه موڙئين،
ڪاڻي ۾ ڪوه ڪَڙئين، پوءِ موڙنَ جو پَهَ؟
سِرَ مَٽي تون سَهَ، مَهَمِيڙون مَلاخَنِ جُون.

Oh crocodile! When there was water in the river, that time you did not try or think to change your place or leave or migrate to some other place where water would have available? Now, suffer all the troubles and other punishments of the fishermen as you are now open to be seen.

8

جان جَرُ هُئَرُو جَال، تان تُون، مَچِ! نہ موئِئین،
بَوَنَدِيءِ اَچِ کِ کَال، سانپوئون سانگِن جُون.

When the water was abundant, till that time Oh crocodile! You did not think for leaving this place or migrating from here. Today or tomorrow, the nets of fishermen will be spread out or thrown out on you for catching you and punishing you or killing you.

9

جان جَرُ هُئَرُو سِير، تان تُون، مَچِ! نہ موئِئین،
اَڏا اَڏي کِير، گَهَتَ بہ جَہِلِيءِ گَہاتِئین.

When the water was full, then up to that time Oh crocodile! You did not think for return or change the place. Now, the fishermen have fixed the iron pillars to close your ways for any movement.

10

مَتو آہِين مَچِ! ٿَلھو ٿو ٿونا هَٿِين،
جا تو ڏئي اَچِ، تَنھن پاڻِيءِ پُنا ڏينھنڙا.

Oh crocodile! You have been too much bulky and fatty and striking with horns or quarreling in excitement. The shining of the surface of water misguided you, its days are completed or finished or ended.

11

کُنڊِي کَلِين وِچِ ۾، جَدھِن هَنِيائُون،
موتِ نہ ماريائُون، ڏورِ ڏئي ويا ڏکِ جي.

When my beloved fastened or hooked, my throat in love,

that time they did not kill me fully but they put the thread of anguish or pain for always.

وائي ۱

لايَءِ جا وَرَنَ ڪي، سا ڪانڌا مُنهنجي ڪورا.
ماءُ! ماريَندمَ ڪڏهين، هِنَ پرينَ جي هورا،
اچَن پرينَ پَهڪيا، ڪَرِ بابيهو جئن مورا،
سيڻين سر ڪنڊُ سَڄي، ٻيو عطرُ پرين اُتورا،
چَپَرُ ڪُٽوري ٿيو، ٻي تازي ڦلن ڦورا،
اَلا! عَبْدُاللطيفُ ڪي، سانولَ ميڙَ سنڀوڙا.

VAEE (FLATULENCE)

Oh husband! What you have worn an attractive and beautiful dress, all for me or for my sake or for my enjoyment. Oh mother! The desires of my beloved will sometime make me feeble or dejected. My beloveds are so jumping on their heels as the Babeeho bird is walking between the fragrant flowers or a peacock is spreading its colourful attractive feathers in entertainment or enjoyment. From the beloved, the fragrance of sandalwood is emerging or flowing and the beloveds have possessed from the nature (God Almighty) uncountable and unmeasured streams of Musk fragrance. As a result, the whole mountain has spread with the sweet smell of Musk and also fragrance of other fresh flowers. Oh my God! Grace Shah Abdul Latif with a decorated and fortunate beloved and companion. Ameen.

داستان ٻيو

اي مديني جا مير! هن دنيا جي سير ۾ پيل تنهنجي ئي سرڻ آهن. تو بنا ٻي ڪا ڪنڌي يا ترهو ناهي. تون ئي اچي انهن کي رسج ۽ پار اُڪارج. اي ڌڻي! تون ئي منهنجو سڄڻ سان ميڙائو ڪرائج. پنهنوءَ ڪارڻ منهنجا نيڻ رت ٿا روئڻ. ڏونگر ۾ ڏاڍا ڏينهن لاتا اٿس. هاڻ شال واپس وري. اي ڌڻي! تنهنجي صاحبي عجب جهڙي آهي. ڪڏهن پٺن

کي ٻوڙيو ڇڏين، ڪڏهن پٿر به تاريو ڇڏين. تنهنجي صبر ۽ مهر جو ڇيهه ئي ڪونهي.
تون ئي اسانجو ڀرڻو ۽ پناه آهين. تو بنا نه حيلو آهي نه وسيلو. تنهنجو ئي نالو روح ۾
رهيو اُٿر ۽ تون ئي اي ستار! منهنجو ڍڪ ڍڪندڙ.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 2

Oh lord of Madina! In the stream of this world all are in your protection. Without you, I have neither shore side nor float or raft. You may come and reach those who need to cross the other side. Oh God! You may contact me with my beloved. For Punhun, I am weeping tears in separation. Now, I wish he may return soon. Oh God! Your kingdom is wonderful. Sometimes leaves (very light things) you drown them and sometimes you may swim the stones (heavy things). There is no limit to your patience and graciousness. You are our Cover and Protection. Except you, we have neither source nor supporter. Your name has only remained in my soul and you Oh Protector! Provide me Cover and Protection.

1

مَدِينِي جَا مِيرَا سُنُ مُنَهِنَجَا سَدَّڙا،
سَرُڻُ تَنَهِنَجِيءَ سِيرَ، تُون پَارِ لَنگَهَائِيَن پَيَّڙا.

Oh Lord of Madina! Hear my calls or cries. Those in the stream of the mid river, You only cross them from the swift current or flow of the water.

2

دَڙِي سو وَاڙِيَن واءُ، جو مِيڙاڻو سَجَڻِيَن،
وَهِيءَ وَاڻ مَڻاءُ، هِنَئَرِي آسَر مَر لَهِي.

Oh God! Blow a favourable air or wind so that I may contact my beloved, from my heart, on this running road, this hope is existing and not ending.

3

نِيَن جِي نِهَارِيَن، سِي اُجُ نه اُوڻِي آئِيَا،
هَنجُون نه هَارِيَن، پاڻِي پُنُهُونءَ جَا مَرِي.

For those camel drivers, my eyes are glancing, they could not come today. In Punhun's separation, they do not weep tears of water.

4

نِيئنَ نِهاري مُنهنجا، روئي ٿيَارَتُ،
پُنهُونَ هوءَ پَهَتُ، تہ پارِي نِيئنَ پاڻَ سِين.

My eyes glancing for the beloved, are weeping blood. If Punhun agrees or compromises, they would take this servant with them.

5

اُچَ اُگنُ کيڻان، اَسَر لَگي سوريانِ،
دُونگِرَ ڏينهن لَگانِ، مان وَرڪنِ سَپرين.

Hoping their return, I am cleaning my house or courtyard. Beloved has been suffered by the sun-stroke, now they may come!

6

اَللّهُ جِئَن نالوءَ، تِئَن مُون وَڏو اَسِرو،
خالِقُ! تَنهنجي ڪانڊِ جو، پَرو پاندُ نہ ڪوءِ،
نالو، رَبَّ! سَندوءَ، رَهيو اَهِمِ رُوحِ ۾.

As your name is Allah (God) so I have also great hope in Your mercy. Oh Creator! Your patience has no limit and account. Oh Sustainer! Only your name has remained in my heart or soul.

7

صاحبُ! تَنهنجي صاحِبِي، عَجَبُ ڏني سُون،
پَنَ پوڙين پاتالِ ۾، پَهَن تارين تُون،
جيڪَر اچين مُون، تہ ميرِياڻي مان لَهان.

Oh God! We saw Your wonderful creation. Sometimes leaves are drowned in the bottom of the ocean and sometimes stones are swimming on the surface of water. If beloveds come to my house, I shall be highly honoured even if I am in the present dirty and dusty or muddy condition.

8

جیڈو تنهنجو نانءُ، باجھہ بہ اوڏيائي مڱانءُ،
رءُ ٽنئين، رءُ ٿوڻين، تون چپر، تون چانءُ،
ڪُجاڙو ڪُهانءُ؟ توکي معلوم سِڪا.

As big Your name is, I beg your so much big mercy, You without any pillar and support (Self) provide shadow and cover to all. What should I demand from You as You know each and every thing whatever is in my mind.

9

سَترُ ڪر سَٿار! آءُ اُگهاڙي آهيان،
ڏڪڻين ڏڪڻهار! ڏيئي پاند پناه جو.

Oh Coverer! I am naked, you are my Cover provider. Oh Cover provider! You may cover me and provide the curtain of honour.

وائي 2

مون کي نند نہ نيٺين نيٺين، ڪالھون پوءِ لکن ۾.
موٽ تون آيل! منهنجي ماءُ! تان توڏڪ نہ ڪيٺين ڪيٺين
هوءَ نہ نينر پاڻ سين، جا ويندڙي سيٺين سيٺين،
ڪالھوڻيان اڄ گهڻي، جهورڙي جهيٺين جهيٺين،
پيون سڀ واڳيون ورن سين، آءُ جا واڳڙي ويٺين ويٺين
هنڌڙو ڏاڙهونءُ گل جئن، روئي رتڙو نيٺين نيٺين،
آلا! عبداللطيف چئي، محب اسان تون ميڙين ميڙين!

VAEE (FLETULENCE)

From yesterday, roaming in the passages of mountains, I have no rest or sleep in my eyes. Oh mother! You should go back, lest you may suffer from their pain. What I want to go along with my beloved, they do not take her with them. From yesterday, I have suffered from a light fever. All others are attached with their husbands but I am packed with all reproaches. My eyes are weeping tears, my heart has been converted into the flower of a

pomegranate. Oh God Almighty! Hear voice of my heart and meet me with my dear and near beloved.



داستان ٽيون

اي ڪانڌا تون منهنجي پڪي ۾ پيهي اڃ چو ته مان تنهنجي پناه ۾ آهيان. منهنجو ڪانڌ ٻين مڙني ڪانڌن کان نرالو آهي. هو منهنجا عيب اکين سان ڏسي به مون کي نه ٿو ورجائي ۽ نه وري اُهي ڪنهن ٻئي کي ٿو ٻڌائي. هو هر وقت منهنجو پردو رکندو اچي. انسان کي نند واجب ناهي، چو ته ننڊن سان سلطاني سهاڳ ملڻو ناهي. هيءَ دنيا، جنهن کي تون پنهنجو ساٿيه سمجهي ويٺو آهين، سا مانجهاندي جو ماڳ آهي. هتي ٿوريون راتيون گذارڻيون اٿئي، پر جيڪي اڪيلي سر ڪاٿيون اٿئي، سي اڪيچار آهن. افسوس جو ڪيترا انسان هن دنيا جي مزن تي موهجي، پنهنجو روحاني ورثو وڃائي ويٺا آهن. هو ڦٽن ڏسي پليا آهن ۽ کير جو ساءُ نه ٿا وٺن. ڪوڙ پٺيان جنم وڃائي، سچ ڏانهن نهارين به نه ٿا.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 3

Oh husband! You should come into my hut or tent because I am under your care and protection. My husband is different than others. If he sees my defects or any wrongs with his own eyes, he neither repeats or recites them with me nor he tells them with others. He protects or covers my all shortcomings. For human being, the extra sleeper rest is not allowable or suitable or profitable because, it is not possible to achieve high status or kingship or ruler-ship with continuous sleep. Here, you have to pass very short period or few nights but individually or singly, Alas! Many people of this world have been attracted by the charms of this world and have lost their spiritual heredity or wealth. They have not tasted the original milk but misguided themselves to understand the froth, suds or foam as the pure and original milk. They have followed false paths and lost the very purpose of the creation in this world and do not care for the truth and sacred faith and belief of the life.

1

ڪَڙ ڪو پيرو ڪانڌ! مُون نِماڻيءَ جي نِجهري،
پَرين! تَنهنجي پانڊ، ڍولا! ڍڪي آهيان.

Oh husband! You may visit once the hut or tent of this helpless girl. My beloved, your protection has provided me the cover or curtain.

2

جِئن تون قائم، ڪانڌ! تَن آءُ وَر! وَلهي نه ٿيان،
پَڪي چنان پانڊ، ڳنڍ نه ڄاڻي ڪو پيو.

Oh husband! If you remain with me, I shall never be poor or empty handed but shall remain rich and affluent. The ceiling of my hut is broken which cannot be well set or worth living without you.

3

ڪانڌ پُين ڪيترا، مُون وَر وڏي ڪانڊ،
پاڻا ڍڪي پانڊ، جي ڏسي ڏوه اڪيُن سين.

Many others have their husbands but my husband (God) is full of patience and passion. If he sees my sins with his own eyes, he will automatically provide me cover of protection.

4

وَڙ سين وجهيو ڪاڻ، ڪَڙ سين ڪلن پائين،
پوري! مُنڌ اڃاڻ، ڪن چڏيو تَه ميڙئين.

You, due to conflict with your husband, go to smile and be close to a stranger man. Oh idiot and ignorant wife! You leave the Corns but try to collect the shells of it.

5

سُتا! اُٿي جاڳ، نِنڊ نه ڪجي ايتري،
سُلطاني سهاڳ، نِنڊن ڪندي نه ٿئي.

Oh sleepy! Rise up and awake. It is not suitable to have much

sleep. The comfort of the ruling husband (the meeting with God) cannot be achieved with rest or sleep.

6

ڪي سُمه، ڪي جاڳ، نند نہ ڪجي ايتري،
اي مانجهاندي جو ماڳ، جو تو ساڻيہ پانئيو.

Sometimes sleep and sometimes awake. Too much sleep is not allowable or favourable. This world or universe, you have considered it as a permanent abode, that is for a short while residence or house.

7

جاڳن منجهان جس، آهي ادا! جن ڪي،
لاهي جو، لطيف چئي، مٿان قلب ڪس،
ورنہ! ڪجان وس، صبح ساڻ، سيد چئي.

Oh brother! Who have habit of awakening or who are accustomed to remain awake, from their heart the rust is erased and thrashed away. Oh young men! You should make effort to remember and pray to God Almighty for favour of getting His mercy, grace, kindness and favourable fortunes.

8

هي تان ٿورڙيون، جي تون، پورا! پسي پلئين،
راتيون ٻيون گهڻيون، جي تو اينديون هيڪلي.

Oh ignorant! If you have mistaken to see the nights of this world or universe (in life), they are very few. The nights you have to pass or remain in the grave are many more (uncountable).

9

سُمهڻان ساڙو، جيڏيون! جيڏوئي ٿيو،
پرين سين پاڙو، منهنجو نند نبيرو.

Oh female friends! From sleeping, I have suffered much loss

or burning. Sleep is the cause of my separation from the neighbourhood of my beloved (meeting with God).

10

پرہ قُتِي، راتِ گُئي، جھيٽا ٿيا نڪت،
هاري! ويءَ وٽ، گهٽا هٽندينءَ هٽرا.

Morning has started or risen, the night passed and the stars have decreased their light or shining. Oh ignorant! Now you lost all music instruments and you have to repent extremely.

11

پيئي جا پريات، سا ماڪَ مَ پَسو ماڙها!
روئي چڙي رات، ڏسي ڏڪوين کي.

Oh people! This dew which showered at the night, do not think it dew. To see the sad and grief stricken, in the night, eyes have poured the water or tears.

12

ڍولُ مَر ڪٽي ٻانهنڙي، پرہ مَر ڪٽي پاندُ،
آءُ پنهنجو ڪاندُ، لوڪان لڪي رانئين.

May the beloved not take his arm from me in the midnight. May not remove his cover so as to enable me to please my beloved secretly from the public.

13

قريا پسي ڦيڻ، گرڻ ڪيڙن ڇڪيو،
دنيا ڪارڻ دين، وڃائي ولها ٿيا.

Misguided people to see the foam on the milk, they got attraction from it. and did not taste the milk. They for the enjoyment of the worldly things, they lost the spiritual treasure and became poor and barren.

داستان چوٽون

ڪونجون ويڻ واريو نه آهن ۽ رات جو پهاڙن ۾ ڪوڪون پيئون ڪن. ڪونجڙي، جا وڳر کان ڌار ٿي آهي، سا جهوريءَ ۾ پيئي ڳري ۽ پنهنجن پيارن کي سنيها پيئي موڪلي. ڏسو ته پڪين جي پاڻ ۾ ڪيڏي نه پريت آهي، جو هميشه گڏ ٿا پرواز ڪن. منجهن ماڻهن کان وڌيڪ محبت آهي. ڪونجڙيءَ جو آلاپ ٻڌي، عاشق جي اندر جا چاڪ اٿليو پون. ڪونجڙين کي هر وقت ٻچڙن جي سار آهي ۽ انهن کي ياد ڪندي، روئن ۽ رڙن پيئون. ماريءَ ڪونجڙين جو شڪار ڪري، وڳر ويڇون ڪري ڇڏيا. لاکي ڦلاڻيءَ ۾ جهڙو شير مڙس، ڪڇ ۾ نه ٿيو. هو مسڪين پرور هو ۽ اوڏن جو آسرو. هو اوڏڙين جي سامر ڪشندڙ هو ۽ منجهن بري نظر رکندڙن تي پنهنجو ڏمر وسائيندو هو. هو هوند وارن کي لٽي، ان هوند وارن کي نوازيندو هو. سندس ڏهاڪار هنڌين ماڳين هو.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 4

Cranes are returning to their places and in the night, they are crying in the mountains. The crane separated from its group, is very sad and worried for others and sending messages to its dear ones. See that how much attachment, the birds have for each others so they remain to live together. They have love and attachment with each others more than the people have for them. To hear the cry and voice of cranes, the hearts of lovers are breaking to remember their children, they are crying and weeping. The hunters have separated their group from each others to kill them. The brave and strong man like Lakho Phulani is not available in Kachh area (Area near mountains). He was helper of poor people and was caretaker or helping source of Oads (Those who construct walls and buildings with mud). He looked after females of Oads and gave them protection from criminal minded people of the area. He used to steal or snatch or loot the rich people and helped the poor of the area by giving them the looted money. He was famous at each corner for his sympathy with poor people. Every criminal or rich man feels fear or danger to take his name.

1

روه راماتا ڪن، اُڄ پڻ هلڻ هاريون
ڪرڳل ڪونجڙين، رائي ۾ رات ڪيو.

The cranes are ready to leave the place and fly away to their pavilions, so they have made cries and shrieked in the mountain. They made great noise of their screams in the mountains at the night.

2

وڳر اُڪيري سر ساريو، سور چري،
جُهرِي جهندي ڏئي، سَنِيها ڪي سَڄَئين.

The crane yearning for its group and remembering the lake or pond of water, she is living or passing the time in grief. She reducing her health and strength, is sending messages to her dear ones or to the best friends.

3

وڳر وساري، وينينءَ ڪئن ماڻ ڪري؟
ڪَ تون ماري، رڻ جُهڻ سنڊي سَڄَئين؟

Oh crane! Forgetting your group, how you sat silently? Don't you worry for the sweet talk of your beloved?

4

وڳر ويا وهي، ڪالھ تَنهنجا ڪونجڙي!
ڪنڊينءَ ڪو رهِي، سر ۾ سُپيرين ري؟

Oh crane! Yesterday your groups flew away. Now, without your beloved friends, how will you pass alone in the pond?

5

وڳر ڪيو وڻن، پرت نہ چنن پاڻ ۾،
پسو پڪيڙن، ماڙهن ۾ ميان گهڻو.

The birds are flying together in groups. See that in birds there is more love and attachment between them than the people.

6

مَر لَنُنْ كُونَجِي! مَاتَ كَر، چورِ مَر هِنئين چاڪَ،
قَتِيُون جِي فِرَاق، سِي گَهرِ گَهارِيندِيُون كِيَتِرو؟

Oh crane! Be silent, do not cry or raise any sound or voice. Do not add to my wounds or injuries. Who are troubled for separation, how long, they will live in the house or they will limit themselves to their residence or living places only.

7

كُونَجَرِيءَ كَالِه لَنئي، سَجَنَ وَدَمَرِ چِت،
آءِ جِنين رءِ هِت، گَهنِگَهرِ گَهارِيانَ دِينَهَرَا.

Yesterday, the crane cried and made noise and compelled me to remember my beloved without whom I am passing days in grief here.

8

اَتَرِ دِي آلاپَ، كَالِهُونِڪَرِ كُونَجِ ڪَري،
پَرين پَسِي مَنجِهَ خوابَ، وِهاڻِيءَ وايُون ڪَري.

From yesterday, the crane makes conversations or raises voice or sings songs from the northern side. To see her sweet friends in dreams, in the early morning makes conversation or cries or sings songs.

9

كُونَجُون تِيُون ڪُڻڪَن، جِيڪُسَ هَلَن هَارِيُون،
بَچا پوءِ اَتَن، وَجَنِ واندا ڪَنديُون.

The cranes are making noise or cries singing songs, perhaps they are about to leave or fly. (For eating at some other ponds, they are going). They have left their children back for whom they are crying and raise voices of songs.

10

آئون ڏور ڏري، اصل سَندي آسري،
گنيڙ پُونءِ گري، پاڻان پير ڏکيا پگڙين.

Cranes for their children (For their eating) landed on the lake or pond. For their soft and swift feathers, the land was hard so the birds landing over it, injured their feet.

11

ڪونج نه لکيو پاڻ، ماريءَ سَندي مَن ۾،
اوچتي پريان، وڳر هڻي ويڇون ڪيا.

The crane could not see that arrow by which was targeted to kill her. The sudden target of arrow separated the groups of cranes.

12

ڪونج! نه پسين ڪڪ، ڏبُ جنهن سين ڏٺو،
ماريءَ ماري لڪ، وڳر هڻي ويڇون ڪيا.

Oh crane! You do not see those straw houses with which the snare for birds has been hidden. The hunter hunted lacs of birds and separated all the groups of cranes. (Here it is pointed out to the death which in real sense is the greatest hunter or killer).

13

ماري! مَرين شال! ڏبُ وِجَنئي ڏيئون،
جئن تو اچي ڪال، وڌو وڃُ ورهن ڪي.

Oh hunter killer! May you die and finish! Your all snares or material for catching birds may also destroy because you created separation for the lovers or groups of lovers (birds or cranes loved one another, you came and created gap or separation between them. Their death brings separation in lovers).

14

ڪير ڪريندي ريس، آيل! سنگهارن سين،
جنين جي خميس، واريون واري ڇڏيون.

Oh mother! Who will envy with the herdsmen who on Thursday night make big charities of milk and do not sell it on that night.

15

جِيَن سِي سَنگهارَ، اُجھي جِيَن گھاريان،
ماَن لَهِنُئون سارَ، وِچ وَلهين ڏينھڙين.

Those herdsmen should live long in whose care or shadow, I may pass my life. May they visit us or come to us for our necessary care. Here it is pointed out to the perfect and sacred people).

16

جي پانڻين وَس چَراَن، تہ سَنگھارَن سِيَن لڏَ،
تہ هاجي سَندي هڏَ، کُوکَ نہ سُڻين کڏَھين.

If you want that in shower, you may enjoy greenery, then travel or make journey with herdsmen, (when shower is there herdsmen migrate and settle there abode for living) so that you will not hear at all any complaint of loss.

17

مَنڌيُون مَتَ گُڙَن، جھوڪَ بہ سُونَهَن پَهِيڙا،
سَندي سَنگھارَن، جُوَ جِشاري جڏَڙين.

The churn staff may move or gargle in the earthen jar and the guests in the guest rooms or residential places of herdsmen may live, (Here the hospitality of guests is shown made by herdsmen as they offer butter and curd to their guests). The places of herdsmen take care of weak and feeble guests.

18

جاڳو، جاڙيجا! سَما سُکَ مَ سُمهَو،
پَسو، اَن پَريا، لاکوڻو لوڙيُون کَري.

Oh Jareja caste Sama! (Sama are originally Rajpoot) be

awakened and do not sleep uncarefully, but see that at your side, Lakho dacoit is looting (Here Lakho means sensual desires).

19

تائونڪين پلان، سدا هٿن گرگرا،
لاڪي لوڙائون جا، اهڙا ئي اهڃا،
ڏيئي تنگن تان، ڪوڪ ڪاريندا ڪڇڙي.

They always fasten tight the camel-saddles and cleaned the horses with scrapers. The signs of Lakho Dacoits are like these. (They are always ready for journey). They fastened tight their camel- saddle, they will make nuisance in Kachh. (The terror or horror of Lakho was spread every where).

20

ريهارڻا ريجهاء، لاکو لولائين سين،
سائو مان سنڊياء، تُو متائي ٺاڪرو.

Oh rich lady! You may request submissively the Lakho Dacoit so that he the brave and kind man may take mercy on your submission and feel change on your condition or plight (May he take mercy and your flock he may not take away).

21

لاڪا لڪ سُهڻ، ڦلائيءَ پيرُ پيو،
جنهن پيرِ راڻا، راڄيا، ڪوڏن منجه ڪنبن،
جنهن جو جاڙيجن، ستي سنجو نه لهي.

Lakho Dacoit like are many but Lakho Phulani (Caste of Lakho) is an other entity or different creation or of different nature. All lords or rich people used to fear or tremble even in their forts or castles. His horror was of such nature that they used to feel his terror even in their sleep. (Jarejan had disputed with the ruler of Katchh, therefore he had taken away his hand of care from them).

22

لاکو لکي، تي چڙهي، لکي لاکي هيٺ،
 سونهرايون سر کيو، پيڙي ٻڌي بيٺ،
 ڪندو ڏمر ڏيٺ، صُباح سان سڳنهيٺ!

Lakho used to ride on the female horse (mare) namely Lakhi (costing Rs. One lac). Lakhi was always being used for his riding or travelling at some journey. He used to keep safe all beautiful ladies and tried to do everything for their protection of honour. He used to behave with all others with active eye or with bravery.

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سر بلاول

سر ”بلاول“، هندول راڳ جي پنجن استرين مان هڪ آهي، جئن رامڪلي آهي. ٻئي سر، دڪ لاهيندڙ ۽ ڌڻيءَ جي ساراه لاءِ موزون آهن. هن سر ۾ ڌڻيءَ، پيغمبر صاحب ۽ سخي حاڪم جادرم جڪري جي ساراه آيل آهي. جادرم جڪرو سخاوت جو صاحب هو. شاه صاحب، ڌڻيءَ کي جادرم جي صورت ڏني آهي ۽ سندس بيحد دريا دلي ۽ اڀر فيض جي واکاڻ ڪئي اٿس. شاه جي نظر ۾، سمن ۽ سومرن جو زمانو، سنڌ جي تواريخ ۾ هڪ سنهري زمانو هو. سمن ۽ سومرن جي احوال ۾ اڪثر گهڻيون پيچيدگيون ٿيون نظر اچن. هن سر ۾ به ”سمو“ ڪٿي ”اٻڙو“ آهي ته ڪٿي ”هالار ڌڻي“ ڪٿي ”ڪڇ ڌڻي“ آهي ته ڪٿي ”پٽ ڌڻي“ ڪٿي ”جڪرو“ آهي ته ڪٿي ”راهو“ ته ڪٿي ”ڏونگر راءِ“. شاه، جادرم جڪري کي سمن جو سرتاج ڪري سڏيو آهي. سندس نظر ۾ هي سنڌ جو حاڪم، سخا ۾ حاتم کان به سوانئي هو. ڌڻي اهڙا انسان هن جهان ۾ ورلي ٿو موڪلي، ڇو ته سچن مردن جي مٿي به وٽس محدود آهي. جئن ڌڻي پاڻ لاثاني آهي، تنهن جادرم به سخاوت ۾ بي مثل هو. شاه صاحب، پيغمبر کي مڙني پيغمبرن جو مهندار ڪري ٿو سڏي ۽ فرمائي ٿو ته پيغمبر صاحب کي جيڪو مڪان ميسر ٿيو، سو ٻئي ڪنهن به نبيءَ کي نه ٿيو. شاه صاحب، ڌڻيءَ جو احسان مڃيو آهي، جو کيس ههڙو هادي مليو.

اي آڱي جو احسان، جنهن هادي ميڙيم ههڙو.

شاه صاحب، هن ۾، پنهنجي هڪ فقير وڳند ياروڙءَ کي ياد فرمايو آهي. وڳند سان شايد خاص خاطر هيس، ڇو ته وقتي ساڻس ڪل چرچو ڪري، دل وندرائيندو هو. هن سر ۾، اسان کي شاه صاحب ظريفاني ڪلام جو به هڪ وڻندڙ ۽ حيرت جهڙو مثال ڏنو آهي. جيتوڻيڪ ظاهر ۾ وڳند کي ”نرڳي“ ۽ ”ڪلات“ ٿو سڏي، پر ڪلام مان صاف ظاهر آهي ته هن جڏي ۽ پيتير سان دلي محبت هيس. ميرو ۽ گندو وڳند به شاه صاحب جي صحبت ۾ ”گلابي“ ٿي پيو ۽ هرگز سيد سڳوري کان پري نه رهندو هو. سر ”بلاول“ ۾ شاه صاحب کيس امر ڪري ڇڏيو آهي. اهڙو شرف شاه صاحب جي ٻئي فقير کي نصيب نه ٿيو. هن سر مان شاه صاحب جي خوشمزاجي ظاهر ٿئي ٿي، جا نهايت اهم ۽ فرحت ڏيندڙ ڳالھ آهي.

TUNE (SUR) BILAWAL

SUR Bilawal is one of the five wives of Hindol Raga. As in Sur Ramkali, both of the Surs are described as (1) Grief remover and (2) in the praise and prayers of God. In this Sur, the generosity of God, Prophet (PBUH) and Jadam Jakhro, the sacred man of Sindh has been indicated. Shah Latif has given Jadam as an example of Allah and praised his graciousness and unlimited broad mindedness for generous activities. In the eyes of Shah Latif (A.R), the period of the rulers of Sindh the Sama and Soomra was a golden period. In the accounts of these rulers i.e. Sama and Soomras, many hardships and shortcomings are observed. In this SUR also somewhere "Sama" and at others as "Abro", "Halar Lord", "Kachh Lord", "Bhit Lord", "Jhakro", "Rahoo", "Doonger Rai" have been mentioned. Shah Latif (R.A) has called Jadam Jakhro as the "Crown of head" or (Sartaj). In his view, he was more generous than Hatim Tae, a historical name. God sends or creates such generous people occasionally or in very small quantity in this world, perhaps because the earth is in small quantity from there of, such generous people are created. Just as God Himself is no match, Jadam was also the example of no match in generosity. Shah Latif (A.R) has expressed the Prophet Muhammad (PBUH) as the leader of all prophets of God and says that what place was favoured to our Prophet (PBUH), no such place was given to other Prophets by God. Shah Latif (A.R) has thanked God for His gratitude to receive such a great guide for the whole universe. "This is gratitude of God who graced us with such a great guide to us".

Shah Latif (A.R) has described also about his sincere and simple disciple "Wagand" with whom he had special and very kind and graceful liking and link because of the fact some times Shah Latif (A.R) used to joke with him and entertained himself with such close relations with him. Shah Sahib (A.R) has also gifted us with the poetry of High caliber and character and its best, pleasant and wonderful example. Although openly or

commonly, Wagand was also called by two other names (1) *Nirgi* and (2) *Kalat*. But from the poems, it is clear that with this feeble, fragile and the man with bulky belly (*Petir*), Shah Latif (A.R) had great love and affection. This dirty and ugly Wagand had grown as pinky in his care and association and he also could not live away or separate from Shah Latif (A.R). In this Sur of Bilawal, Shah Latif (A.R) has made him as his very favorite and dear which other disciples could not receive such grace or favour of Shah Latif (A.R). From this Sur, the kind and merciful nature of mind and heart of Shah Latif (A.R) is exposed which is a sign of civility, politeness, affability, courtesy, good behavior, responsiveness, elegance, pleasantry, cheerfulness etc.

داستان پهريون

انسان لاءِ ڏنيءَ روزي ناهي ڇڏي آهي ۽ هو هر وقت اسان کي دعوت پيو ڏئي. اسان کي بهشت جي تمنا رکڻ نه گهرجي، پر ڏنيءَ سان هڪ ٿيڻ جي ترڻ هئڻ گهرجي. جادمر جڪرو سڀني سمن جو سرموڙ آهي ۽ پنهنجي سخاوت سان سڄن کي سائو ڪيو ڇڏي. هو سامر بخشيندڙ ۽ مسڪين نواز آهي. هو سڀني سردارن ۾ ائين آهي، جئن بيلي جي وٽن جي وچ ۾ شاهي درخت؛ يا چشمن جي وچ ۾ وڏو سر، جنهن مان سڀئي پنهنجي پياس بجهايو وڃن. هو مينهنن مثل آهي، جنهن جو فيض ساري عالم کي ٿوري سي. شاه هتي دودي جي سورهيائي ۽ سروچي ڏانهن اشارو ڪيو آهي. چنيسر کي تخت نه مليو ته ساڙڻ وڃان، علاؤالدين کي پنهنجي پيڻ ٻاگهل جو سڱ باسي هنڪان سنڌ تي ڪاهه ڪرايائين. دودي سومرين کي سامر ڏيئي بچايو، ۽ نيٺ پنهنجي جان ڏيئي هميشه لاءِ سرخرو ٿيو.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 1

God has fixed livelihood for human being and He always bestows us with His gracefulness and generosity. We should not desire for paradise but we may endear our God to follow His ordains and advices. Jadam Jakhro was Lord or Head crown of all Samas and with his endless generosity, the poor or helpless became rich and affluent. He was helper of poor people and also distributor of charity and provider of protection. He is amongst all Lords is like a long and big tree in all trees of the forest or a big

pond of lake in all fountains which quench the thirst of all thirsty people. He is like rain whose favour is for all the universe. Shah Latif (A.R) has pointed out here also the bravery, audacity, boldness, fearlessness, intrepidity, courage, gallantry, valour, daring, heroism etc. of Dodo. When Chanessar, the elder brother of Dodo could not achieve the ruler-ship of the clan due to his own foolishness or idleness or un-farsightedness, he annoyed and envied the decision of the clan to make Dodo as their ruler, he through anguish and ravage went to approach the king of India Allauddin and begged his help for making him the ruler of his clan by offering the king the relationship for marriage with his sister "Baghul". Allauddin accepting his offer of Baghul, sent his army to attack Sindh and Dodo was killed in the attack and Chanessar thus became the ruler of the Soomro clan. Dodo provided protection to all Soomrees ladies and forever he became famous in the history of Sindh.

1

وَسْهٖ اِنْهَيْنِ وَيَنْ كِي، جَنْ دَعَوَتَ كِي داتا،
مَضْمَضَ واتا، وَجْهَ تَ دِيئي واتا ۾.

Assure on that pledge, word, sentence, verse, maxim, talk, chat, promise, oath and commitment of God with you and has always invited you. As soon as you gargle, God will provide you delicious dishes of Food. (The Creator has the food available every time. You have only to eat at any time).

2

پِي مَر طُهورا، وانءِ اورانگهي اوريان،
وچان جي وصالَ کي، سي سڀ اُجورا،
حاصلُ خُضورا، سمي جي سڀ ٿئي.

You should not drink the wine of paradise but go ahead of it. Before gathering or meeting with the beloved other natural gifts or favours, they are meant for only doing good deeds as rewards. In the Court of Samo Lord every thing is achieved.

3

سَما! تو سِرَ چُتُ، ناٿَ پاڳارا پُرسَ پيا،
 ڳُهَن! تَنهِنجي ڳِجَڙِي، اچي جالَ جَڳتُ،
 جِنَ جيها ئِي پَتُ، تِنَ تِيها ئِي بِڪِيا.

Oh Sama Ruler! The turban suits on your head otherwise other people also wear it. Oh generous wealthy! Many people come to your door. They get share of charity as much as their begging bowl is big or wide. (They get as much as they have desired).

4

سَمو تِنَ سَدَ ڪَري، جِنَ تي وڏو وِڙ،
 اُتي تہ آجي ٿِيان، پائي پاڪوڙي پيرُ،
 تورَءَ پيو ڪيرُ، سَرُڻين جا سونا سَهي.

Samo calls them to favour on whom great mishap or bad event has occurred or happened. He only puts his foot on the camel saddle so that I could get rid of the mishap or hardship. Except you who will take the burden of those who want your protection.

5

سَرُڻين جا سونا سَهي، وَسِيلو وَلَهَن،
 لُڏي ڪينَ لَطِيفُ چُئي، اڳيان لالَ لَڪَن،
 جِتَ ڪوڙين ڪينَ ڪُچَن، اُتَ پاڻو هي پَڌرو

He takes the burdens of those whose heads are cut or those who are to be killed. He is consolation or helping hand for poor. This generous beloved does not discourage even before lacs of beggars or charity takers. Where crores of people are silent, there his smile only is apparent or open.

6

تَر تَر ڪيمَ تَرَسُ، سَرُ نِهارِجَ سَپَرو،
 ڏيندُءَ لَڪَ، لَطِيفُ چُئي، راجَ راڻو جِي رَسُ،

وَلَهَا جَنَہنَ وَنَہِیَا کَیَا، پَاڳَ تَنہَنجِي پَسُ،
کَوڙين لاهي کُسُ، جِي ڳالهاڻي ڳاٽُ کُڻِي.

At every water place or fountain, do not quench your thirst but find a great fountain of water. You only reach the ruling area of Rahoo, that he will give you lac of rupees. Who made the poor as rich, go and see his crown or ruling system. If he raises his head up and speak, then the rust or dust goes out from their hearts.

7

عَلاؤَالدِينُ آئِيو، کُڻِي چَلِ چُگِيرُ،
کَنہين کينَ هَمَتيو، کَانَ جَہلِيندو کيرُ؟
سُومَرِين سَامَ کُڻِي، اَبڙِي کِيو اُڻ پيرُ،
هُو مُہَانِئين مِيرُ، پَر مَسْتُورَاتِن مَارِيو.

The Ruler Allauddin took his army. To face his attack, had some one courage. Well! His arrow (here sword) who will bear. Abro Lord (Dodo) took the honour of Soomris ladies and for fighting he kept his foot on the camel. He was Lord of war or great warrior but the protection of honour of Soomris ladies compelled him to fight or to get himself killed.

8

سَرَڙِيُن جِي سَڪَ لَءِ، سَامَ کُڻِي سَرَدَارُ،
جِي آيوُن اَبڙِي جِي آڏَارُ، سِي سُونڱَ نہ ڏيندِيُون سُومَرِيُون.

The ladies who came in the fight were protected by Abro Lord or Ruler. They will not pay the tax or fine. (Who took the side of Allah, they are pardoned by Allah).

9

بَيْنَ مَرَنِي ڏنيُون، ڏئي نہ ڏونگرَ راءِ،
اُنَ ڏنيُون آڏو ڦري، ڏنيُون ڏئي ڪِئاءِ،
لوريُون لَڪَ مَٽاءِ، اُنَ مَٽيري موتاڻِيُون.

Others on account of the fear or danger of war, handed over

their ladies (honours), but the Lord of the mountain (Samo Lord) did not see them. He will protect unseen ladies. So he will not handover or give the seen (Soomris ladies). This crown wearer faced in fight lacs of arrows.

10

اَبَرُو اَگَهاہنِ ۾، پَر جَہلو پارِ،
 سَمي سُوالِينِ کي، ويلهَ وساري،
 مَنهَن مُني جَکرو، طامائِن تاري،
 پُجي سي پارِ، جي عاجزَ اَجورنِ ۾.

Abro is the greatest helper of all the Lords of the time. This Samo Lord, due to rush of charity beggars, all his time of leisure had forgotten. (one moment he was not free from giving charity or looking after the helpless). Jakhro Lord was the source of comforts or pleasures. He looks after those who have come in his protection and are very feeble, weak, distressed and helpless people.

11

اَبَرُو اَگَهاہنِ ۾، سَپَرُ جِئَن هيلي،
 سي پَتَ کَنهَن نہ پُوريا، جي تَو پَرِ پيلي،
 سَہَن سانوَن مِينهَنءَ جِئَن، رُجون تَو ريلي،
 اَچَن جي ويلي، تِن بورَ بَخشي پَتَ ڏئي.

Abro is amongst all lords like a high and big tree in the forest. What distances this brave man walks, other cannot do such long distances. This dear and brave man is pouring abundant water in the deserts like the rain showers in the monsoon season of the summers. Who come to him in the hard and needy days, he gives them Arabic horses.

12

اَبَرُو وَڏَوَرُو، سُوڙو، سَمو، سُونهَن سَپِن،
 تَنهَن دَر سَپ اَچَن، کَنڌ نہ کَڍي کَچَ ڏئي.

Abro was a well mannered Lord who possessed good

qualities and was the sweet and beauty of all Sama tribe. All needy and poor people come to his door for charity and this king and Ruler of kachh does not turn his face from them.

داستان ٻيو

جڪري کي ڌڻيءَ پنهنجي هٿن سان جوڙي راس ڪيو. هو سخاجو سمنڊ هو. ٻيا مڙئي حاڪم سندس پيٽ ۾ ”اُنيرا“ ٿا لڳن. کيس ياد ڪئي، ٻيا مڙئي راجائون وسريو وڃن، ڇو ته هو سندن وچ ۾ ائين آهي، جئن ننڍن ڪوهن جي وچ ۾ وڏو سُر.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 2

God made Jakhro perfect with His own hands. He was an ocean of generosity. In his comparison, other rulers write in positive and with grand views and wishes. When remembered him, other rulers disappear from the mind to remember them because he is amongst them as between small or narrow wells, big lakes or ponds are considered and assumed.

1

جَڪَرو جوڙي، پاڻ ڌڻيءَ پيدا ڪيو،
ڪيهرَ جئن ڪُر ڪٽي، مڇُون مَلُھ موڙي،
سَمُونڊَ جئن سِيرَ ڪيو، ٿو ٻارَ جئن ٻوڙي،
گهوٽُ چڙھيو گهوڙي، پيڇين لائي پيچرا.

God created or made Jakhro (generous Lord) with His own hands. This brave and strong Lord rising his neck like a brave and strong lion, rubs his moustaches. He rises up like the water of an ocean and inundates every ground or land like deep water. (He was ocean of generosity and fills or saturates the empty handed and needy people. This bride groom riding on the horse go to guide the confused or mistaken travellers.

2

جَڪِرو جَسَ گَرو، ٻيا سڀ اَنِيرا،
جِيائين جُڙيو جَڪِرو، تِيائين نه ٻيا،
مِٽي تنهن ماڳا، اَصُل هُئي ايتري.

Jakhro himself deserves great honour and regards and in his comparison, other rulers are like Ani Rai (Ruler Ani Rai who had got the head of Ruler Diyach through his sister's son Beejal because of the sweet rhythm of his fiddle). Where Jakhro was created there others were not made or created. There the earth was pure, rare, natural, original and (its quantity was exactly sufficient only to make or build up the body of Jakhro).

3

ڏني جادَمَ جَڪِري، ڇت نه ٻيا چڙهن،
ته ڪي گوھ گَجَن، جُسرُ لَپي سَپَرو؟

To remember or to see Jadam Jakhro, other rulers come or appear in mind. Well, when any big or precious fountain is found, then also wells are dug or prepared or constructed.

4

هَٿان جادَمَ جَڪِري، وڻي وچ مَ پوءِ،
پي پي سو پُڙِ ٿيو، جو حاتمَ پاسي هوءِ،
ڪيف ڌاران ڪوءِ، جڻي ڪو مَ جَهان مَ.

Jadam Jakhro (Perfect guide) does not miss a moment of any short coming or misery who is near this Hatim (generous), he filled his empty belly with the great quantity of wine (Spiritual). May anyone exist or live in this world without the wine (Spiritual).

5

هَٿان جادَمَ جَڪِري، وڻي پوءِ مَ وچُ،
”اچو! آيا نِچُ!“ سَمي وائي وات مَ.

There is no delay from the side of Jadam Jakhro. Samo Lord

always repeats or recites this hopeful wish and emotional desire:
 “Come, welcome, happy come or entertaining meeting”.

6

جَڪَري جِھو جُوانُ، ڏسان ڪون ڏيھ ۾،
 مُھڙ مِڙني مُرسلين، سَرسُ سَندسِ شانُ،
 ”فَكَانَ قَابَ قَوْسَيْنِ أَوْ أَدْنَىٰ“، اِي مُيسرُ تيسُ مَكانُ،
 اِي اَگي جو احسانُ، جَنهن هادي ميڙيم ههڙو.

I do not see in the whole world a strong and generous man like Jakhro. He is more gracious than all spiritual guides and his status is higher than all. The Prophet (PBUH) came to God's throne near than the gap of two arches but less than that distance. This is God's graciousness Who met me with such a spiritual guide. (Here the, event of Prophet's (PBUH) ascension (Meraaj) has been pointed out.

داستان ٽيون

جڪرو پوڄڻ لائق آهي، ڇو ته سندس سخاوت جي ڪري ٿڳڙيون لوڏيندڙ به شالون پهريندڙ ٿي پيا. شل اهڙا جنگ هميشه جهان ۾ جيئن، جن جي سايي ۾ خلق گهاري. هو سون جا سنگ وسائيندو هو ۽ خود جنگن کي به ڏيندڙ هو. هو مسڪينن لاءِ ائين هو، جئن رڻ جهانگيندڙن لاءِ کوهي. هو اڀلائڻ ۽ عاجزائڻ کي سام ڏيندڙ هو.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 3

Jakhro deserved to be worshipped and praised because on account of his generosity, the rug wearers started wearing shawls. May such generous and kind people live long in this world in whose shadow and protection people are being looked after. He was distributor of gold spikes and the strong people he used to saturate them. He was for poor just like a well for desert travellers. He used to protect the victims and oppressed people.

1

ڪوہ نہ جُھارِئين جَڪرو، جنهن ڏيہَ ڏيا ڏيئي؟
جي لڏيا ٿي لينگهن ۾، شالن ۾ سيئي،
سمي سڀيئي، طاماعو تار ڪيا.

Why don't you salute and pay regards to the Jakhro who with his charity or generosity has saturated all the countries. (Point to God). Who wore rugs now they have shawls. Samo saturated and satisfied to all the beggars or seekers and the needy people.

2

آلا! جُنگَ جيئن، جنين آجهي گهاريان،
شال مَ سَڪي ويئري، جُان پي پين،
مَڪَن! اڪڙين، توڏني مون سَڪ ٿئي.

Oh God! May generous people live long in whose shadow I may live. May that well not dry for the travellers, get water and quench their thirst. Oh smiling man! Seeing you, my eyes get cool and pleasure.

3

ايندي لڏي اُڃ، پير پيريندي ٿريا،
منجه ويئريءَ سَڄ، ڪر لڏي رڻ اڪارين.

Reaching at you, the thirst is quenched away and first of all feet get cool. The desert well took care of the travellers (or the desert passerbys got knowledge or information about the desert well).

4

تُون اوڏر، تُون اوڏڪو، تُون اجهو، تُون اڳ،
هت پڻ تنهنجو ٽڪيو، مهند پڻ تونهنين ماڳ،
سي لوريون ڏين نه لاڳ، جي آجهي آيون ابڙي.

You are our cover, curtains, protection, shelter and shield. (In this world). We have your solace and hope and in future (next world) You are our helper. They poor ladies worshippers will not

pay any tax who have come in the protection of Abro Lord.

5

پَسَنديئي پُر ٿيا، جَڪرو ئي جاجِڪَ،
تِئان ڏني مَگَڻي، طَهورا جي تَڪَ،
سَمي پَگين سِڪَ، واصل ٿيا وصالِ ۾.

Beggars (musical instrument players), meeting or contacting Jakhro Lord, became rich and wealthy. From there, they drank a sip of wine (spiritual). Samo quenched their thirst and they met with the one and became one for ever.

6

جي اَڏَميو اُڄُ، تہ وَسندو سونَ سَنگُ،
جالَ ڏيئندو جَنگُ، جَگُ ڏيئندو جَڪرو.

If the Samo Lord got emotional, he will distribute the spikes of gold and many would be rich and wealthy, Jakhro will saturate and satisfy the whole Universe (whole world).

داستان چوٿون

وڳندُ يا وَرو فقير جسم ۾ جڏو هو ۽ ليڇن ۽ عادتون به اڻ وٺندڙ هيس. جوڻس کيس ڌرو نه ڏيندي هئي ۽ سندس پوڄا پادرن سان ڪندي هئي. انهيءَ ڪري کاڌي تي هر وقت پيو مرنڊو هو. شاه کيس ”ڪلات“، ”نرگي“ ۽ پيٽير سڏيو آهي. هو ڪوٽڙي ڳوٺ ۾ رهندڙ هو ۽ شاه جي فقيرن مان هڪ هو. پاڻ گڏلو هو، پر شاه جي صحبت کيس گلابي ڪري ڇڏيو. شاه عطار هو ۽ سراپا سڳند هو. انهيءَ خوشبوءِ تي وڳند ائين ٿي ڪريو، جنن تتر مٿي باز.

EPISODE (DASTAAN) 4

Wagand or Waroo Faqeer was weak and his habits and actions were unpleasant. His wife did not give him anything and his treatment was doing with shoes or sandals. Therefore, he was

every time in search of food. Shah Latif used to call him "Kalat" and 'Nirgi' and 'Petir' (bulky belly). He used to live in Kotri village and he was one of the beggars (Faqueers or followers or disciples) of Shah Latif. He remained ugly, dirty and dusty, but the association of Shah Latif converted him as 'Pink'. Shah Latif was perfume lover and always fragrant. On that fragrance or sweet smell Wagand used to fall just as the hawk or falcon on partridge.

1

وڳندُ وري آئيو، وَسَنَ ڪينَ وڌوس،
گندي، ماني، ماڳ موچارو، پاسي پيرِ ٿيوس.

Wagand Faqeer came again, he tried very much to find out something but he received nothing. Before his feet, pillow and bed, bread and for living he got good place. (Who take guide, these favours will be received by the disciples from the spiritual leaders).

2

وڳندُ وري آئيو، پينارِ نئون پوءِ،
محڪم لڳس موچڙا، ڌرو نه ڏنسِ جوءِ،
وينو ائين چوءِ، ته پيرانِ پاسي نه ٿيان.

Wagand came again after the beggars. He was beaten with hard shoes and his wife did not give him something. He repeatedly says: "I should not go away from peers (guides) or Shah Latif".

3

اُسور سَندي آسري، وينو آه وڳندُ،
هڏ نه ڇڏيندو هَندُ، آيسِ بوءِ بهارِ جي.

Wagand is sitting in the hope of morning meals. He will not leave the place where from, he has smelt the fragrance of the spring.

4

اُسور سَندو آسرو، وڳندَ ڪي وڏو،
جُسي ۾ جڏو، پر ڪين تي کڙا ڪڍي.

Wagand has great hope since the morning, he is thin and weak in body but in eating is standing on his heels.

5

وڳند وري آئيو، بدو سين بدبو،
خاوند! ڏي خوشبو، ته سُرھو ٿيان سڀرين!

Wagand came again with bad smell. Oh husband! Make me fragrant or I want your sweet smell.

6

وڳند وري آئيو، ڪنو ٿي ڪوجھو،
چڏي نه موزو، لڳس آر عطار سين.

Wagand came again in bad and ugly condition. He does not throw away the leather sock. He has got acquaintance with a perfume seller.

7

داتا سندي در تي، وڳند وينو پس!
تنهن روڳيءَ کي رس، جو آلودو آزار سين.

You may see Wagand at the door of generous and munificent man. That patient and sick who has been diseased, enjoys and takes taste and pleasure from it.

8

وڳند وري آئيو، نسورو ٿي نرڳ،
گندا گلابي ڪري، سيد جو سرڳ،
عطر سين اورڳ، ته هئين سدائين سُرھو.

Wagand has come again. He is totally or wholly diseased and sick person. The association and love of Syed's paradise has converted or flourished the bad smellers into fragrant and sweet smellers. Apply perfume or purchase perfume so that you should remain or live as sweet smeller and odoriferous, aromatic and scented.

9

وڳندُ وري آئيو، بدو بي نماز،
جئن تتر مٿي باز، وڳندُ تئن سرهاڻ تي.

Wagand has come again. He is ugly and does not offer prayers. Just as falcon catches partridge and grouse or francolin, Wagand also remains busy to get perfume for sweet smell.

10

وڳندُ وري آئيو، ڪوٽريان ڪلاڻ،
سندو ڪرڙ ڪاڻ، هن نرگيءَ کي نڪڻين.

The ugly rancid and ill mannered Wagand has come from the Kotri village near by Bhit Shah. To this diseased and feeble man, strike the stick or wood of (leafless caper bush) *Kirir* tree (a weak wood of Thar tree).

*

PROFESSOR DR. ALI AKBAR M. DHAKAN

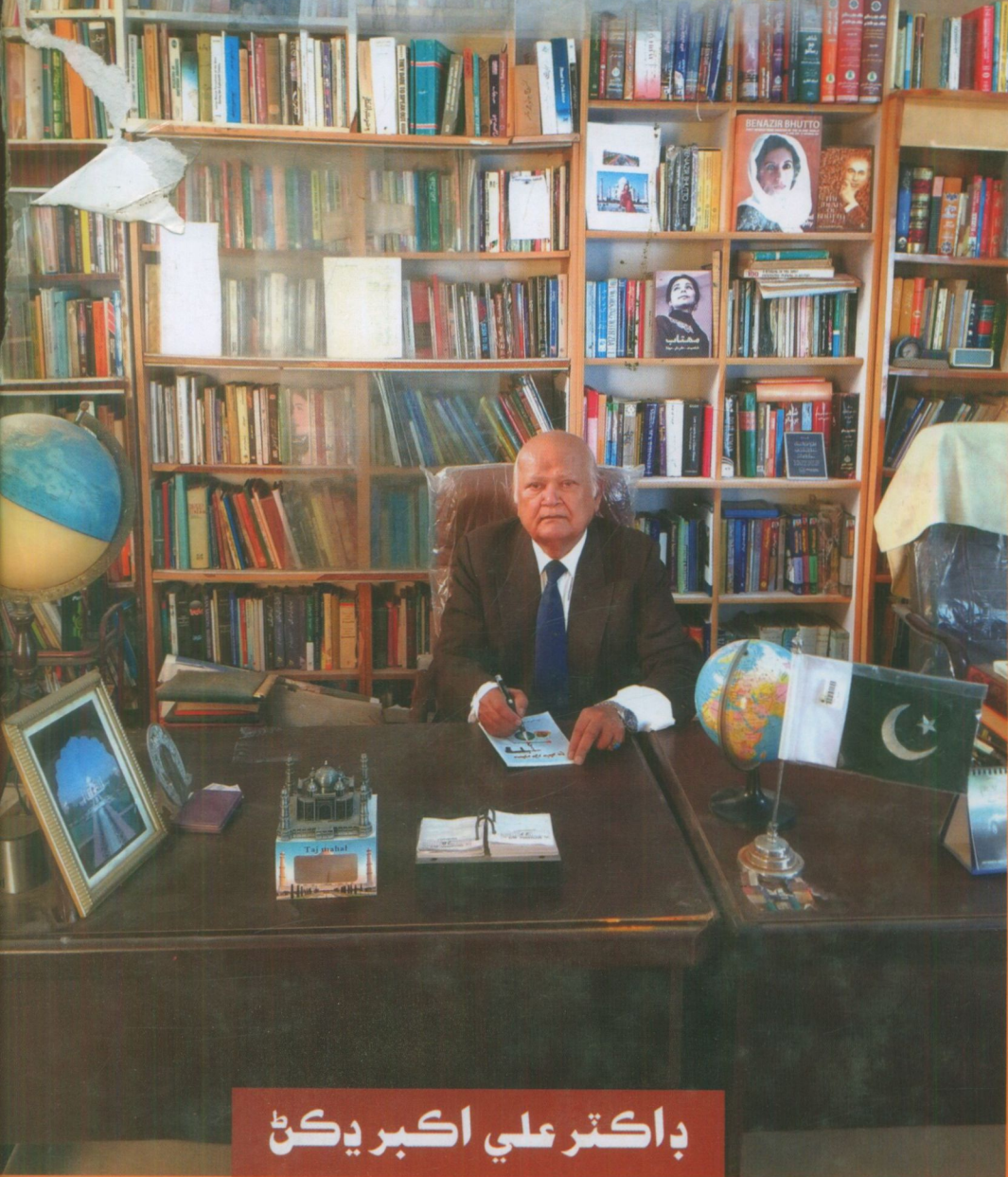
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